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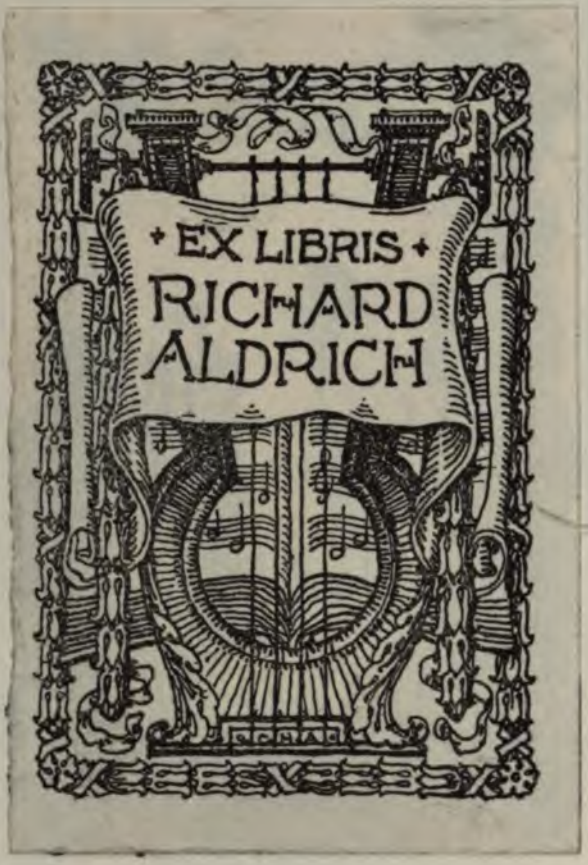
Music of The Waters

L. A. SMITH



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THE

MUSIC OF THE WATERS.

A COLLECTION OF THE SAILORS' CHANTIES, OR WORKING SONGS OF THE SEA, OF ALL MARITIME NATIONS.

BOATMEN'S, FISHERMEN'S, AND ROWING SONGS, AND WATER LEGENDS.

BY

LAURA ALEXANDRINE SMITH.

LONDON:
KEGAN PAUL, TRENCH & CO., 1, PATERNOSTER SQUARE.
1888.

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TO

HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS

PRINCE GEORGE OF WALES.

AUTHOR'S PREFACE.

IT is always a pleasant duty to acknowledge kindness and courtesy, but not always an easy one—in my case it would be almost impossible to do so by any other means than that afforded me here—for the world is wide, in spite of the daily assertions to the contrary; and the world of waters is wider. There is scarcely a port, and never one of any consequence, that I have not to thank for some part of my collection; and if the Consuls in those ports will accept them, I beg to tender my most cordial thanks to them for all the kindness and cordiality my applications have met with. My gratitude is also due to the Foreign Consuls in Great Britain, more especially to those in Newcastle-upon-Tyne; to the many authors and editors of periodicals, from whose books and articles I have quoted; to the numerous friends I know and do not know, who have done so much towards helping me in my work; to the editor of *The Shipping World* (Major E. R. Jones, United States' Consul, Cardiff), who originated the idea of a collection of the sailors' songs of all nations, by commissioning me to write for his paper a series of articles containing specimens

of each country's "chanties;" and last, but not least, to the sailors themselves, without whose unwearying patience in singing for me their favourite "chanties," and in supplying me with all necessary information as to their use, &c., I should not have had the honour of inscribing to His Royal Highness Prince George of Wales, and to all who are interested in the sea and its toilers, "The Music of the Waters."

LAURA ALEXANDRINE SMITH.

Newcastle-upon-Tyne.

INTRODUCTORY NOTE.

FRESH as the breezes of that ocean to which they owe their inspiration, the "chanties" and songs here collected come to us as a most interesting and unique contribution to our literature of the sea. For this volume contains no mere study-compilation of more or less authentic sea-ditties, mingled with the nautical effusions of landsmen. It is original in its conception and execution. With one or two trifling exceptions, it is a collection of what may be styled "the genuine article"—not the creation of landsmen written for or about sailors, but the actual "working songs" of the sea that are in use at the present time.

Still further, this book contains not merely the ditties of our own Jack Tars, but a selection of the sea-songs of nearly all maritime nations, translated and ably commented on, from a literary, musical, and nautical point of view, together with a good deal of interesting information regarding them.

Whoever will drink of an unadulterated stream must go to the fountain-head. This, Miss Laura Alexandrine Smith has done, and that she has drunk deeply, is easy to be seen from the spirit and enthusiasm with which she writes. Possessing literary power of a high order and thorough musical knowledge, besides originality and perseverance,

Miss Smith was well qualified for the performance of her task, and being a daughter of Mr. C. S. Smith, Russian Vice-Consul at Newcastle-upon-Tyne, she has had exceptionally good opportunities of obtaining the assistance of the Consuls of many ports.

With the courage of an original investigator, our authoress has ventured to "beard the lion in his den." She has personally gone straight to the "fo'c'sle," and interviewed the sailors not only of her own, but of other lands, and thus has gathered from the men's own lips, and from their manly voices, the words and melodies which are most popular among them. At the same time she has learned to understand and appreciate the force and meaning of that music which enables Jack to accomplish "a long pull, and a strong pull, and a pull all together."

Of course, in language and sentiment, some of these ditties are not all that could be desired, but the work being a collection of curious and genuine sea-songs *as they exist* not *as they should be*, the task of selection and translation must have been one of considerable difficulty, and seems to have been ably and judiciously accomplished.

Doubtless to some minds a good deal of the versification may appear absurd, but it must be borne in mind that, in lyrical poetry, a strict regard for sense is not of so much importance as the rhythmical flow of united words and melody—especially in songs of the sea, where the union of syllables with sounds must be well suited to the "work" which they are meant to enliven and facilitate. Besides, is not the odd jumble of ideas and phrases, pathetic and ludicrous, presented in some of the chanties, in keeping with the well-known rough-and-tumble character of the men who sing them?

When merely read, these chanties cannot be fully or fairly appreciated, but when wedded to their appropriate "Music of the Waters," they will doubtless convey to the soul of the landsman somewhat of that interest and satisfaction which they have long afforded to the "toilers of the deep" all round the world.

To those who have wandered much over our little globe —especially to those who have done so in ships and seen something of the wonderful works of God in the deep, and become familiar with the hopes, joys, sorrows, sins, and sufferings of the sailor in his selected home—these "chanties" will assuredly bring back, like a half-forgotten —yet never-to-be-forgotten—dream, many a pleasant memory of tramping round the capstan, and heaving at the windlass, and yarns told in low tones when sails were flapping idly, and the starry host was mirrored grandly in the sleeping sea. No puny invention of man—steam or electric—will ever take the romance out of the sea! Everything here is relative. Man may modify his conditions. Some old things may pass away and some things may become new; but, as the great vault of heaven and the mighty ocean will remain unchanged and unchangeable from age to age, so will the music of the waters, not less than the music of the land, continue to well up in human souls, to gladden, strengthen and revive them, until that time comes when all music shall flow into one grand harmony of praise to our God and to the Lamb.

R. M. BALLANTYNE.

Harrow-on-the-Hill,
June, 1887.

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INTRODUCTION.

INTRODUCTION.

"To-day a rude brief recitative,
Of ships sailing the seas, each with its special flag or ship-signal,
Of unnamed heroes in the ships—of waves spreading and spreading far as the eye can reach,
Of dashing spray, and the winds piping and blowing,
And out of these a chant for the sailors of all nations,
Fitful, like a surge." WALT WHITMAN.

"May not the agreeable impression produced by the rhythmical flow of the waves, and the soothing murmur of running water, have led various nations, independently of each other, to the wide-spread conception that they obtained their favourite instrument of music originally from the water? Or is this notion traceable to a common source, dating from a prehistoric age; perhaps from the early period when the Aryan race is surmised to have diffused its lore through various countries? Or did it originate in the old belief of the world with all its charms and delights having arisen from a chaos in which water constituted the predominant element?"—*Engel's "Musical Myths and Facts."*

IN these days, when, like everything else, shipping has made such rapid strides that journeys which formerly were looked upon with awe, and undertaken only in extreme necessity, are now made with positive indifference, we are too apt to look upon the sea as a liquid railway; to think that, with the piracy and the lubberly vessels that sailed the main in the olden days, the romance of ocean has

passed away, and with the fleet Atlantic "greyhounds" fades the last glamour of mystery from the pages of marine history. But the romance of the sea can never die, and for all time we shall have the storms and calms that alternately rule the watery way, the wrecks and losses, the longings, the waitings, and the terrible tales, to remind us of man's inability to cope with the mysterious, trackless deep.

There is one being though who is never familiar with the sea, and that is the being who knows it best, namely, the sailor. In all he says or sings of the world of water that is his home, Jack is never guilty of any sentiment that breathes of mastery over the element, or exults in the life of the sea ; it is too real a thing for him to adopt the conscious boastful, masterful tone which is attributed to him, and it is only sometimes in the impotence of despair that fierce imprecations on sea or wind will break from him. It is Gibbon who says, " There is but a plank between a sailor and eternity."

The poetry of the sea is written on shore. Sailors act it, but do not write it. They form part of the poetry of ocean ; they are the heroes that shine from its living, terrible pages ; they are, they must be, brave men who can do their duty 'midst such perils. They must be brave, or nature brands them cowards, for the wind and the wave are infallible tests of all a sailor's knots and splices. Neptune is an unrelenting judge, and hurries his prisoner, without trial or jury, into the Everlasting Presence.

Three great pleasures, in the midst of all his perils and privations, we may rest assured Jack enjoys: smoking, yarning, and singing. With a pipe, whensoever and

wheresoever he can manage to hold it between his lips, a fairly appreciative audience round the galley fire or at the fo'c'sle head, and a song to enliven his labour when on the briny ocean, our blue-jacket is tolerably happy, and it is of this latter I am purposing to make a short study—for that sailors' songs are worth studying I am convinced, and from various points of view too. Musically they are most valuable, as showing how much they are characteristic of their subject, vocationally, as proving the amount of impetus or encouragement needed by the singer in his work, and poetically, by making known the feelings which animate a sailor's breast with regard to his home, his wife, his captain, and indeed all that concerns him, often as an exponent of Jack's intense admiration for the noble and heroic acts of others. With regard to smoking, there is a curious story told of an old salt who when in port was very fond of a churchwarden. On being asked if he always smoked a long pipe? he replied, "No; in harbours and in fine weather I smoke a long pipe; in fresh weather I smoke a cutty, and when it blows a gale of wind I chew."

Not Dibdin's, not Barry Cornwall's, not Campbell's, not any of the Pirates' Serenades, or "I'm Afloats," which may be seen in music-shop windows, illustrated by lithographic vignettes of impossible ships in impracticable positions, and may be heard sung in comfortable drawing-rooms to the tinkling of pianos by romantic young ladies, or in still waters in sight of green fields by landsmen yachting—not any of these are the songs that come under the heading of "Chanties, or Working Songs of the Sea." The songs of the sailor are sung to the accompaniment of the thrilling shrouds, the booming double bass of the hollow topsails, and the multitudinous chorus of ocean.

As the ship is originally wrought from the live oak-forests of Florida, and the pine mountains of Norway, the iron-mines of England, the hemp and flax fields of Russia, so the songs current upon her decks are the composite gifts of all sea-loving peoples. In almost all nations we find that each individual trade and occupation has its own particular songs, differing many times even in provinces of the same country, so, naturally, maritime countries have many kinds of sailors' songs, each port often being responsible for some particular chanty. Many of these seem lacking in meaning, but to us of the shore only. Depend upon it something commends them to the tar's notice. They must contain good mouth-filling words, with the vowels in the right place, and the rhythmic ictus at proper distance for chest and hand to keep true time; and at any rate these sea-songs are redolent of the freshness of the sea-breeze.

Talking of the dangers which menace our sailors reminds me of a story I heard *à propos* of this. A clergyman much interested in the blue-jackets was one day talking to one whom he wished to bring round to his way of thinking.

"How long have you been at sea?" he began.

"Twenty years," was the reply.

"Was your father a sailor?"

"Yes. He was drowned at sea."

"And your grandfather?"

"He was also lost at sea."

"But this is an awful prospect for you, my poor man. Are you not afraid to go to sea?"

Jack screwed up his eye, and put a fresh quid into his mouth preparatory to answering.

"Quits, parson; where did your father die?"

"In bed, of course, like a good Christian."

"And your grandfather?"

"He died in his bed too."

"That's bad, parson," says Jack, "are you not afraid to go to bed?"

The foregoing may be taken as a sample of a sailor's feelings when interviewed on the subject of his perilous life. The danger is there, and he is fully alive to it, and, as I have said before, is never familiar when speaking of the sea. But in any encounter like that just referred to, in which the slightest shade of doubt as to Jack's daring to trust himself on it, is mooted: the one who hazards the doubt is almost certain to get the worst of it.

I am quite aware that if I allude to the bad accommodation and scanty and coarse fare, as the portion of our sailors, I tread on dangerous ground. Our times are supposed to be changed times, and changed for the better too, for the blue-jackets; I trust it may be so. In speaking of Jack's lot, I do so comparatively, not from any wish to enter into so vexed a question as our sailor's condition has now become. With regard to the improvidence that is so characteristic of seafaring men, I cannot help thinking that, however much it is to be condoned on the score of their peculiar life, it is as much to be deplored for the lack of energy that fails to perceive and seize upon the means of remedy which are so palpably at hand, namely, the establishment of a compulsory seamen's fund. Other trades and occupations make provision for their members when age shall have robbed them of their power of labour, or illness have laid them temporarily aside; but for the sailors there is no such provision.

The evil arising from the want of it is very apparent; the remedy seems to lie with themselves. In the *Shipping World* of July, 1887, there appeared a paragraph stating that Mr. Thomas H. Ismay, head of the White Star Line, had suggested to the Mayor of Liverpool the foundation of a Seamen's Pension Fund, and promised to give it a start with the princely donation of £20,000. The object of the fund would be to provide pensions for British sailors who have sailed out of Liverpool, or in Liverpool-owned ships, and who have been unable to make adequate provision for their declining years. The pension would be fixed at £20 a year, and on no account would be given to other than a British sailor, and no seaman to be eligible for a pension who had not attained the age of fifty years, and could prove twenty-five years' service at sea, either as captain, deck officer, or seaman. The fund, Mr. Ismay suggests, might be invested in the name of the Mercantile Marine Service Association, who will have the power of selecting suitable candidates for the pension. No great home to be erected, the whole of the fund to be applied to the object in view.

One can scarcely wonder at the style or sentiment of these Sailor Chanties, seeing that they are really, in many cases, the true expression of the feelings of the men who originate them—the strangest men perhaps, taking them all in all, one can meet with; though, certainly, I think Jack is somewhat less black than he is painted. As Lord Brassey in his work on "British Seamen" says: "Sailors spend their life for the most part far removed from the best influences which can elevate human nature, far from their native land, far from their hearths and homes, on the broad and lonely sea, where the

authority of the magistrate cannot reach, where public opinion is unfelt, and the Sabbath bell is unheard." He is hardly to be judged by the same standard as a landsman, his life is so different. So much rougher discipline, so much more severe, that no wonder during their sometimes short holidays our tars squander their substance in the riotous manner that has become proverbial of them. Think how many months they spend in exile, enduring many serious hardships, beside which the trials of shore-men seem insignificant; scanty rations, often of the most revolting description, always of the coarsest; hard, rough work in the most terrible degrees of heat and cold, wretched accommodation, and at all times the presence of imminent peril, which, although naturally the case in all lives, always seems to me to be more terribly near at sea. And we must confess a sailor's life has much to make it undesirable, and yet, for all that, taking them as a class, they are healthy, hearty fellows, and well deserving of the epithet of "Jolly Tars."

Knowing what an impressionable set of men sailors as a rule are, we cannot wonder that anything which appeals so much to the emotional side of nature as music does, should play an important part in their daily round of work. What the "Ranz des Vaches" does for the Swiss herder when minding his flocks on the hills of his country, the "Marseillaise" for the eager Frenchman on his way to death or victory, the discordant sound of the bagpipes for the Highlander on a foreign battle-field, that does the chanty for the blue-jacket. It is not recreation, it is an essential part of the work on ship-board, it mastheads the topsail yards when making sail, it starts and weighs the anchor, it brings down the main-tack with a will, it loads and unloads the

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INTRODUCTION.

in fact, an inheritance which the nation will never, it is to be hoped, undervalue.

Whatever form naval warfare may hereafter assume, however the technicalities of the maritime profession may be altered, the spirit of the British seaman will be unchanged, he will be the same hearty, fearless, generous and simple being that Dibdin describes him, loving his country and his flag, reverencing his ship whether propelled by wind or steam, and adoring his Kate or Nancy.

Not only are Dibdin's songs popular with seamen, but they have obtained a deep hold on the national heart. There are few, I think, who are not familiar with some at least of them, fewer who have not heard and admired the pathos of "Tom Bowling," perhaps the most perfect of the many hundred songs left us by this great master of the art of writing of the sea. "Poor Jack," and "'Twas in the good Ship," are also great forecastle favourites, mixed up as they are with frequent quaint technical phrases and expressions, rendering them perfectly characteristic and inimitable, and expressing such thoroughly wise, brave, and gentle sentiments. There is another song, "I'm the Pirate of the Isles," a most thrilling tale of the genuine Pirate of the Isle of Pines, the terror of the Spanish Main, and one that always draws the sympathy and rouses the interest of a forecastle audience.

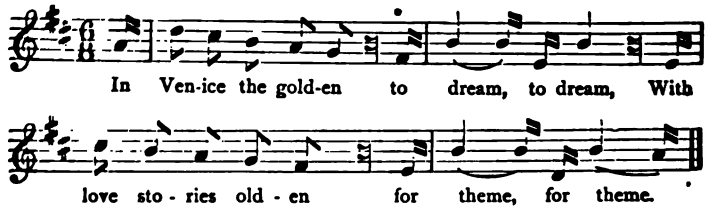
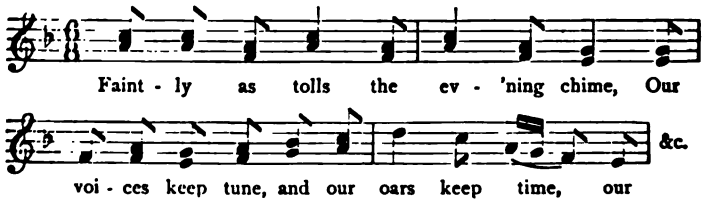
But the songs that Jack loves best, the songs that are sung with a will, whether by old or young, are the ones that have for theme "His Nancy," and, whether sailing away with the fresh memory of her last good-bye ringing in his ears, or homeward-bound with the eager thought of the welcome that will be his, she is never far from his thoughts. The sailors' favourite expression, rude though

the poetry of it may be, always seems to me to be thoroughly characteristic of their thoughts, viz. that "the girls have hold of the tow-rope and can't haul the slack in fast enough."

There is yet another class of songs that would come under the heading of "Music of the Waters," though they are half of the shore. I mean those which the coasters croon in their lonely watches, those the fishermen sing when mending their nets; for, though certainly this is properly speaking land work, still the sea is all about them, the very air is laden with its fresh briny smell, the sounds in their ears are the sounds the waves make as they break on the shore, their thoughts are probably far away from the comfortable haven where they sit, so naturally their song follows their thoughts and becomes of the sea.

Rowing-songs should, I think, also be included in this class. They can scarcely be considered as working-songs, though I have no doubt the tune and swing of the music will have as much effect on the oarsmen as all rhythmical music has on work that requires to be done with strength and in unison. There is a certain charm about music on the water which that of the shore can never give, and probably we all have some pleasant souvenirs in our minds of golden August mornings on the sunny Thames, or soft moonlit nights on some placid lake, when the perfection of the already perfect situation was enhanced by some dreamy, soothing song that seemed to waft itself over the water and find its echo on the distant shore.

Doubtless more than half the romance we always associate with Venice is due (for those who have been there) to the memory of the gondolas that carried them through the many canals of the City of Doges, and the gondoliers who

at one and the same time charmed their sense of seeing and hearing by the picturesqueness of their costume and the soft snatches of song they trolled out *en route*, and for those who have not, by the description written and spoken of it, in which these always play so important a *rôle*. I am afraid I must confess for one that Venice is never so much to my mind the city *par excellence* of historical Italy, as the place of all others where one may most revel in the delightful *dolce far niente* of being rowed under soft Italian skies, by quaint and time-worn buildings, under gloomy romantic bridges, with a dark-eyed gondolier singing in his rich musical voice :—

I think most people will be familiar with Moore's exquisite Canadian Boat Song—

so suggestive of the motion of the dipping of the oars in the water that one can almost fancy one hears the splash, and sees the spray that rises, when it is sung.

As far as I have been able to learn, the songs of the sea take very much the same form and character in all nations, that is, they are sung on the same occasions, are much of

the same type, namely, alternate soli and chorus, are at all times very erratic in metre and varied in theme, and almost always similar, and to be traced to the general music of the country to which they belong.

In one of the old volumes of *Blackwood's Edinburgh Magazine* (vol. vii., April, 1820), there is an essay on song-writing, and the author, who signs himself D. T., includes some few remarks on sea-songs. He says: "Incledon and Dibdin did their best to make sea-songs popular, and for a while they succeeded. Dibdin, however, wanted judgment, for from his attempts to clothe grave thoughts in seaman's phraseology, good taste will always revolt. In one of his songs the resurrection is actually alluded to thus—

'When he hears the last whistle
He'll come upon deck.'

To be serious, with vulgar slang, grave interest can never amalgamate. Divested of this, however, I do not see why the peculiar vicissitudes of a sailor's life might not give variety to the lyric music, or why the exploits of the Vikings, whether of good old Saxon or more modern times, are not as capable of tuneful commemoration as those of heroes upon dry land. Campbell's 'Battle of the Baltic' I have read a hundred times, but have never seen the music, if there is any, appended to it. 'Black-eyed Susan' and Glover's 'Admiral Hosier's Ghost' are, I think, hardly to be classed as sea-songs. The scenes, to be sure, are laid on board ship, but they embody no feelings or incident of any consequence which are peculiar to a sea-life."

D. T. can scarcely have made much study of sea-songs in general, if he still labours under the delusion that the Vikings have not formed the subject of many a stirring

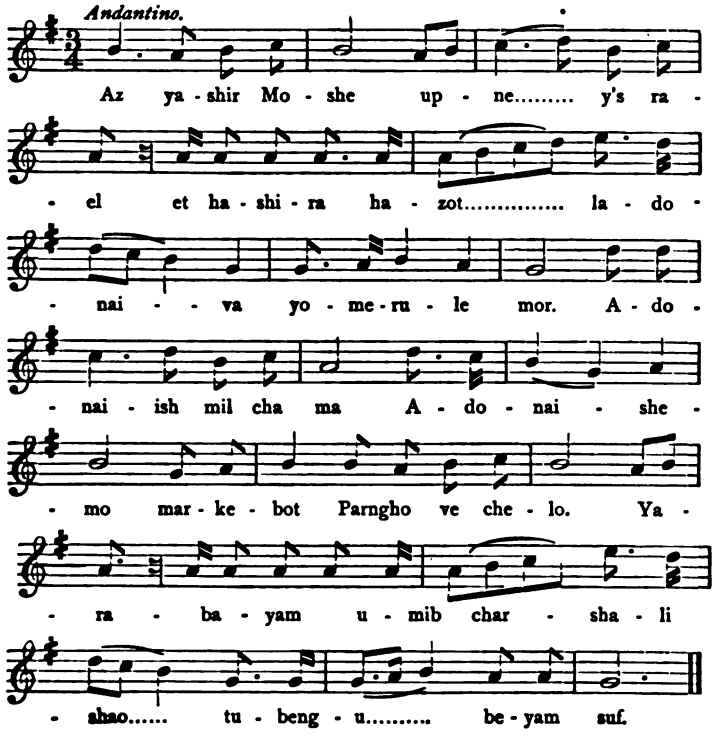
lyric, not only in our country, but in those Northern ones more truly the theatre of the Vikings' exploits. Another point, which I think may be found open to discussion in D. T.'s remarks, is the fact of Dibdin having only temporarily succeeded in popularizing sea-songs. Are the songs of this great master any less popular than they were? I doubt it. "Tom Bowling," perhaps his masterpiece, never fails to elicit hearty cheers and rapturous applause whenever and wherever it is heard, and there are many others almost equally well known and well liked.

Different periods have, of course, great effect on all the arts and sciences of a country, and it would be natural to suppose that Music would undergo much the same change, but she is a vagrant Muse, and ever has been, and is no more to be relied upon than the moods of the wind, "which bloweth where it listeth." Period has made very little difference in the music of the sea. The "Tar" has sung his song and the winds moaned their sad dirges, or thundered their great storm-chords, the waves have murmured their lullabies to the waiting shores, and the wild sea-birds have screamed their hoarse choruses through all ages, and will continue to do so as long as man and the world of waters exist.

The first vocal performance recorded in the Bible is the song of Miriam the prophetess and her companions after the crossing of the Red Sea. Surely this song of praise, commemorative of perhaps the most wonderful event in all the history of the mighty deep, is worthy a place 'midst the music of the waters.

Mr. Engel, in his valuable book on "The Music of the most Ancient Nations," says, in speaking of this song of Miriam, "that it is in the form of alternate soli and chorus.

A section, or perhaps a whole period, is sung by one alone, then repeated by a number of singers, either in unison or harmony, or, the chorus, instead of repeating the melody of the solo, takes it up and extends it; or else the solo singer is now and then interrupted by the chorus, which at intervals interposes a phrase."

THE SONG OF MOSES OR MIRIAM.

Andantino.
Az ya - shir Mo - she up - ne..... y's ra -
- el et ha - shi - ra ha - zot..... la - do -
- nai - - va yo - me - ru - le mor. A - do -
- nai - ish mil cha ma A - do - nai - she -
- mo mar - ke - bot Parngho ve che - lo. Ya -
- ra - ba - yam u - mib char - sha - li
- shao..... tu - beng - u..... be - yam suf.

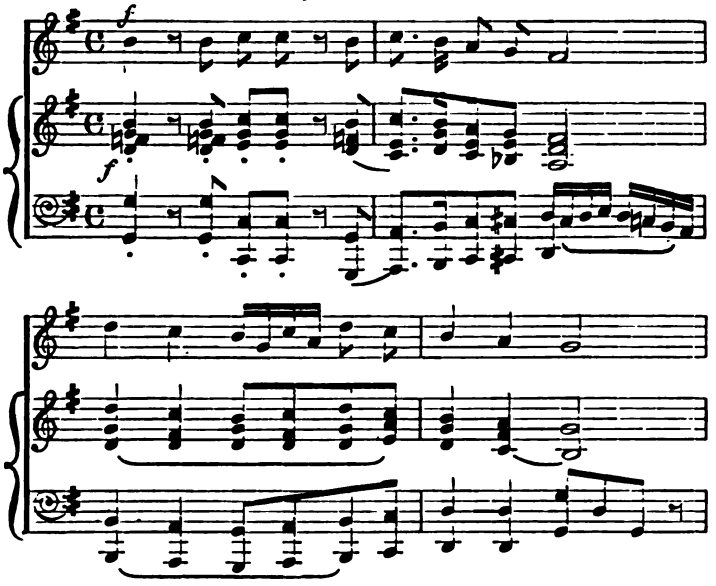
Sacred history does not tell us what song rose to the lips of those fishermen of old when on the awful fury of the tempest that raged around them fell that calm, majestic command, which won such instant obedience, of "Peace, be

still." We are familiar with the fearful question they asked of each other, "What manner of man is this, that even the wind and the sea obey Him?" And imagination rapidly follows with the thankful "Gloria," and chants in chorus the Fishermen's "Amen."

ENGLISH AND AMERICAN "CHANTIES;"

OR, WORKING SONGS OF THE SEA.

"Sails of silk, and ropes of sendal,
Such as gleam in ancient lore;
And the singing of the sailors,
And the answer from the shore."

RULE, BRITANNIA.

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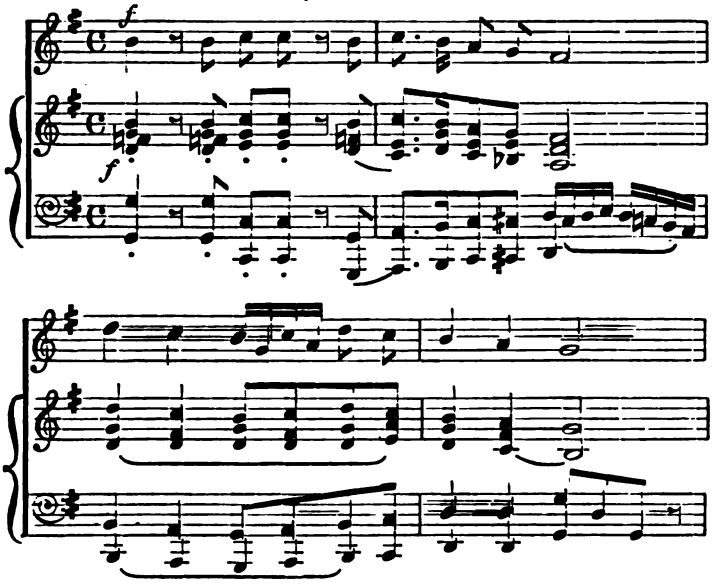
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A man must go to sea to understand (as a sailor), the shades of signification in the terms; no books give them, they cannot be mastered by listening to seamen talking, and to seek for an explanation of any nautical phrase which strikes one as being peculiar, is only to let oneself deeper and deeper into the mire. Therefore, if the words Jack sets to his music seem wanting in meaning and lacking in sense, we must attribute it to the difference that exists between the seamen's mode of expressing themselves and ours. The sailor does not lack for singing; he sings at certain parts of his work—indeed he must sing if he would work.

On vessels of war, the drum, fife, or boatswain's whistle furnish the necessary movement regulator. There is a vast difference between the merchant sailor and his fellow "salt," the man-o'-war's man, whom they call "Johnny Haul-taut," or "John o' Fight." They hold each other in mutual derision, although without any unfriendly feeling. Accustomed to the comparative independence and free life of a merchant-vessel, they look with scorn on the binding discipline and severe penalties of a man-o'-war, and laugh contemptuously as they watch the crew in uniform dress walk round the windlass, and weigh anchor like mechanical dummies:—

"Your work is very hard, my boys,
Upon the ocean sea,
And for your reefing topsails,
I'd rather you as me—
I feather my oar unto the shore,
So happy as I be in the Guard-ship, ho!"

No hearty chanties there—no fine chorus ringing with feeling and sentiment, brought out with the sort of despairing wildness, which so often strikes neighbouring landsfolk with the deepest emotion. He likes to growl—and he may, so long as he goes about his work. I have heard mates say, "Give me a man that can growl: the more he growls, the more he works." Silence reigns supreme aboard a Queen's ship; no general order is given by word of mouth, the boatswain's whistle takes its place. There, where the strength of one or two hundred men can be applied at one and the same effort, the labour is not intermittent, but continuous. The men form on either side of the rope to be hauled, and walk away with it like firemen marching with their engine, when the headmost pair bring up at the stern or bow, they part, and the two streams flow back to the starting-point outside the following files. Thus in this perpetual "follow my leader way" the work is done, with more precision and steadiness than in the merchant service. In it the heavier work is done by each man doing his utmost at the same moment. This is regulated by the "Chanty," and here is the true singing of the deep sea—it is not recreation, it is an essential part of the work. It will masthead the topsail-yards, on making sail; it will start the anchor, ride down the main-tack with a will, it will break out and take on board cargo, and keep the pumps going. A good voice and a stirring chorus are worth an extra man.

A writer in the *St. James's Gazette* of December 6th, 1884, says: "The beau-ideal chanty-man has been relegated to the past. His death-knell was the shriek of the steam-whistle, and the thump of the engines. When he flourished British ships were manned by British seamen, and carried much stronger crews in proportion to their tonnage than their successors. In those days gipsy-winches, patent windlasses and capstans, had no existence, and the heaving and hauling had to be performed by manual strength and labour; and to make the work 'go'

lighter, the chanty-man chanted his strange lays, while the tars with hearty good-will joined in the refrains and choruses. Lieutenant Bassett, in his 'Legends and Superstitions of the Sea and of Sailors in all Lands and at all Times,' says: 'The old type of sailor, who believed in the mermaid, the sea-snake, and the phantom ship, is fast disappearing, and, with the gradual substitution of the steamship for the sailing-vessel, he is being replaced by the mechanical seaman, who sees no spectre in the fog, nor sign of disaster in the air or beneath the wave.'"

Lieutenant Bassett's work is such an inexhaustible collection of sea legends and sailors' superstitions, that I feel it would be indeed unnecessary for me here to supplement it with any additional remarks concerning these same legends. Any one interested in the subject cannot do better than read it. Old tars tell us that the chanties are not what they were before steam became so universal: one added, on telling me this, "I'll tell you what it is, Miss, steamboats have not only taken the wind out of our sails, but they have taken the puff out of us too, and them as remembers ship-life as it was, will scarcely recognize it now-a-days." This advocate of the old school was one of many "old salts" whose acquaintance I made, and who goodnaturedly sang for me several of their best-remembered chanties in a Sailors' Home in the North of England. I was very agreeably surprised at the effect of some of these chanty choruses; some of the men present had really good voices, and they sang with a life and spirit, and with as much rhythmical accuracy as though they were miles away on the briny ocean "heaving the windlass round, or hoisting the ponderous anchor."

Whilst on the subject of Sailors' Homes, I should like to digress for just one moment to express my cordial thanks to all those connected with the institutions that have so greatly helped me in the matter of collecting these chanties. To the Secretaries, Missionaries, and sailor inmates of many of the English Homes, I am indebted for much of

the information I have obtained. My thanks are also due in a great measure in many other dircctions—in so many, indeed, that I feel I have not here adequate space to express them, and I trust to be able to tender them fully and in detail at some other time.

There are several kinds of chanty, though I believe, properly speaking, they should only be divided into two classes, namely, those sung at the capstan and those sung when hauling on a rope: but there are, over and above these, pumping songs—pumping being part of the daily morning duty of a well-disciplined merchant-vessel, just a few minutes' spell to keep the vessel free and the cargo unharmed by bilge-water; it is not a dismal sound at all, rather a lively one, on the contrary. There are also chanties used when holy-stoning the decks, and when stowing away the cargo; and indeed I think one may safely conclude that every one of Jack's duties, from Monday morning to Saturday night, is done to some sort of music, and according to the Philadelphia catechism his labours do not end then, for in it we are taught that—

"Six days shalt thou labour and do all thou art able,
And on the seventh, holy-stone the deck and clean-scrape the cable."

There is one job that sailors seldom fail to get, even when the weather is such as to prevent other work being done, and that is holy-stoning the decks. The men have to kneel down and push backwards and forwards a good-sized stone (usually sandstone), the planks being previously wetted and sprinkled with sand. From the fact of kneeling to it, this unpleasant task is known at sea under the title of "saying prayers."

There is also, besides the chanties, another class of song, half of the sea and half of the shore, which I mentioned in the introduction to this collection. They include those the fishermen and coasters croon in their lonely watches; the latter in his brief walk, "three steps and

overboard," as he tramps up and down his little deck through the swathing mists of a Bank fog; and those of the cook at his galley fire sung in doleful unison with his bubbling coppers. The legend of Captain Cottington, for instance, belongs to this class of songs. It is probably traditionally known to the young gentlemen at Harvard College, and is perhaps most remarkable as a bold and ingenious metrical novelty; one verse will, I have no doubt, serve to show the animated tenor of the words. The music I must refrain from giving, as I feel utterly at a loss how best to represent the extraordinary variety of style that pervades the whole; doubtless a mistake in the notation might prove a relief, but I should be tempted to commit so many that I am afraid to undertake it at all.

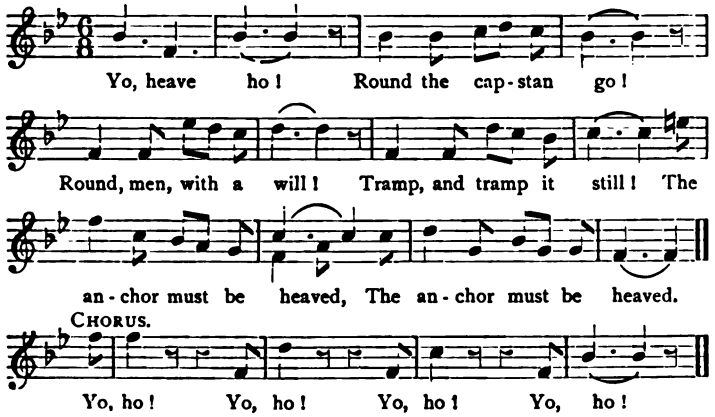
"Captain Cottington, he went to sea,
Captain Cottington, he went to sea,
Captain Cottington, he went to sea-e-e-e-e-e-e-e-e,
Captain Cottington, he went to sea,"

and so on, *ad libitum.*

There is yet another of these crooning songs, namely, "The Rhyme of Uncle Peleg." I believe I am not wrong in stating that this is an historical ballad; indeed, I quite believe that, from what I have been able to learn of sailors' songs in general, most of them, however degenerate they may have become in the course of time—and in many cases they have certainly descended to a level of utterly maudlin sentiment—have originally been tales of some heroic exploit, or eulogies on some bygone naval genius. It is Macaulay, I think, who says that, "A people which takes no pride in the noble achievements of remote ancestors, will never achieve anything worthy to be remembered by remote descendants with pride. It is a sentiment which essentially belongs to the higher and purer part of human nature, and which adds not a little to the strength of states."

Our blue-jackets appear to possess this sentiment of hero-worship to a very large extent, if one may judge by the songs and yarns that find most favour with them.

In the capstan chanties the metre is generally long, and they are of a more pathetic nature than the hauling ones. To those who have heard it as the men run round the capstan, bringing up the anchor from the English mud of a ship outward bound for a two or three years' trip, perhaps never to return, what can be more sad or touching, although sung with a hearty good-will, than "Yo, heave ho!"


Yo, heave ho! Round the cap-stan go!
Round, men, with a will! Tramp, and tramp it still! The
an-chor must be heaved, The an-chor must be heaved.
CHORUS.
Yo, ho! Yo, ho! Yo, ho! Yo, ho!

or such words as :—

"To the Liverpool Docks we'll bid adieu ;
To Suke, and Sally, and Poll too ;
The anchor's weighed, the sails unfurled ;
We are bound to cross the watery world.
Hurrah! we're outward bound!
Hurrah! we're outward bound!"

Liverpool, as the sailing-point and homeward goal of so many vessels, naturally figures very prominently in the sailors' chanties, and the air of romance that attaches itself to California, the Brazils, and Mexico also seems to have a peculiar charm for Jack. He has another outward-bound song something to this effect :—

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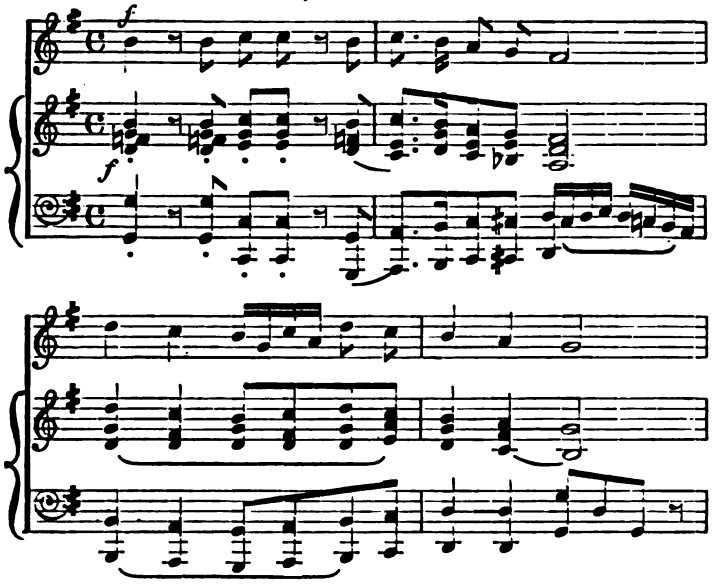
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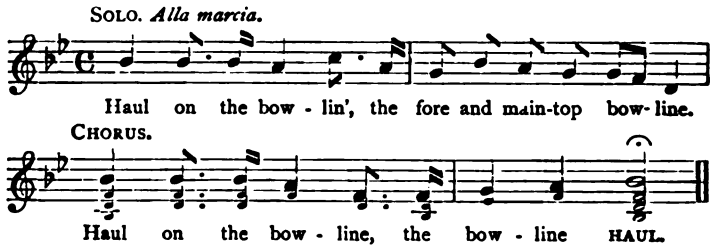
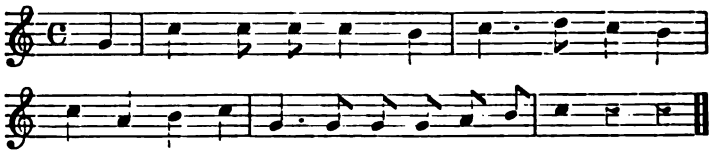
At the last word every man will throw his whole strength into the pull, all singing it in chorus, quickly and explosively, and so jump by jump, the sheet will be hauled taut at last. This very practical and certainly nautical explanation of the use of a capstan chanty I found in an old number of *Chambers' Journal*, to whose clever and instructive columns I owe many hints on the subject of sailors and their songs.

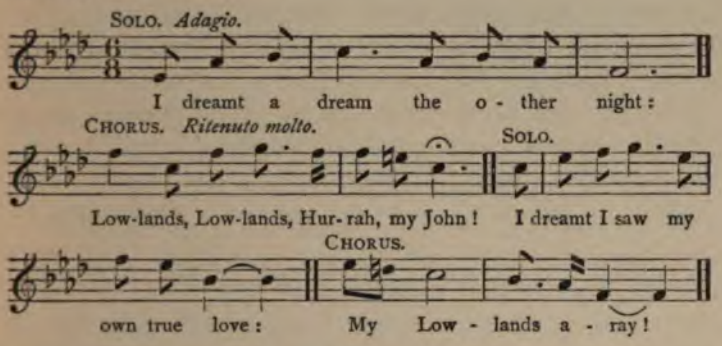
Another version of "Haulin' the Bowlin'."

1. Haul on the bowlin', the fore and main-top bowlin',
   Haul on the bowlin', the bowlin', *Haul.*
2. Haul on the bowlin', the packet she's a rollin',
   Haul on the bowlin', the bowlin', *Haul.*
3. Haul on the bowlin', the captain he's a growlin',
   Haulin' the bowlin', the bowlin', *Haul.*

At the word *Haul*, which terminates each couplet, the tars give a tremendous jerk on the rope.



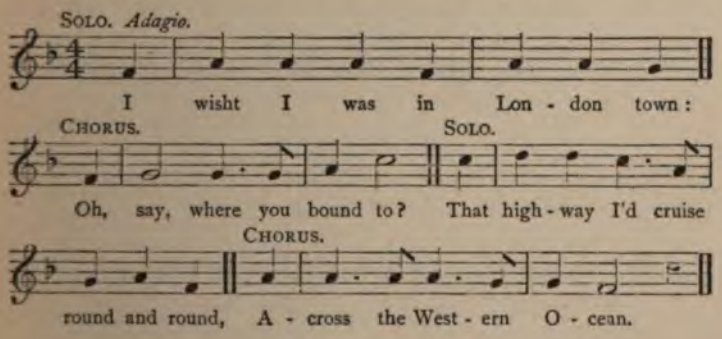
I have no words to the next bowline song, which rejoices in the name of "Johnny Polka."

One of the wildest and most mournful of the sailor songs is "Lowlands." The chorus is even more than usually

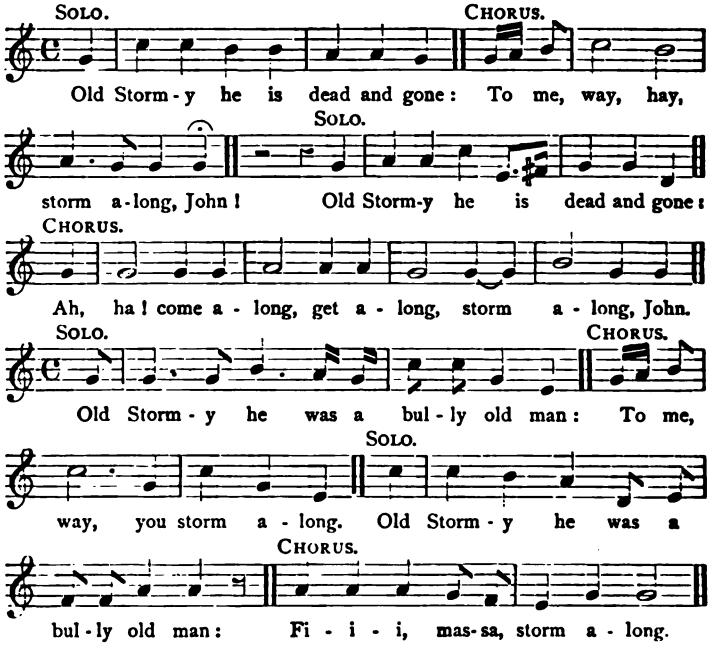
meaningless, but the song is the sighing of the wind and the throbbing of the restless ocean translated into melody :—

SOLO. *Adagio.*
I dreamt a dream the o - ther night :
CHORUS. *Ritenuto molto.*
SOLO.
Low-lands, Low-lands, Hur-rah, my John ! I dreamt I saw my
CHORUS.
own true love : My Low - lands a - ray !

Much care was evidently given to "Lowlands" by the chanty-men. It has often been improved. In its original form the first chorus was shorter and less striking, and the words of the second chorus were, "My dollar and a half a day."

Solo.—Lowlands, Lowlands, away, my John.
Chorus.—My dollar and a half a day.
Solo.—I took up my clothes and I went away.
Chorus.—Lowlands, Lowlands, a-ray.

Of the same general character as "Lowlands," though inferior to it, is the song that was usually known as "Across the Western Ocean." There are several variations of the second chorus, none of which could be called improvements.


SOLO. *Adagio.*
I wisht I was in Lon - don town :
CHORUS.
SOLO.
Oh, say, where you bound to? That high-way I'd cruise
CHORUS.
round and round, A - cross the West - ern O - cean.

Sometimes the anchor comes up to a fierce chorus compounded of improvised abuse of the ship and captain. "Old Stormy" is a mythical character often mentioned in sailors' songs. Who Stormy was, and why he received that evident nickname, even the most profound and learned chanty-men always confessed themselves unable to explain. The oldest of these songs is rather the best of them. The second one contains a hint of decidedly negro origin in the word "Massa," and suggests that perhaps the legend of "Stormy" is an African rather than a nautical myth.

SOLO.
CHORUS.
Old Storm-y he is dead and gone: To me, way, hay,
SOLO.
storm a-long, John! Old Storm-y he is dead and gone:
CHORUS.
Ah, ha! come a-long, get a-long, storm a-long, John.
SOLO.
CHORUS.
Old Storm-y he was a bul-ly old man: To me,
SOLO.
way, you storm a-long. Old Storm-y he was a
CHORUS.
bul-ly old man: Fi-i-i, mas-sa, storm a-long.

This is a great favourite, and often sung after a gale of wind.

Solo.—Old Storm Along is dead and gone,
Chorus.—Ay! ay! ay! Mr. Storm Along!

Solo.—When Stormy died, I dug his grave,
I dug his grave with a silver spade,
I hove him up with an iron crane,
And lowered him down with a golden chain
Old Storm Along is dead and gone.
Chorus.—Ay ! ay ! ay ! Mr. Storm Along.

Each line is repeated twice. The solemnity of the air and the mock-seriousness of the words have a most comical effect, and reminded me very much, when I heard them sung, of the tale of "The Death of Cock Robin," the well-known favourite of the children's picture-books. I have since come across a somewhat different version of the words of this chanty, in which "Stormy" was written "Starmy," and of which the ending was—

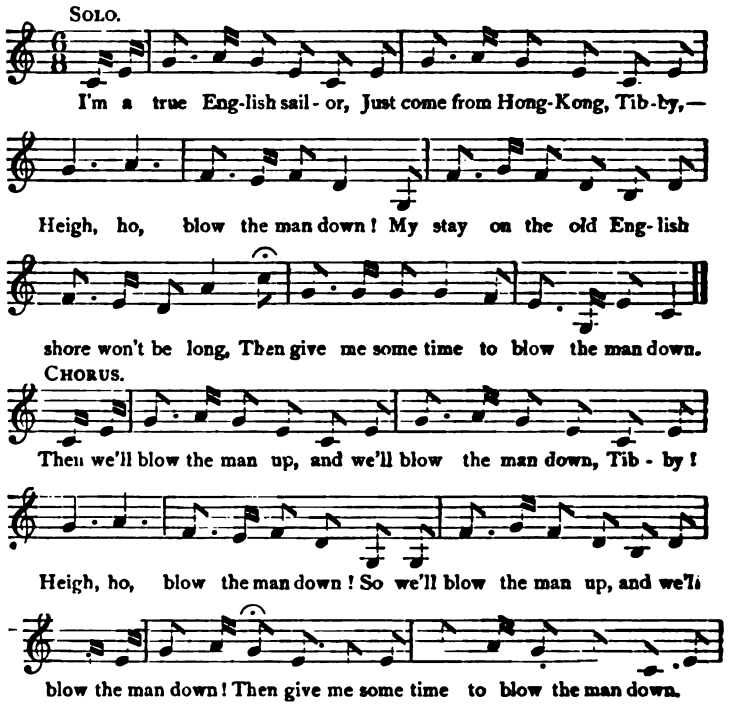
Solo.—We carried him along to London town,
Chorus.—Starm Along, boys, Starm Along.
Solo.—We carried him away to Mobille Bay,
Chorus.—Starm Along, boys, Starm Along.

HAULING CHANTIES.

Of these, there is first the hand-over-hand song, in very quick time ; then the long-pull song, when there are, perhaps, twenty or thirty men pulling on a rope. To be effective, the pull must be made unanimously. This is secured by the chanty, the pulling made at some particular word in the chorus. For example, in the following verse the word "handy" is the signal, at each repetition, for a long pull, a strong pull, and a pull all together :—

Chorus.—Oh, shake her up, and away we'll go,
So handy, my girls, so handy ;
Up aloft from down below,
So handy, my girls, so handy.

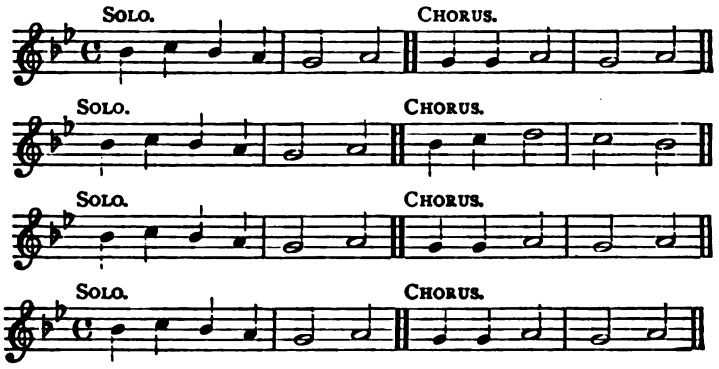
For heavier work, or where hands are few, one of longer metre is used, such as "O Long Storm, storm along, Stormy," which must not, however, be confounded with the capstan chanty, "Old Storm Along."

One of the best and jolliest quick-time songs, and certainly one of the most well-known, is "Blow the Man Down." It is very tuneful, and though, perhaps, the words are scarcely to be admired, still it is a genuine chanty, and has a *verve* and vigour about it that speak of its value as an incentive to the labour of hoisting the topsail-yards or any other hauling work :—

SOLO.
I'm a true Eng-lish sail-or, Just come from Hong-Kong, Tib-by,—
Heigh, ho, blow the man down! My stay on the old Eng-lish
shore won't be long, Then give me some time to blow the man down.
CHORUS.
Then we'll blow the man up, and we'll blow the man down, Tib-by!
Heigh, ho, blow the man down! So we'll blow the man up, and we'll
blow the man down! Then give me some time to blow the man down.

Solo.—As I was a-walking down Winchester Street—
Heigh-ho, blow the man down ;
A pretty young girl I happened to meet,
Oh, give me some time to blow the man down.

Chorus.—So we'll blow the man up, and we'll blow the man down,
Heigh-ho, blow the man down.

We'll blow the man up, and we'll blow the man down,
Oh, give me some time to blow the man down.

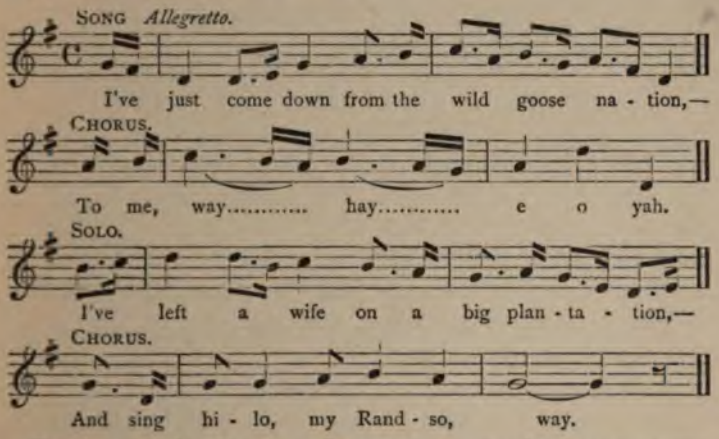
"Reuben Ranzo" is, perhaps, the greatest favourite with the men of all the chanties. The tune is mournful and almost haunting in its monotony:

Solo.—Pity Reuben Ranzo,
Chorus.—Ranzo, boys, a Ranzo.
Solo.—Oh, pity Reuben Ranzo,
Chorus.—Ranzo, boys, a Ranzo.
Solo.—Reuben was no sailor,
Chorus.—Ranzo, boys, a Ranzo.
Solo.—Reuben was no sailor,
Chorus.—Ranzo, boys, a Ranzo.
Solo.—By trade he was a tailor,
Chorus.—Ranzo, &c.
Solo.—He went to school on Monday,
Chorus.—Ranzo, &c.
Solo.—Learnt to read on Tuesday,
Chorus.—Ranzo, &c.

The chorus continues the same all through, the pull always being made at the word "Ranzo." Each line of the solo is also repeated.

Solo.—He learnt to write on Wednesday,
He learnt to fight on Thursday,
On Friday he beat the master,
On Saturday we lost Reuben,
And where do you think we found him ?
Why, down in yonder valley,
Conversing with a sailor.
He shipped on board of a whaler ;
He shipped as able seamen do ;
Oh, pity Reuben Ranzo.
The captain was a bad man,
He took him to the gangway,
And gave him five-and-forty.
The mate he was a good man,
He taught him navigation ;
Now he's captain of a whaler,
And married the captain's daughter,
And now they both are happy.
This ends my little ditty,
This ends my little ditty.
Chorus.—Ranzo, boys, a Ranzo !
Belay there, lads, belay.

There is yet another song which has for hero this same mysterious and unsailorlike personage, though the coherency of the foregoing is not adopted in the second song. The word "hilo," which is here introduced, is a word of fathomless meaning. There is a very humorous description of this chanty given by a writer in *Harper's Magazine* (July, 1882), in an article on sailors' songs; he says: "Perhaps Max Müller could attach some meaning to 'hilo,' but in that case he would do more than any sailor ever did. It will not do to suggest that it is really two words—'high' and 'low.' It occurs in too many other songs, as an active verb, to leave us any room to doubt that to 'hilo' was to be, to do, or to suffer something. It cannot be gathered from the insufficient data at our command, whether or not the act of 'hiloing' was commendable

in a sailor; but from the frequency with which the fair sex was exhorted in song to 'hilo,' it is evident that it was held to be a peculiarly graceful act when executed by a young girl."

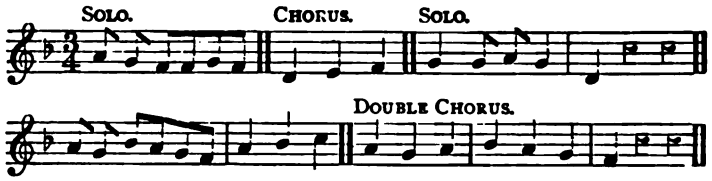
I have a song amongst my collection entitled "Tommy's gone to 'Hilo,'" which again upsets the theory that "hilo" was an active verb; at least, in this instance, it rises to the dignity of a proper noun:—

Song Allegretto.
I've just come down from the wild goose na - tion,—
Chorus.
To me, way..... hay..... e o yah.
Solo.
I've left a wife on a big plan - ta - tion,—
Chorus.
And sing hi - lo, my Rand - so, way.

On the whole, Reuben Ranzo's nautical career seems scarcely to have been a bed of roses. It is really much to be wondered at wherein the great fancy for this most ridiculous song lies. There is not one line of sense in the whole.

There is another topsail-yard chorus something like this:—

Solo.—There once was a family living on a hill,
And if they're not dead they're living there still.
Chorus.—Up, up, my boys, up a hill;
Up, up, my boys, up a hill.

And it is sung to the tune of "Blow the man down." Then there is the well-known topsail-halyard song, "Sally Racket," greatly used by the sailors when loading their ships with timber at Quebec. In this chanty some of the lines are much longer than others, and to any one not

acquainted with Jack Tar's style of singing, it would seem impossible to make them come in, but the sailors seem to be able to manage it. Like "Reuben Ranzo," the solo lines of Sally Racket are always repeated, the same chorus occurring after each solo line :

Solo.—Sally Racket, hoy oh,
Chorus.—Cheerily, men.
Solo.—Sally Racket, hoy oh !
Chorus.—Cheerily, men.
Solo.—Sally Racket, hoy oh !
Chorus.—Cheerily, men ; a haughty hoy oh ! cheerily, men.
Solo.—Pawned my jacket, hoy oh.
Chorus.—Cheerily, men.
Solo.—Pawned my jacket, hoy oh.
Chorus.—Cheerily, men ; a haughty hoy oh ! cheerily men.
Solo.—Sold the ticket, hoy oh.
Chorus.—Cheerily, cheerily, men.
Solo.—Sold the ticket, hoy oh.
Chorus.—Cheerily, cheerily, men.
Solo.—And sold the ticket, hoy oh.
Chorus.—Cheerily, men ; a haughty hoy oh ! cheerily men.
Solo.—That's not the worst, hoy oh.
Chorus.—Cheerily, men.
Solo.—And that's not the worst, hoy oh.
Chorus.—And that's not the worst, hoy oh.
Solo.—And that's not the worst, hoy oh.
Chorus—Cheerily, men ; a haughty hoy oh ; cheerily, men.
Solo.—She left me in the lurch, hoy oh.
Chorus.—Cheerily, &c.
Solo.—I don't care a rap, hoy oh.
Chorus.—Cheerily, men.

Solo.—If she never comes back, hoy oh.
Chorus.—Cheerily, men.
Solo.—I can get another girl, hoy oh.
Chorus.—Cheerily, men.
Solo.—Good-bye, Sally Racket, hoy oh.
Chorus.—Cheerily, men.
Solo.—You can keep my old jacket, hoy oh.
Chorus.—Cheerily, cheerily, men.
Solo.—And burn the ticket, hoy oh.
Chorus.—Cheerily, cheerily, men.
(Spoken) That'll do, boys.

The words at the end of the song are spoken by the man in charge of the work—mate, second mate, or boatswain. In the chorus the word "men" is accented by the pull; and in the solo lines the word "oh" is where another pull is taken.

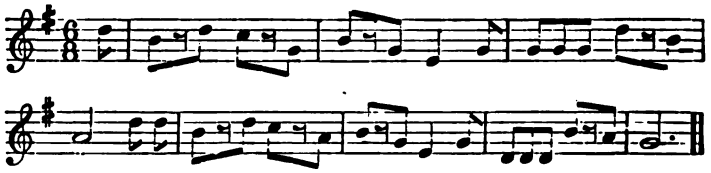
I am told that the oldest chanty on record is one that goes by the name of "Cheerily, men; oh holly, hi-ho, cheerily, men." But at what time, in what place it is used —or I should say, was used, for I think it is almost obsolete now—I cannot say. It is, however, a typical specimen of an English sailor-song of a remote period, for undoubtedly many of the sailor-songs are of negro origin. They are the reminiscences of melodies sung by negroes stowing cotton in the holds of ships in Southern ports. The "chanty-men" have, to some extent, kept to the silly words of the negroes, and have altered the melodies to suit their purposes.

Any quick, lively tune, to which you might work a fire-engine, will serve for the music of a pumping song. The words vary with every fancy. "Pay me the money down" is a very favourite pumping chorus. Somehow thus the verse runs (it is known as an English comic song):—

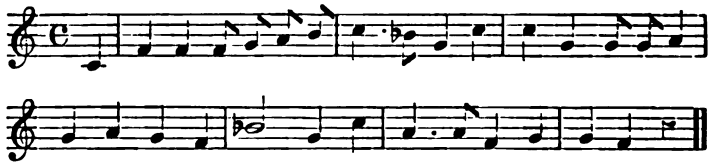
Solo.—Your money, young man, is no object to me.
Chorus.—Pay me the money down.
Solo.—Half-a-crown's no great demand.

Chorus.—Pay me the money down.
Solo & Chorus.—Money down, money down;
Pay me the money down.

It seems a very strange song for men so little given to avarice as sailors are. Their parting ceremony on embarking is usually to pitch their last shilling on to the wharf, to be scrambled for by the land-sharks. Nor yet does there seem much sense in it, but it serves to man and move the brakes merrily. The following tune is sometimes used for this chanty:—

PADDLE YOUR OWN CANOE.

There is a rollicking, lively chorus of—

Chorus.—Highland day and off she goes,
Off she goes with a flying foretopsail,
Highland day and off she goes.

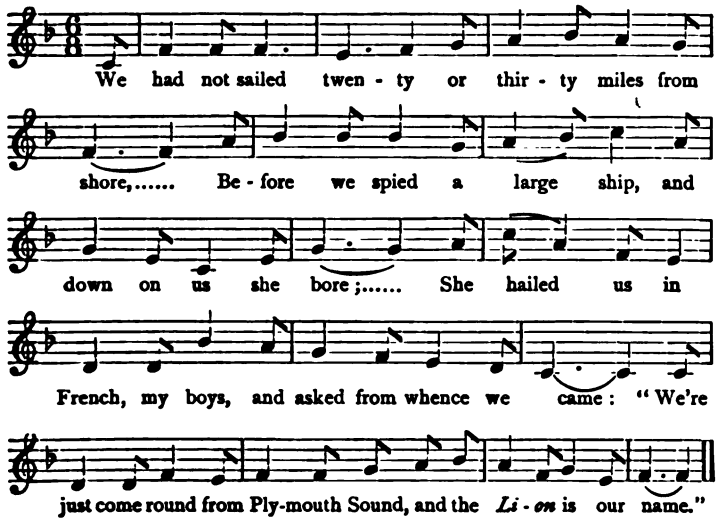
RUN, LET THE BULL CHIMES RUN.

This is another favourite pumping song:—

Chorus.—Run, let the bull chimes run,
Chorus.—We'll run,—
Solo.—Away to America.
Chorus.—Way aha, way aha!
Way aha, way aha!
Chorus.—We'll pump her dry and get our grog.
Solo.—Run, let the bull chimes run.

Chorus.—We'll pump her dry and away we'll go,
Solo.—Away to America!

THE *LION* MAN-O'-WAR.

A very popular song at Portsmouth is "The *Lion* Man-o'-War." The following are a few of the words:—

"Are you the *Lion* man-o'-war, as we suppose you be?"
"We are the *Lion* man-o'-war, as you shall quickly see."
"Then haul your colours from the mast, and come along with me,
Or we'll sink the *Lion* man-o'-war at the bottom of the sea."

We had not sailed twen - ty or thir - ty miles from
shore,..... Be - fore we spied a large ship, and
down on us she bore;..... She hailed us in
French, my boys, and asked from whence we came: "We're
just come round from Ply-mouth Sound, and the *Li - on* is our name."

HOME, DEARIE, HOME.

Amongst the favourite chanties of North-country sailors is that most charming and pathetic of songs, "Home, Dearie, Home:"

Solo.—Oh, Amble is a fine town, with ships in the bay,
And I wish with my heart I was only there to-day;
I wish with my heart I was far away from here,
A-sitting in my parlour, and talking to my dear.

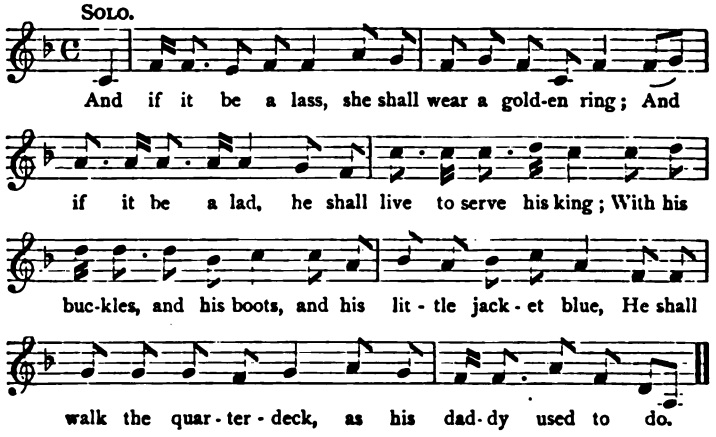
Chorus.—And it's home, dearie, home! oh, it's home I want to be.

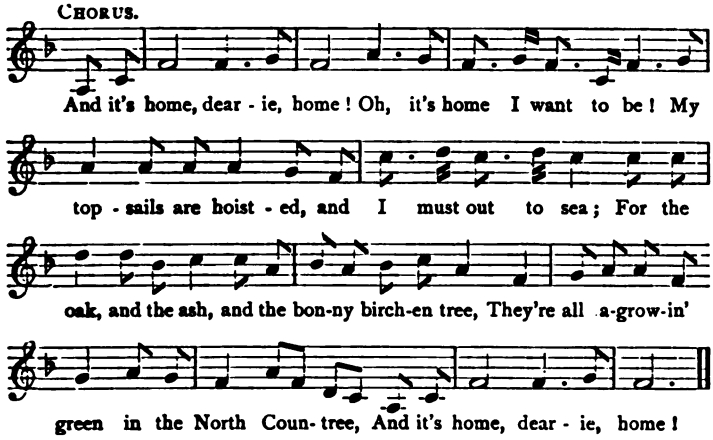
My topsails are hoisted, and I must out to sea,
For the oak, and the ash, and the bonny birchen tree,
They're all a-growin' green in the North-countree;
Oh, it's home, dearie, home! oh, it's home I want to be.

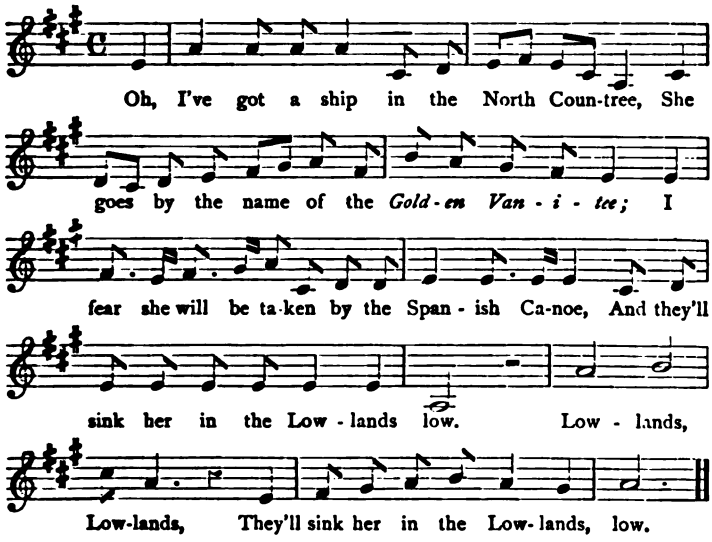
Solo.—Oh, there's a wind that blows, and it's blowing from the West,
And of all the winds that blow 'tis the one I like the best;
For it blows at our backs, and it shakes the pennon free,
And it soon will blow us home to the North-countree.

Chorus.—And it's home, dearie, home! oh, it's home I want to be.

My topsails are hoisted, and I must out to sea,
For the oak, and the ash, and the bonny birchen tree,
They're all a-growin' green in the North-countree;
Oh, it's home, dearie, home! oh, it's home I want to be.


SOLO.
And if it be a lass, she shall wear a gold-en ring; And
if it be a lad, he shall live to serve his king; With his
buc-kles, and his boots, and his lit-tle jack-et blue, He shall
walk the quar-ter-deck, as his dad-dy used to do.


CHORUS.
And it's home, dear - ie, home! Oh, it's home I want to be! My
top - sails are hoist - ed, and I must out to sea; For the
oak, and the ash, and the bon-ny birch-en tree, They're all a-grow-in'
green in the North Coun- tree, And it's home, dear - ie, home!

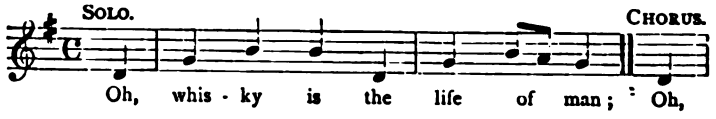
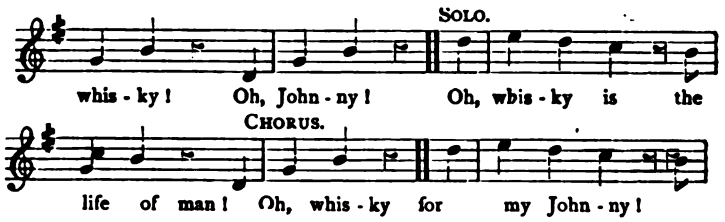
Another very favourite song with the Northern seamen is "The Spanish Canoe," somewhat in the same style as the capstan song of "Lowlands:"—

Oh, I've got a ship in the North Coun-tree, She
goes by the name of the *Gold - en Van - i - tee;* I
fear she will be ta-ken by the Span - ish Ca-noe, And they'll
sink her in the Low - lands low. Low - lands,
Low-lands, They'll sink her in the Low- lands, low.

There is also a "Homeward Bound" song very well known to them:—

"At Catherine's Dock I bade adieu
To Poll and Bet, and lovely Sue ;
The anchor's weighed, the sails unfurled,
We're bound to plough the watery world ;
Don't you see we're outward bound.

But when we come back to Catherine's Docks,
The pretty girls they come in flocks ;
And Bet to Poll and Sue will say—
'Oh, here comes Jack, with his three years' pay ;'
Don't you see we're homeward bound ?

Then we all set off to the 'Dog and Bell,'
Where the best of liquor they always sell ;
In comes old Archy, with a smile,
Saying 'Drink, my lads, it's worth your while ;'
Don't you see we're homeward bound ?"

The chanty known by the name of "Whisky for my Johnny," or "Whisky Johnny," has many different verses, all more or less bearing upon the same subject, and none betraying much delicacy or refinement of expression. It has been sent to me from several different quarters where I have applied for chanties, so I conclude from this fact, that it must be fairly well known amongst the sailors, and may be even a great favourite. As I have before remarked, the sailors' songs are truly characteristic of the men they belong to, and so long as they adapt themselves to the purpose for which they are intended, and help to lighten the labour and regulate the work at sea, we must be content to take them as they are, and not look for drawing-room rose-water sentiment in the ideas that originate and find favour amongst the hardy toilers of the briny ocean.



Solo.—Oh whisky makes me pawn my clothes,
Chorus.—Oh whisky, Oh Johnny ;
Oh whisky makes me pawn my clothes,
Chorus.—Oh whisky for my Johnny.
Solo.—Oh whisky gave me a broken nose,
Oh whisky gave me a broken nose,
I thought I heard the old man say,
I thought I heard the old man say,
I thought I heard the old woman say,
I thought I heard the old woman say,
Oh whisky up and whisky down,
Oh whisky up and whisky down,
I thought I heard the steward shout,
I thought I heard the steward shout,
Chorus.—Here's whisky for my Johnny.
If I can't get whisky, I'll have rum,
Chorus.—Whisky, Johnny ;
Oh that's the stuff to make good fun,
Chorus.—Oh whisky for my Johnny.
For whisky men and women will run,
Chorus.—Oh whisky, Oh Johnny ;
I'll drink whisky when I can,
That's the stuff to make you frisky,
Chorus.—Whisky, Johnny ;
Give me whisky and I'll give you tin,
If you have no whisky give me gin,
If you have no whisky give me gin.

BELAY THERE !

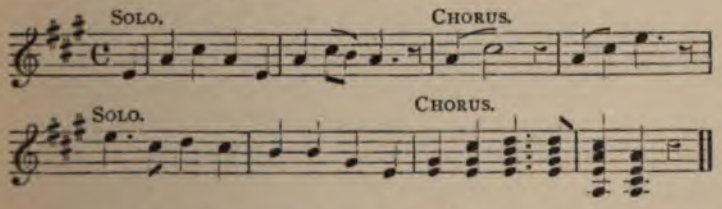
Belay is generally said when the song comes to an end, or "Coil up the ropes there, boys."

It is not either necessary or would it be interesting for me to relate at any length, the manner in which many of these chanties have been obtained. I have taken down myself the greater part from the sailors; sometimes at my own house, sometimes at one of theirs, occasionally in a hospital, or on board ship. There have been difficulties often in my way, in spite of the great kindness I have everywhere had shown me, but I have never had the experience of one of my numerous correspondents—namely that of having the chanties sung to him *sotto voce*. It appears that he, like many others, had entertained the idea of collecting the Sailors' songs and had accordingly made a beginning, which he has since handed over to me. "I was," he says, "some time ago making a ninety days' voyage in an old '*sailer*,' and as a pastime I commenced what you have since so ably completed, the task of making a collection of the working songs of the sea. I took notes of the best of the capstan and other songs included in the *répertoire* of our not very large crew. At first I jotted down the words and music in my note-book while the men were actually hauling at the ropes—but this method promised to yield as many versions of each song as there were sailors (for each man had his own pet way of leading), so that I was constrained to try some other plan. It was this. I selected the most vocal of the crew—a splendid fellow, as supple as a panther, and first at everything. He visited me in my cabin at stated moments, and as his presence was a grave breach of the rules, he had, like Bottom, to 'roar him as gently as any sucking dove.' In a word the songs were given out in a sort of roaring whisper, or whispering roar, which greatly exercised the curiosity of the passengers in the adjacent saloon. Even this chosen songster proved untrue to himself and gave me the same song in different ways, at different times, and this accounts, no doubt, for the discrepancies that exist between some of the songs as given by you, and as taken by myself." I believe it is for this reason, that the chanties have remained so long uncollected. Of course, I

have found these same discrepancies over and over again, and many times have almost given up the idea of the collection, in consequence. It is the same amongst all nations of sailors. The writer of the letter just referred to, sent me some of the chanties he had taken down in secret in his cabin, and the versions both of music and words are different to mine. For instance, "Whisky Johnny" he gives as "Whisky" (hauling chanty), and though the sentiment is the same he gives it in quite other words:—

Solo.—O! Whisky is the life of man,
Chorus.—Whisky, Johnny!
I drink whisky when I can,
Chorus.—O! Whisky for my Johnny.
Solo.—I drink it out of an old tin can,
Whisky killed my poor old dad,
Whisky drove my mother mad,
Whisky caused me much abuse,
Whisky put me in the Calabouse,
Whisky fills a man with care,
Whisky makes a man a bear.

The tune is also different, so I give that to which these words were sung. A query is appended to "*Whisky*," as to whether it be an anacreontic or a teetotal hymn? The sentiment is mixed, and it might serve for both.



He gives the same melody as I have done for "Blow the Man Down," but different lines.

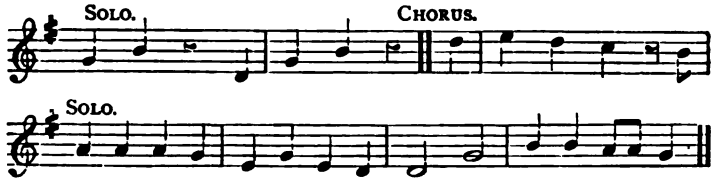
1. "Blow the man down, bullies, blow the man down;
Blow the man down, bullies, pull him around.

2. Blow the man down, you darlings, lie down,
   Blow the man down for fair London town.
3. When the *Black Baller* is ready for sea,
   That is the time that you see such a spree.
4. There's tinkers, and tailors, and soldiers, and all,
   They all ship for sailors on board the *Black Ball.*
5. When the *Black Baller* hauls out of the dock,
   To see these poor fellows, how on board they flock.
6. When the *Black Baller* gets clear of the land,
   'Tis then you will hear the great word of command.
7. 'Lay aft here, ye lubbers, lay aft, one and all,
   I'll none of your dodges on board the *Black Ball.*'
8. To see these poor devils, how they will all 'scoat,'
   Assisted along by the toe of a boot.
9. It's now we are sailing on th' ocean so wide,
   Where the deep and blue waters dash by our black side.
10. It's now when we enter the channel so wide,
    All hands are ordered to scrub the ship's side.
11. And now, my fine boys, we are round the rock,
    And soon, oh ! soon, we will be in the dock.
12. Then all our hands will bundle ashore,
    Perhaps some will never to sea go more."

Chorus.—Wae ! Hae ! Blow the man down,
Give me some time to blow the man down.

"Reuben Ranzo" (a true story ?), of course is given in yet another form, both as regards music and poetry ; this favourite hauling chanty seems to have as many different versions as a pickpocket has aliases. The remark made by the collector on this song is worth remembering ; he says, "Ranzo is suspiciously like a 'crib' from a well-known old sea-song concerning a certain 'Lorenzo,' who also 'was no sailor.' However the versions of Reuben Ranzo may alter one salient point in each remains, and that is the fact of 'his being no sailor.'" The last lines of this poem run :—

"I wish I was old 'Ranzo's' son."
Chorus.—Ranzo, boys, Ranzo.
"I'd build a ship of a thousand ton;
I'd give my sailors *plenty of rum*.[1]
Old 'Ranzo' was a good old man,
But now old 'Ranzo's' dead and gone,
And none can sing his funeral song."

The next song, "Tommy's gone to Hilo," is one of the mournful style of chanties, with a very long dragging chorus.

Solo.—Tommy's gone, what shall I do?
Chorus.—Hurrah, Hilo.
Solo.—Tommy's gone, what shall I do?
Chorus.—Tom's gone to Hilo.
Solo.—To Liverpool, that noted school,
To Liverpool, that noted school,
Tommy's gone to Quebec town,
Tommy's gone to Quebec town,
There's pretty Sall and Jenny Brown,
There's pretty Sall and Jenny Brown,
A-dancing on that stony ground,
A-dancing on that stony ground,
Tommy's gone to Baltimore,
A-rolling on the sandy floor,
Tommy's gone to Mobille Bay,
To roll down cotton all the day,
He's gone away to Dixie's Land,

[1] Truly "a fellow-feeling makes us wondrous kind." Old "Ranzo" is a personage that is not mentioned in other accounts of his son's life, but both *père et fils* appear to be personages in nautical history whom "not to know is to argue oneself unknown."

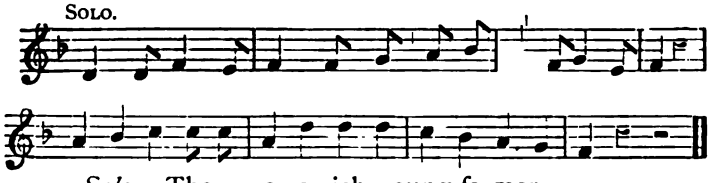
Solo.—Where there's roses red and violets blue,
Up aloft that yard must go,
I thought I heard the skipper say,
That he would put her through to-day,
Shake her up, and let her go,
Stretch her leech and shew her clew,
One pull more, and that will do,
Chorus.—Hurrah, Hilo.
Solo.—One pull more, and that will do,
Chorus.—Tom's gone to Hilo.

BELAY!

Like most chanties, the lines of "Tommy's gone to Hilo" are repeated every time, the chorus being the same for the first repetition, and changing a little at the second. The pull is made on the word "Hilo."

The following song was written down for me by a sailor. He is also responsible for the tune, which to my great astonishment, he wrote out. He told me that it was a favourite as a forecastle song, and was always received with enthusiasm at concerts on board ship. The chorus is set to "Rule Britannia," and as the words are really funny, I do not wonder at its popularity :—

MARRIED TO A MERMAID.



Solo.—There was a rich young farmer,
And he lived on Salisbury Plain,
He loved a rich knight's daughter
And she loved him again.
But the knight he was distressed
That they should sweethearts be,
That they got the farmer pressed,
And he sent him off to sea.

Chorus.—Rule Britannia, Britannia rules the waves,
For Britons never, never, never shall be slaves.

Solo.—Oh, 'twas on the deep Atlantic,
During the equinoctial gales,
That a young feller fell overboard,
Among the sharks and whales.
He fell right down so quickly,
So headlong down fell he,
That he tumbled out of sight, like a streak of light,
To the bottom of the deep blue sea.
Singing—

Chorus.—Rule Britannia.

Solo.—We lowered a boat to look after him,
And we thought to find his corpse,
When up to the top he came with a bang,
And sung in a voice sepulchrally hoarse—
"My comrades and my messmates all,
Pray do not grieve for me,
For I'm married to a mermaid
At the bottom of the deep blue sea."

Chorus.—Rule Britannia.

Solo.—He told us how when he first went down
The fishes all came round he,
And they seemed to think, as they stared at him,
That he made uncommonly free.
But down he went, tho' he didn't know how,
And he felt "it's all up with me,"
When he came to a lovely mermaid
At the bottom of the deep blue sea.
Singing—

Chorus.—Rule Britannia.

Solo.—She raised herself on her beautiful tail,
And gave him her wet white hand,
Saying, "Long have I waited for you, my dear,
You are welcome safe to land.
Go back to your messmates for the last time,
And tell them all from me,
That you're married to a mermaid
At the bottom of the deep blue sea."

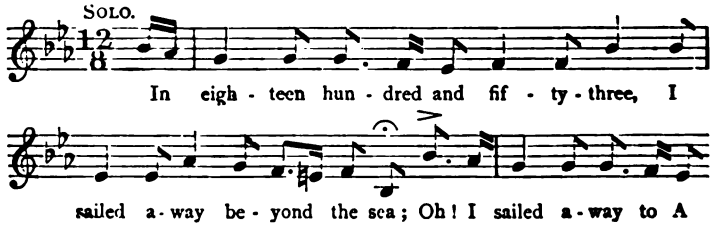
Chorus.—Rule Britannia.

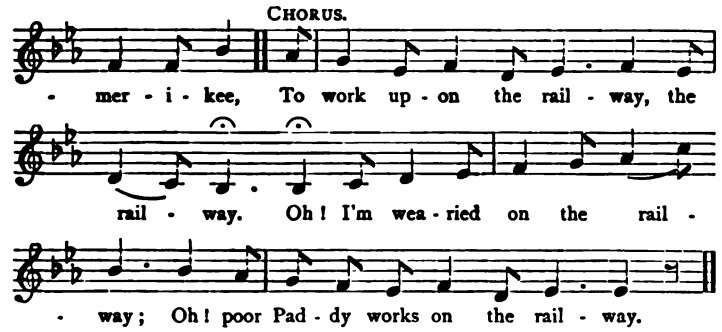
Solo.—And the anchor was raised and the sails unfurled,
And the ship was running free,
When up we went to our captain,
And this we told to he.
Now the captain he came to the old ship's side,
And out loud bellowed he—
"Be as happy as you can with your wife, my man,
(There's no divorce court) At the bottom of the deep blue sea."

Chorus.—Rule Britannia.

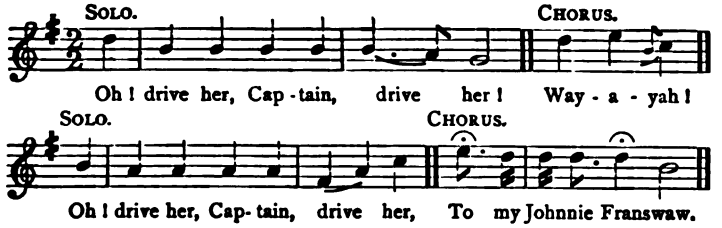
The words "there's no divorce court" are spoken.

The following song is perhaps the only sailor-song which has ever been made to do duty on a minstrel stage. The song of the "Railway" is known as, and believed by some to be, an Irish national air:—

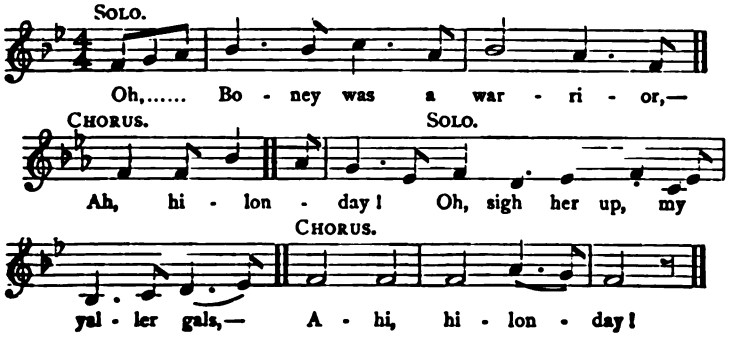




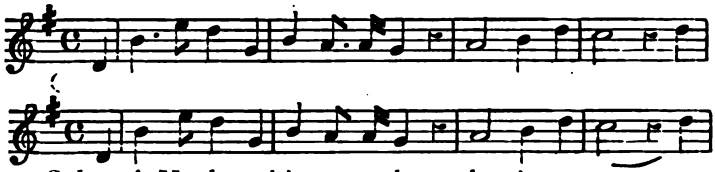
I have only the tune and two lines of the ballad of "Jean François," or as Jack has it, "Johnny Franswaw." It is a pulling song :—



The following is a windlass song, in which the expression "hi-lon-day" occurs. Some say this should be interpreted "Allan Dale," but there seems nothing to warrant this idea. It strikes me that the pumping chorus I before alluded to, "Highland Day and off she goes," may be more likely "Hi-lon-day and off she goes," at least in nautical correctness.



A YANKEE SHIP.



Solo.—A Yankee ship came down the river,
Chorus.—Blow, boys, blow.
Solo.—A Yankee ship came down the river,
Chorus.—Blow, my bully boys, blow.
Solo.—And who do you think was skipper of her?
And who do you think was skipper of her?
Dandy Jim from old Carolina,
Chorus.—Blow, my bully boys, blow.
Solo.—Dandy Jim from old Carolina,
And who do you think was second greaser?
Why, Pompey Squash that big buck nigger,
And what do you think they had for dinner?
Monkey's lights and donkey's liver,
And what do you think they had for supper?
Hard tack and Yankee leather,
Then blow, my boys, for better weather,
Chorus.—Blow, boys, blow.
Solo.—Then blow, my boys, for better weather,
Chorus.—Blow, my bully boys, blow.
Solo.—What do you think was the name of this clipper?
The *Flying Cloud*, with a cranky skipper,
Then up aloft that yard must go,
One more pull and then belay,
I think I heard our old man say,
Chorus.—Blow, boys, blow.
Solo.—He set more sail and give her way,
We'll hoist it high before we go,
Another good pull and make it stay,
And then we've finished for to-day,
And then we've finished for to-day,
Chorus.—Blow, my bully boys, blow.

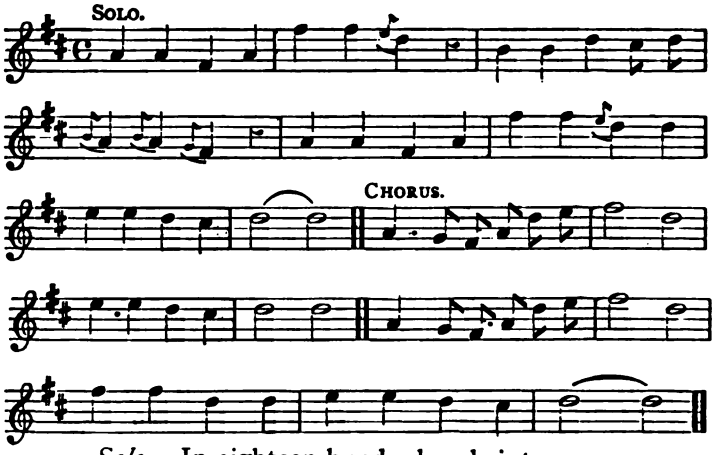
This chanty is sometimes called "Blow, boys, blow," and the verses vary, not so much in the theme or the *locale*, which is always America, but in the *dramatis personæ*. For instance, in one version I found—

Solo.—Who do you think was captain of her?
Who do you think was captain of her?
Old John Brown, the boarding master,
Old John Brown, the boarding master,
Who do you think was looking after?
Who do you think was looking after?
Cock-eyed Bill, the West-end barber,
Cock-eyed Bill, the West-end barber.

In another—

Solo.—Oh blow, my boys, I long to hear you.
Chorus.—Blow, boys, blow.
Solo.—A Yankee Liner coming down the river.
Chorus.—Blow, boys, blow.
Solo.—And how do you know she's a Yankee Liner?
Chorus.—Blow, boys, blow.
Solo.—By the stars and stripes she hangs behind her.
Chorus.—Blow, boys, blow.
Solo.—A Colonial packet coming down the river.
Chorus.—Blow, boys, blow.
Solo.—How do you know she's a Colonial packet?
Chorus.—Blow, boys, blow.
Solo.—She fired a gun, I heard the racket.
Chorus.—Blow, boys, blow.

And so on. This version was given me by a young Scotchman, whose time at sea had been limited to fifteen months, nevertheless he had a very intimate knowledge of ship-life, and sailors' ways and songs, and was furthermore possessed of a good voice and a better ear; he sang several chanties for me, and acted, as far as he was able in a drawing-room, the heaving and hauling which they accompanied.

The tune is, however, the same for both titles, and whether known as "A Yankee Ship" or "Blow, boys, blow," it is always fathered on America. The same may be said of "John Brown," which follows :—

Solo.—In eighteen hundred and sixty-one
The Yankee war it was begun.
In eighteen hundred and sixty-one
As we go marching along.

Chorus.—Glory, halleluiah !
Glory, halleluiah !
As we go marching along.

Solo.—In eighteen hundred and sixty-two
The niggers made a great ado,
In eighteen hundred and sixty-two
As we go marching along.

Chorus.—Glory, halleluiah ! &c.

Solo.—In eighteen hundred and sixty-three
The niggers they were all set free,
In eighteen hundred and sixty-three
As we go marching along.

Chorus.—Glory, halleluiah ! &c.

Solo.—In eighteen hundred and sixty-four
The Yankee war it was no more,

In eighteen hundred and sixty-four
As we go marching along.

Chorus.—Glory, halleluiah! &c.

Solo.—Old John Brown was the Abolition man,
Old John Brown was the Abolition man,
As we go marching along.

Chorus.—Glory, halleluiah! &c.

Solo.—John Brown's knapsack was number 92,
John Brown's knapsack was number 92,
As we go marching along.

Chorus.—Glory, halleluiah! &c.

"The exploits of the early American Navy," says *The New York Tribune*, "can be read on the cold pages of history, but nowhere do they live with such freshness and vigour as in the rude naval songs composed at the time when Paul Jones, Decatur, Hull and Pessy filled the annals of the sea 'with the splendid tumult of their deeds.' There is one old song called the 'Yankee Man-of-war,' descriptive of the cruise of John Paul Jones in the Irish Channel in 1778. The air is peculiarly nautical in its character, and the words are vigorous and full of life. The first and last stanzas are as follows :—

"'Tis of the gallant Yankee ship
That flew the stripes and stars,
And the whistling wind from the west-nor'-west
Blew through the pitch-pine spars.
With her starboard tacks about, my boys,
She hung upon the gale ;
On an autumn night we raised the light
Of the old Head of Kinsale.

* * * * *

'Out booms! out booms!' our skipper cried,
'Out booms, and give her sheet.'
And the swiftest keel that ever was launched
Shot ahead of the British fleet.

And amid a thundering shower of shot,
With stern-sails hoisted away,
Down the North Channel Paul Jones did steal
Just at the break of day."

In 1813 there was a popular song sung to the tune of "Ye Mariners of England," and called "The Freedom of the Seas." The chorus is :—

"Though tyrants frown and cannon roar, and angry tempests blow,
We'll be free on the sea in despite of every foe."

Another song of Paul Jones' victories was sung in 1813, descriptive of the *Bonhomme Richard* overcoming the English men-of-war *Serapis* and *Countess of Scarborough* in 1779. About the same time appeared the glorious old ballad of "The Constitution and Guerrière," to which the decks of American men-of-war still continue to echo ; "The Siege of Tripoli ;" and "Yankee Tars." A song of this period is called "The Yankee Thunders ;" it is largely taken up with praises of the bravery of English sailors, and intimates that only the Yankees are a match for them. The last verse runs—

"Hence be our floating bulwarks
Those oaks our mountains yield ;
'Tis mighty Heaven's plain decree,
Then take the watery field.
To ocean's furthest barriers, their
Fair whitening sails shall pour ;
Safe they'll ride o'er the tide,
While Columbia's thunders roar,
While her cannon's fire is flashing past,
And her Yankee thunders roar."

In one of Mr. Ballantyne's books, "The Red Eric, or the Whaler's Last Cruise," there is a song sung by one Gurney, when the men on board of this same whaler were grouped around the windlass. On receiving Gurney's promise to

give them a song, his comrades ask "if there be any chorus to it?" "Ay, in course there is," is his reply. "Wot's a song without a chorus? Wot's plum duff without the plums? What's a ship without the helm? It's my opinion, shipmates, that a song without a chorus is no better than it should be. It's wus nor nothin'! It puts them wot listens in the blues, an' the man wot sings into the stews—an' sarve him right. I wouldn't, no, I wouldn't give the fag end o' nothin mixed in a bucket o' salt water for a song without a chorus, that's flat; so here goes!"

"Having delivered himself of these opinions in an extremely vigorous manner, and announced the fact that he was about to begin, Gurney cleared his throat and drew a number of violent puffs from his pipe in quick succession, in order to kindle that instrument into a glow which would last through the first verse and the commencement of the chorus. This he knew was sufficient, for the men, when once fairly started on the chorus, would infallibly go on to the end with or without his assistance, and would therefore afford him time for a few restorative whiffs.

"'It bain't got no name, lads.'

"'Never mind, Gurney. All right, fire away.'

Solo.—Oh, I once know'd a man as hadn't got a nose,
An' this is how he came to hadn't—
One cold winter night he went and got it froze;
By the pain he was well nigh madden'd.

Chorus.—By the pain he was well nigh madden'd.

Solo.—Next day it swoll up as big as my head,
An' tough as a junk of leather;
(Ah! he yelled, so he did, fit to pierce ye through),
An' then it fell off altogether!

Chorus.—Fell off altogether,
An' then it fell off altogether.

Solo.—But the morial is wot you've now got to hear,
An' it's good, as sure as a gun;

An' you'll never forget it, my messmates dear,
For this song it hain't got none.

Chorus.—Hain't got none;
For this song it hain't got none.

"The applause which followed this song was most enthusiastic, and evidently gratifying to Gurney, who assumed a modest, deprecatory air, as he proceeded to relight his pipe, which had been allowed to go out at the third verse, the performer having become so engrossed in his subject as to have forgotten the interlude of puffs at that point."

Mr. Robert C. Leslie, in his "A Sea Painter's Log," says of sailors' songs: "Years ago, when the (little) *Great Western* was fighting an almost solitary battle of steam *versus* sail power upon the Atlantic, the old Black X sailing liners were notable for their musical crews; and capstan songs, as they were called, always came rolling aft from a liner's forecastle, as the men tramped round winding in the warp that was slowly moving her out of dock (all done now by rattling, whizzing, steam-winch power). I recollect the airs of many of these songs; but the words, except the choruses, were hard to catch, and some of these were coarse, or not worth much when caught. The following was written down as a very superior piece of poetry, and it was sung by a fellow of most 'comly making':—

Solo.—Late one evening as I vas a valking.
Chorus.—Oh, ho, yes—oho.
Solo.—O there I heard a loving couple talking;
Chorus.—A hundred years ago.
Solo.—It was a serious good old woman,
And she vas a saying of things not common,
She vas a saying unto her darter,
O mind, then, vords o' mine herearter;
Red-nosed men frequent the ale-'ouse,
Sandy-'aired men are always jailous;
The fat will coax, the lean will flatter,
Oh, marry none of them, my darter:

Solo.—But marry a man of a comly making,
For in him there's no mistaking :
In so doing of w'ich you'll please me,
And so of my troubles ease me.

"But long before the song reached this point it was usually cut short by the mate singing out : 'Vast heaving there for'ard ; out bass, and lay aft some of ye,' &c. Then soon a fresh song would burst from another part of the ship ; perhaps the following wild kind of thing :" and Mr. Leslie here quotes the sailor's favourite, which I have already given, "Old Starm-along."

In a tale entitled "The Man-o'-War's Man," there are some excellent choruses, of which I give a few, as they may sometimes be heard sung by our sailors to any tune they can be set to :—

Chorus.—"O, Greenland is a cold countrie,
And seldom is seen the sun ;
The keen frost and snow continually blow,
And the daylight never is done,
Brave boys,
And the daylight never is done."

Chorus.—"Nor never will I married be
Until the day I die ;
For the stormy winds and the raging sea
Parted my love and I."

Of totally different sentiment is the following :—

Chorus.—"O, the rose it is red and the violet is blue,
And my heart, love, beats steady and constant to you,
Then let it be early, late, or soon,
I will enjoy my rose in June."

Chorus.—"Farewell and adieu to you, grand Spanish ladies,
Farewell and adieu to you, ladies of Spain,
For we've received orders to sail for old England,
But we hope in short time for to see you again."

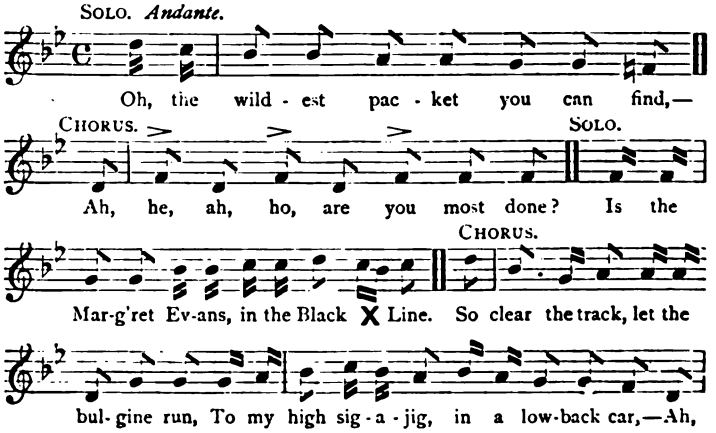
The next is a drinking-song :—

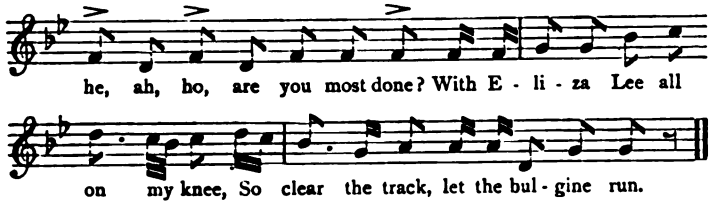
Chorus.—"Then we'll drink and be jolly, and drown melancholy,
Our spirits to cherish, our hopes and our lives,
And we'll pay all our debts with a flying topsail;
And so bid adieu to our sweethearts and wives."

The following is very patriotic :—

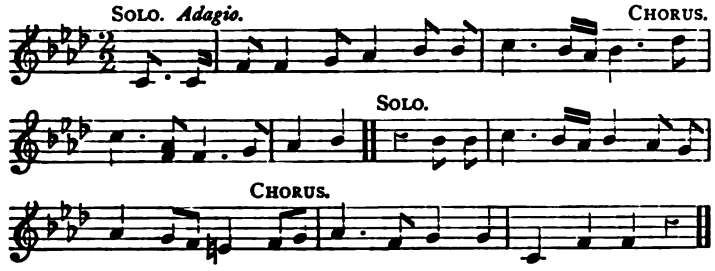
Chorus.—"On the glorious, the second of April, all at the dawn of the day,
We unreefed our topsails, and then we wore away;
Lord Nelson on the poop did stand,
With his spy-glass all in his hand,
And all he said, as we pushed for the land,
Was, 'Steady, and cheer up, ho.'"

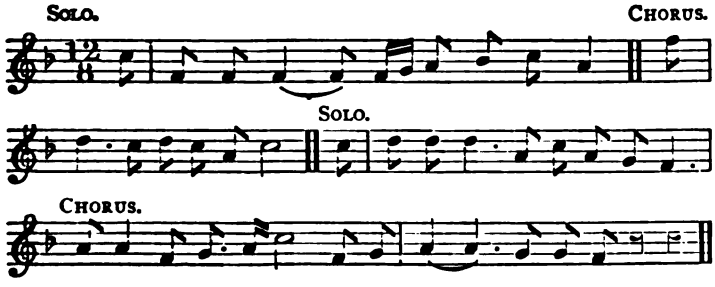
The following used to be one of the most popular songs in the Black X Line. I make no false statement when I say that it is true melody, and deservedly popular. The words are about as unintelligible as the most of them are :—

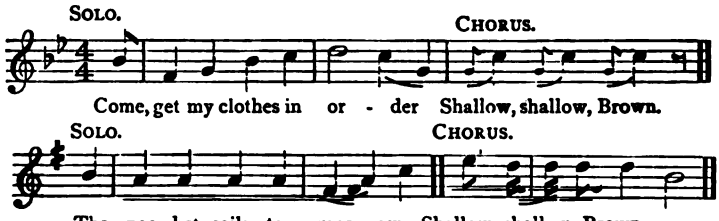

SOLO. *Andante.*
Oh, the wild - est pac - ket you can find,—
CHORUS.
SOLO.
Ah, he, ah, ho, are you most done? Is the
CHORUS.
Mar-g'ret Ev-ans, in the Black X Line. So clear the track, let the
bul-gine run, To my high sig-a-jig, in a low-back car,—Ah,

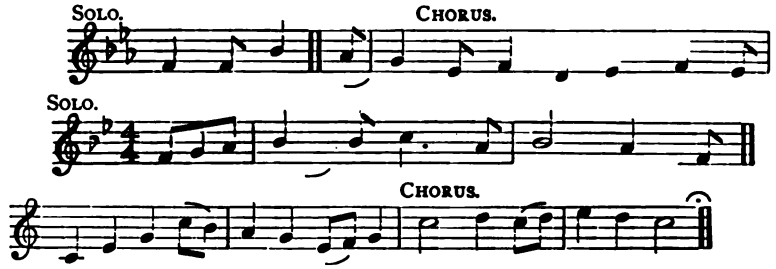


Amongst the Southern negroes the name of "Santa Anna," the Mexican general, is frequently heard in their songs, and the windlass chanty known as "The Plains of Mexico" is a great favourite.

Solo.—"Did you never hear tell of that general?
Chorus.—Hurrah, you Santy Anna!
Solo.—Did you never hear tell of that general?
Chorus.—All on the plains of Mexico."

Another well-known windlass song is the following:—

Solo.—"For seven long years I courted Sally,
Chorus.—Hurrah, you rollin' river!
Solo.—I courted Sally down in yon valley,
Chorus.—Ah, ha! I'm bound away on the wild Missouri."

The pulling song I give next goes by the name of "Shallow Brown":—


SOLO.
CHORUS.
Come, get my clothes in or - der Shallow, shallow, Brown.
SOLO.
CHORUS.
The pac - ket sails to - mor - row, Shallow, shallow, Brown.

There is another capstan chanty known also as "Sally Brown":—

Solo.—Sally Brown was a bright mulatto,

Chorus.—Way! heigh! Roll and go.

Solo.—Oh! Sally Brown was a bright mulatto,
I'll spend my money on Sally Brown.
Sally Brown was a bright mulatto.

Chorus.—Way! heigh! &c.

Solo.—Sally Brown she had a daughter,

Chorus.—Way! heigh! &c.

Solo.—Oh! Sally Brown she had a daughter,
Her name it was Matilda Jane.
Sally Brown she had a daughter.

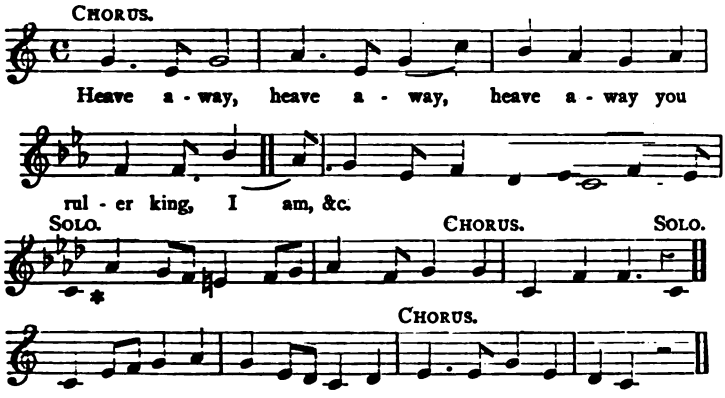
Chorus.—Way! heigh! &c.

Solo.—Seven long years I courted Sally,

Chorus.—Way! heigh! &c.

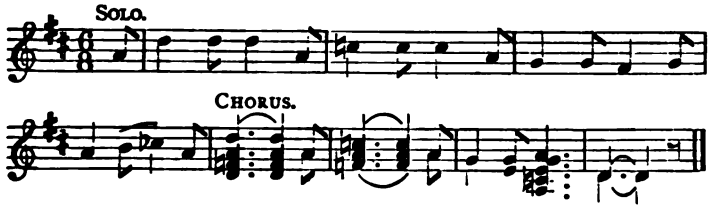
Solo.—Oh! seven long years I courted Sally,
I mean to marry Sally Brown.
Oh! seven long years I courted Sally.
Chorus.—Way! heigh! &c.

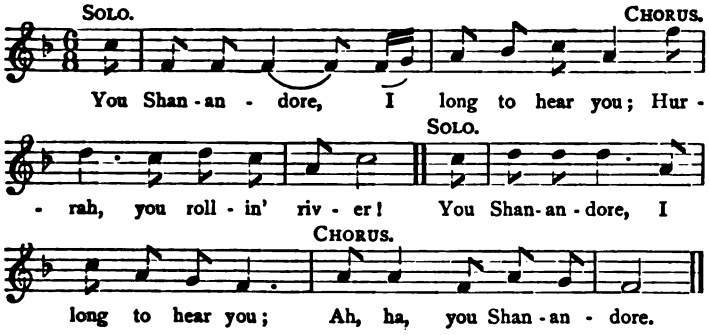
The last verse resembles the other version somewhat. The verses are not at all times consistent with the next song, also a capstan one, and they are too numerous to quote in full.

I give the melody as I got it from a coloured seaman at the "Home," together with a verbatim copy of his verses :—

**Solo.*—South Australia is my native home,
Chorus.—Heave away! Heave away!
Solo.—South Australia, &c.
Chorus.—I am bound to South Australia,
Heave away! Heave away!
Heave away, you ruler king,
I am bound to South Australia.
Solo.—There ain't but the one thing grieves my mind,
Chorus.—Heave, &c.
Solo.—To leave my dear wife and child behind.
Chorus.—I am bound, &c.
Solo.—I see my wife standing on the quay,
The tears do start as she waves to me.

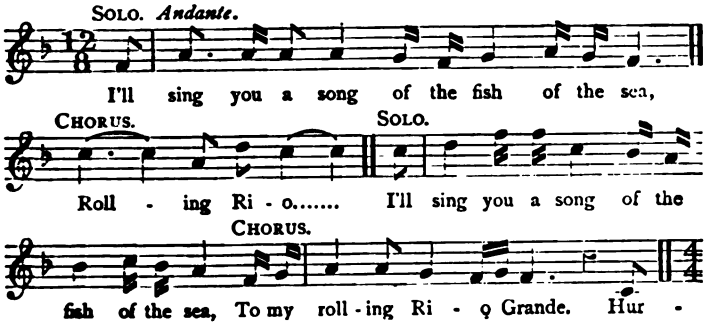
Solo.—When I am on a foreign shore,
I'll think of the wife that I adore.
Those crosses you see at the bottom of the lines,
Are only to put me in mind.
As I was standing on the pier,
A fair young maid to me appeared.
As I am standing on a foreign shore,
I'll drink to the girl that I adore.
For I'll tell you the truth, and I'll tell you no lie,
If I don't love that girl I hope I may die.
Liza Lee, she promised me,
When I returned she would marry me.
And now I am on a foreign strand,
With a glass of whisky in my hand;
And I'll drink a glass to the foreign shore,
And one to the girl that I adore.
When I am homeward bound again,
My name I'll publish on the main.
With a good ship and a jolly crew,
A good captain and chief mate, too,
Now fare thee well, fare thee well,
For sweet news to my girl I'll tell.

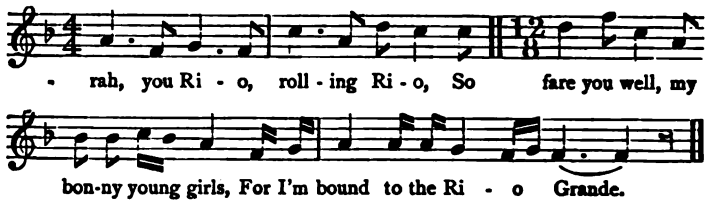
"Haul away." This is a short-rope pulling song of almost equal popularity in the olden days with "Haul the Bowline." It is one of the most characteristic melodies amongst the chanties. At the word "*Joe*," all hands give a pull.

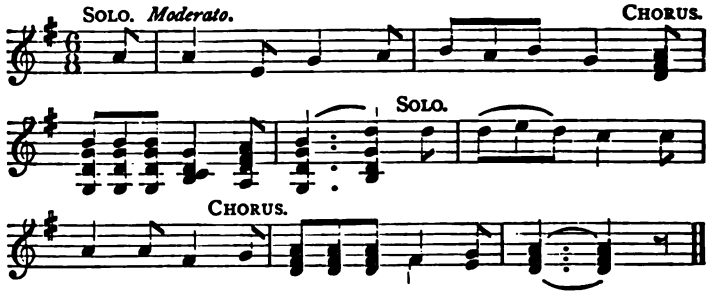
"Oh once I had a nigger girl,
And she was fat and lazy.
And then I got an Irish girl,
And she was double-jointed.
And then I had a Dover lass,
She ran away with a soldier."
"Away, haul away—Haul away, Joe.
Away, haul away—Haul away, Joe.
Away, haul away—Haul away, Joe."

The following is a windlass song of negro origin, River Shenandore :—


SOLO.
CHORUS.
You Shan - an - dore, I long to hear you; Hur -
SOLO.
- rah, you roll - in' riv - er! You Shan - an - dore, I
CHORUS.
long to hear you; Ah, ha, you Shan - an - dore.

This is a more pretentious song than the first one I gave of this name, "Rio Grande." The chorus rises and swells with the crescendo of the heaving Atlantic swell. It is a windlass song of the same style as the preceding, "Shanandore" :—


SOLO. *Andante.*
I'll sing you a song of the fish of the sea,
CHORUS.
SOLO.
Roll - ing Ri - o..... I'll sing you a song of the
CHORUS.
fish of the sea, To my roll - ing Ri - o Grande. Hur -



"Handy Jim," a long-rope hauling chanty, I am told is a Portsmouth favourite:—

Solo.—"I'm Handy Jim from Caro-line,

Chorus.—So handy, me boys, so handy."

(The chorus is throughout the same, and follows each line of the solo.)

Solo.—"I courted a girl named Sarah Jane,
So handy, me boys, so handy.
Sarah Jane was a kitchen maid,
And ofttimes into her kitchen I strayed,
And had a good blow-out of something hot.
But one fine night, through my good luck,
The missus came home—in the copper I got;
But the missus had come the clothes for to wash.
The fire being lit the copper got hot,
And the missus she came to stir up the pot,
And out I jumped, all smoking hot,
The missus *she fainted*, and cried '*Stop thief!*'
But I was off like a shot of a gun.

Solo.—When the missus came to there was an awful row ;
Poor Sarah, she got the sack next day,
Then she came to me straightway, and said,—
'I've lost my character, place likewise.'
Says I, 'My dear, now never you mind,
Next Sunday morn' we'll go and get wed ;'
Next Sunday morn' I was at sea instead.
So now, my boys, when courting you go,
If the missus turns up, in the copper don't go,
If you're *handy there*, you're *handier here.*
One more pull, and up she will go,—
The mate cries 'Belay!' so below we will go."

Verily a moral to other young men than Jack, who go courting below stairs ; but let us hope they will not follow his bad example and merit the title "Deceivers ever."

The following "Bonny" is another hauling chanty, somewhat after the style of "Whisky Johnny."

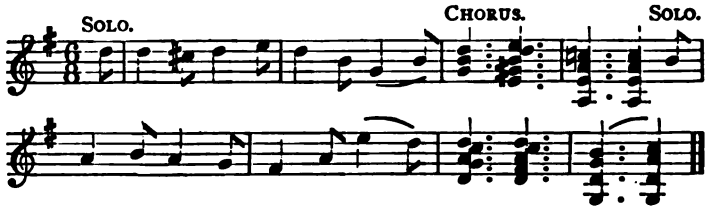
1. Oh, Bonny was a warrior,
Chorus.—Wae! Hae! Ha!
2. Oh, Bonny was no Frenchman,
Wae! Hae! Ha!

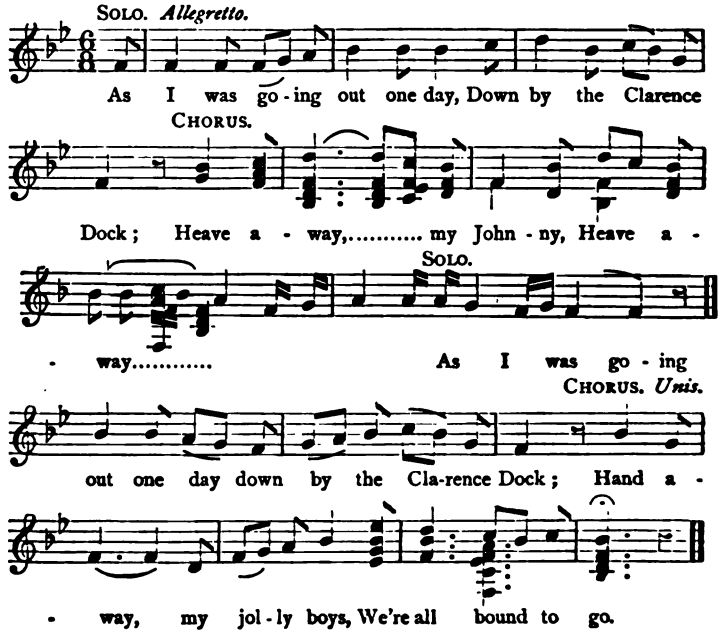
(Pronounced as "Day," and "Ha!" as "Far.")

3. Bonny beat the Rooshins,
4. The Prooshians, and the Osstrians,
5. At the Battle of Marengo.
6. Bonny went to Moscow,
7. Moscow was o'foyre.[1]
8. Bonny lost his army there,
9. Bonny retreated back again.
10. Bonny went to Elbow,[2]
11. And soon he did come back again.

[1] Supposed to have some reference to a famous conflagration.
[2] Where is "Elbow"? I think it is a sly hit at Bonny's want of elbow-room when immured.

12. Bonny fought at Waterloo ;
13. There he got his overthrow.
14. Bonny went a cruising,
15. In the Channel of Old England.
16. Bonny was taken prisoner,
17. On board the *Bella-Ruffian* (" Bellerophon ").
18. Bonny was sent to St. Helena,
19. And never will come back again.

Wae ! Hae ! Ha !

The following are both good capstan songs :—

HEAVE AWAY, MY JOHNNY.

SOLO. *Allegretto.*
As I was go - ing out one day, Down by the Clarence
CHORUS.
Dock ; Heave a - way,..... my John - ny, Heave a -
SOLO.
- way..... As I was go - ing
CHORUS. *Unis.*
out one day down by the Cla-rence Dock ; Hand a -
- way, my jol - ly boys, We're all bound to go.

1. As I was going out one day, down by the Clarence Dock,

Chorus.—Heave away, my Johnny, heave away.

As I was going out one day, down by the Clarence Dock,

Chorus.—Hand away, my jolly boys, we're all bound to go.

2. I overheard an emigrant conversing with Tap Scott,[1]

I overheard an emigrant conversing with Tap Scott.

3. "Good-morning, Mr. Tap Scott." "Good morning, sir," said he.

"Have you got any ships bound for New York, in the States of *Amerikey?*"

4. "Oh, yes! I have got packet-ships. I *have* got one or two,

I've got the *Josey Walker*, besides the *Kangaroo.*

5. I've got the *Josey Walker*, and on Friday she will sail,

With all four hundred emigrants, and a thousand bags o' mail."[2]

6. Now I am in New York, and I'm walking through the street,

With no money in my pockets, and scarce a bit to eat.

7. Bad luck to *Josey Walker*, and the day that she set sail!

For them sailors got drunk, broke into my bunk, and stole out all my meal.[3]

[1] Tap Scott, a famous emigration agent.

[2] "Meal," not "Mail."

[3] Sufficient provocation to justify this outburst in rhyme.

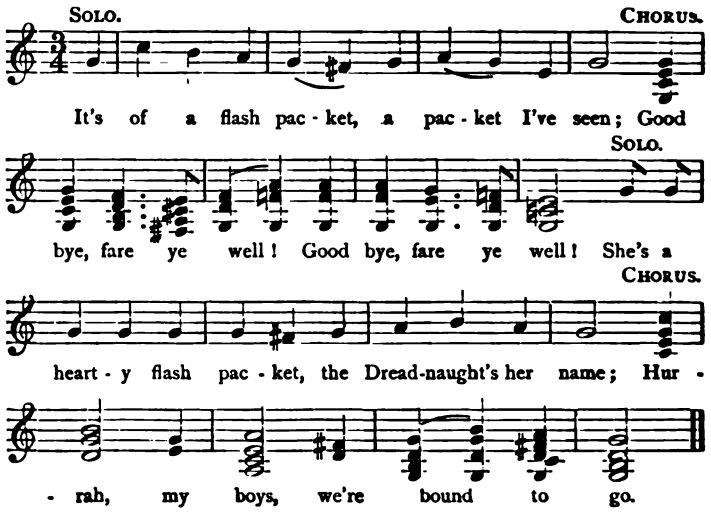
8. Now I'm in Philadelphia, and working on the canal,
   To go home in one o' them packet-ships, I'm sure
   I never shall.

9. But I'll go home in a *National* boat, that carries
   both steam and sail,
   Where you get soft tack every day, and none of
   your yellow meal.

In this song each line is repeated, so that the anchor may be up ere it is finished.

GOOD-BYE, FARE YE WELL!

This is the last of the English chanties I shall quote. It is also a capstan song:—


SOLO.
CHORUS.
It's of a flash pac - ket, a pac - ket I've seen; Good
SOLO.
bye, fare ye well! Good bye, fare ye well! She's a
CHORUS.
heart - y flash pac - ket, the Dread-naught's her name; Hur -
- rah, my boys, we're bound to go.

(Affettuoso.)

Solo.—It's of a flash packet, a packet I've seen,
Chorus.—Good-bye, fare ye well. Good-bye, fare ye well.
Solo.—She's a hearty flash packet—the *Dreadnought's* her name.
Chorus.—Hurrah, me boys! we're bound to go!

Solo.—2. She sails to the westward, where stormy winds blow,
Bound away in the *Dreadnought*, to the westward we'll go.

3. It's now we are hauling right out of the dock,
Where the boys and the girls on the pier-head do flock.

4. They give three loud cheers, while the tears downward flow,
Bound away in the *Dreadnought*, to the westward we'll go.

5. Oh, now we are lying in the River Mersey,
Waiting for the tug-boat to take us to sea.

6. She tows us round the black rocks where Mersey does flow,
Bound away in the *Dreadnought*, to the westward we'll go.

7. It's now we are sailing on the wild Irish shore,
Our passengers all sick—and our new mates all sore.

8. The crew fore and aft—all round to and fro,
Bound away in the *Dreadnought*, to the westward we'll go.

9. Oh, it's now we've arrived on the banks of Newfoundland,
Where the water is green and the bottom is sand.

10. Where the fish of the ocean swim round to and fro,
Bound away in the *Dreadnought*, to the westward we'll go.

11. Now we are running down Long Island shore,
Where the pilot does "board" us, as he's oft done before.

Solo.—12. Then back your main top-sail—rise your main tack also,
Bound away in the *Dreadnought*, to the westward we'll go.

13. It's now we've arrived at New York once more,
Where I'll see my dear Polly, the girl I adore.

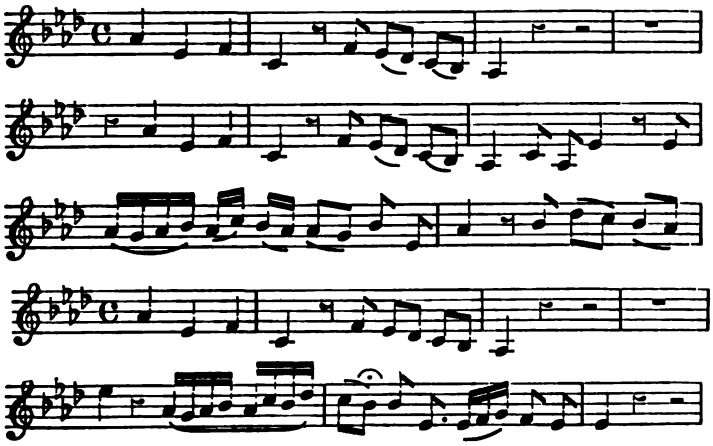
14. I'll call for strong liquors, and merry will be,
Here's a health to the *Dreadnought*, where'er she may be.

15. Here's a health to the captain and all his brave crew,
Here's a health to the *Dreadnought* and officers too.

16. And this song was composed when the watch went below,
Bound away in the *Dreadnought*, to the westward we'll go.

A collection of English sailors' songs could scarcely be complete without some reference to those which are to be found in Shakespeare's "Tempest." Dr. Johnson says of the first scene in the first act that "This naval dialogue is perhaps the earliest example of sailors' language exhibited on the stage." The second Lord Mulgrave declared that Shakespeare's technical knowledge of seamanship must have been "the result of the most accurate personal observation." The boatswain in "The Tempest" delivers himself in the true vernacular style of the "forecastle." Says Captain Glascock, R.N.: "Heigh, my hearts; cheerily, cheerily, my hearts; yare, yare! Take in the topsail." "Yare," meaning quick, ready, is several times used by Shakespeare as a sea-term.

Ariel's beautiful song, "Full Fathom Five," which Ferdinand describes so graphically—"This music crept by me upon the waters; allaying both their fury, and my passion, with its sweet air"—is too well known for me to do more than allude to it.

Purcell.

"Full fathom five thy father lies;
Of his bones are coral made;
Those are pearls that were his eyes.
Nothing of him that doth fade
But doth suffer a sea-change
Into something rich and strange.

Chorus.—Sea-nymphs hourly ring his knell;
Hark! now I hear them—ding-dong, bell."

Then there is Stephano's half-drunken—

"I shall no more to sea, to sea;
Here shall I die ashore.

* * * * *

The master, the swabber, the boatswain and I,
The gunner and his mate
Loved Mall, Meg and Marian and Margery,
But none of us cared for Kate;
For she had a tongue with a tang,
Would cry to a sailor 'go hang!'
Then to sea, boys, and let her go hang!"

Caliban, too, like many a modern tar, has a line or two on his past hardships in "The Still-vex'd Bermoothes":—

"No more dams I'll make for fish;
Nor fetch in firing
At requiring;
Nor scrape trencher, nor wash dish:
Ban, Ban, Ca-Caliban,
Has a new master: get a new man."

Towards the close of Queen Elizabeth's reign there was a grand outburst of sea songs. The pages of Charles Kingsley's characteristic novel of that period, "Westward Ho!" abound in the quaint rhymes that were then in vogue. Captain Oxenham's "Westward Ho! with a rumbelow," seems to set itself to music:—

"For O, 'tis the herrings and the good brown beef,
And the cider and the cream so white;
O, they are the making of the jolly Devon Lads,
For to play, and eke to fight.

O, who will join jolly mariners all?
And who will join, says he O!
To fill his pockets with the good red gold,
By sailing on the sea O!

Our bodies in the sea so deep,
Our souls in heaven to rest;
Where valiant seamen one and all
Hereafter shall be blest.

O randy, dandy, dandy O,
A whet of ale and brandy O!
With a rumbelow and a 'westward ho!'
And heave my mariners all O!"

Then there is also Father Neptune's famous song, introduced in this most truly nautical book:—

"See every man the *Pelican*,
Which round the world did go,
While her stern-post was uppermost
And topmasts down below.

And by the way they lost a day,
Out of her log was stole ;
But Neptune kind, with favouring wind,
Hath brought her safe and whole.

I am King Neptune bold,
The ruler of the seas ;
I don't understand much singing upon land,
But I hope what I say will please."

As might be expected, there is frequent mention of the Spaniards in these old Cornish and Devonian songs of that period :—

" Oh, where be these gay Spaniards,
Which make so great a boast O ?
Oh, they shall eat the grey goose feather,
And we shall eat the roast O ! "

Many of these rattling old sea-songs are sung, and well-known too, in Devonshire to this day ; there is one, " The Mermaid," with a splendid chorus: " While we jolly sailor-boys were up aloft, And the land-lubbers lying down below, below, below." Then there is another, entitled " John Dory," and one known as " The Spanish Lady." Then again Dr. Boyce's grand song, " Hearts of Oak," was written at the end of the eighteenth century; and Davy's celebrated " Bay of Biscay," both illustrative of the times of the Elizabethan sea-dogs.

Some of the old songs of the sea are forecastle favourites with the sailors, and may often be heard wherever sailors are congregated together. Such songs as " Cawsand Bay," " True Blue," &c., are especially popular with Jack.

CAWSAND BAY.

(Still sung when ships of war are on distant stations.)

" In Cawsand Bay lying, with Blue Peter flying,
And all hands turned up for the anchor to weigh,
There came a young lady as fresh as a May-day,
And, modestly hailing, this damsel did say,—

'I wants a young man there, do you hear? Bear a hand there,
To hoist me aboard, or to send him to me;
For his name's Henry Grady, and I am a lady
Just come to prevent him from going to sea.'

Then the captain, his honour, when he looked upon her,
Ran down the ship's side for to help her aboard.
Says he, with emotion, 'What son of the ocean
Can thus be looked after by Elinor Ford?'

Then the lady made answer, 'That there is my man, sir,
I'll make him as fine and as free as a lord.'
'No, no,' says the cap'n—'that cannot well happen;
I've got sailing orders, you, sir, stay aboard!'

'Avast!' says the lady. 'Don't hear him, Henry Grady,
He once was your captain, but now he's at large,
Don't you stay aboard here, for all that man's order;'
And out of her bosom she hauled his discharge.

Then the captain says he now, 'I'm blowed but he's free now,'
Says Hal, 'Let old Weatherface keep all my clothes.'
Ashore then he steered her, and the lads they all cheered her;
But the captain was jealous, and looked down his nose.

* * * * * *

Then she got a shore tailor to rig her young sailor
With tight nankeen breeches and blue long-tailed coat,
And he looked like a squire, for all to admire,
With his dimity handkerchief tied round his throat.

And they had a house greater than e'er a first-rater,
With servants in uniform handing the drink,
And a garden to go in, with flowers a-blowin'—
The daisy, the buttercup, lily and pink.

And he got education quite fit for his station,
For you know we are never too old for to larn;

And his messmates they found him with youngsters around him,
All chips of the old block from the stem to the starn."

FAREWELL TO YOU, YE FINE SPANISH LADIES.

Mr. Chappell, in his invaluable "Music of the Olden Time," gives the tune and six verses of this old sea-song which I here quote; the date of it is uncertain. Captain Marryat gives the verses in his "Poor Jack":—

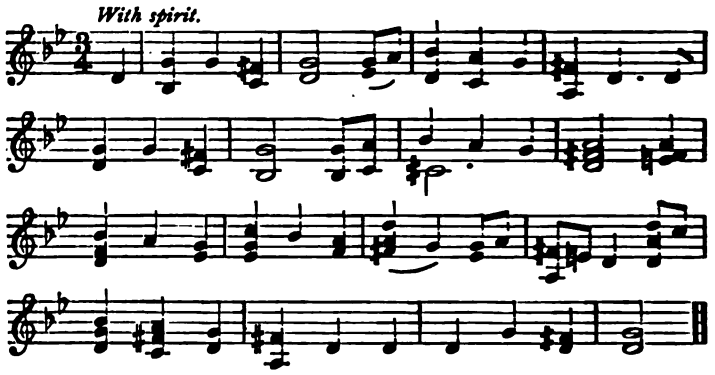
"Now farewell to you, ye fine Spanish ladies,
Now farewell to you, ye ladies of Spain,
For we've received orders to sail for old England,
And perhaps we may never more see you again.

We'll range and we'll rove like true British sailors;
We'll range and we'll rove all on the salt seas;
Until we strike soundings in the Channel of England,
From Ushant to Scilly is thirty-five leagues.

We hove our ship to, with the wind at sou'west, boys,
We hove our ship to, for to strike soundings clear,
Then filled the main top-sail, and bore right away, boys,
And straight up the Channel our course we did steer.

The first land we made, it is called the Dead-man,
Next, Ram Head off Plymouth, Start, Portland, and Wight.
We sailed by Beachy, by Fairly, and Dungeness,
And then bore away for the South Foreland Light.

Then the signal was made for the grand fleet to anchor,
All in the downs that night for to sleep;
Now stand by your stoppers, see clear your shank painters,
Haul up your clew garnets, stick out tacks and sheets.

Now let ev'ry man toss off a full bumper,
Now let ev'ry man take off his full bowl,
For we will be jolly, and drown melancholy,
With a health to each jovial and true-hearted soul."

THE STORMY WINDS DO BLOW.

The following song I also found in Mr. Chappell's book. It is one of Charles Sloman's (1840) :—

'One Friday morn when we set sail,
Not very far from land,
We there did espy a fair pretty maid
With a comb and a glass in her hand, her hand, her hand,
With a comb and a glass in her hand.

While the raging seas did roar,
And the stormy winds did blow,
While we jolly sailor-boys were up unto the top,
And the land-lubbers lying down below, below, below,
And the land-lubbers lying down below.

Then up starts the capt'n of our gallant ship,
And a brave young man was he ;
'I've a wife and child in fair Bristol town,
But a widow I fear she will be.'
For the raging seas, &c.

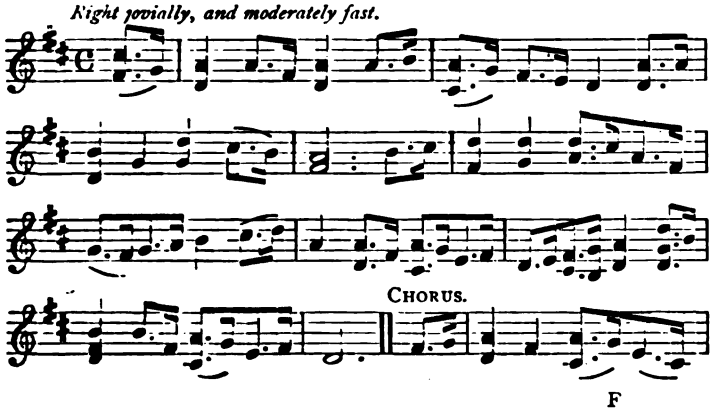
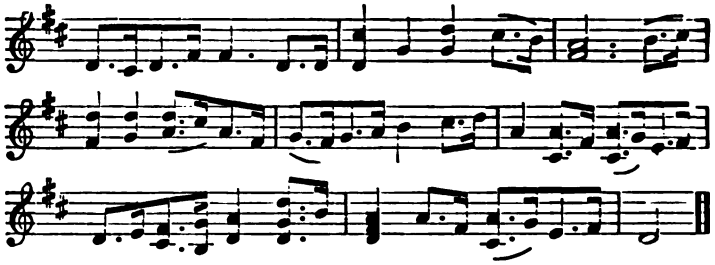
Then up starts the mate of our gallant ship,
And a bold young man was he;
'Oh, I have a wife in fair Portsmouth town,
But a widow I fear she will be,'
For the raging seas, &c.

Then up starts the cook of our gallant ship,
And a gruff old soul was he;
'Oh, I have a wife in Plymouth town,
But a widow I fear she will be.'
For the raging seas, &c.

And then up spoke the little cabin-boy,
And a pretty little boy was he;
'Oh, I am more grieved for my daddy and my mammy,
Than you for your wives all three.'
For the raging seas, &c.

Then three times round went our gallant ship,
And three times round went she;
For the want of a life-boat they all went down,
And she sank to the bottom of the sea.

Chorus.

For the raging seas did roar,
And the stormy winds did blow,
While we jolly sailor-boys were up unto the top,
And the land-lubbers lying down below, below, below."



Something in it commends this song to the sailors of to-day; the sentiment, it may be, is somewhat after the fashion of that expressed by some of their chanties, and it has a good swing about it. Whatever it is, however, it is frequently to be heard amongst forecastle assemblies.

In Mr. Christie's collection of "Traditional Ballad Airs" ("Traditional Ballad Airs, from copies procured in the counties of Aberdeen, Banff, and Moray," by W. Christie, M.A., and the late Wm. Christie; 2 vols.), I found a song called "Sailing in the Lowlands, Low":—

> "There was a good ship from the North countrie,
> And that ship's name was the *Golden Vanitee;*
> Sailing low in the Lowlands, low in the sea,
> Sailing low in the Lowlands, low."

The story is that of the cabin-boy boring two holes with an auger in the Spanish galleon, an heroic feat which he had been promised should be rewarded by the master of the *Golden Vanitee*, with gold, and his eldest daughter's hand; the crew of the sinking Spanish ship fire on the boy as he swims towards his own, and his cruel master refuses to take him on board again.

> "'I will not take you up, boy,' the master he replied,
> 'Though you sink in the Lowlands, low.
> I will not take you up, boy,' his cruel master cried;
> 'I will kill you, if you come on deck, and throw you down the tide,
> I will sink you in the Lowlands, low in the sea,
> I will sink you in the Lowlands, low."

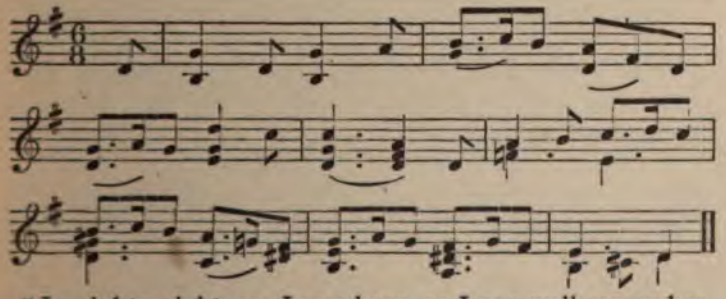
(The boy's strength then fails him, and he is taken on board by his comrades, but only to die.)

"His messmates took him up, but on the deck he died,
It was in the Lowlands, low.
Then they took the little boy, and sewed him in a hide,
And they threw him overboard to go down with the tide,
And he sank in the Lowlands, low in the sea,
And he sank in the Lowlands, low."

This song is a type of the nautical ones now so much in vogue in concert-halls and drawing-rooms, and of which Mr. Stephen Adams may be said to be the pioneer. The reason I have mentioned it here is, that I feel almost certain that it suggested the sailors' favourite chanty, "Lowlands," or the chanty suggested the song. Not knowing the date of the song in Mr. Christie's collection, I can only suppose that one of these surmises is correct, and I should be inclined to give the preference to the latter. I may add that the tunes are in no way alike.

Amongst the numbers denoted as sailors' songs in the index to Mr. Chappell's volumes are the three following :— "We be Three Poor Mariners," an old sea-song of Charles Sloman's; "Britons, Strike Home," which, however, must not be confounded with Purcell's, and "The Spanish Armada."

THE SPANISH ARMADA.



"In eighty-eight, ere I was born, as I can well remember,
In August was a fleet prepar'd, the month before
September.

Spain, with Biscay and Portugal, Toledo and Grenada,
All these did meet, and made a fleet,
And call'd it the Armada."

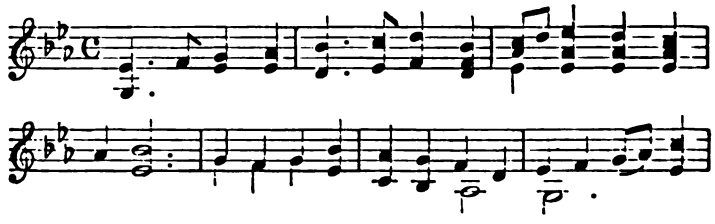
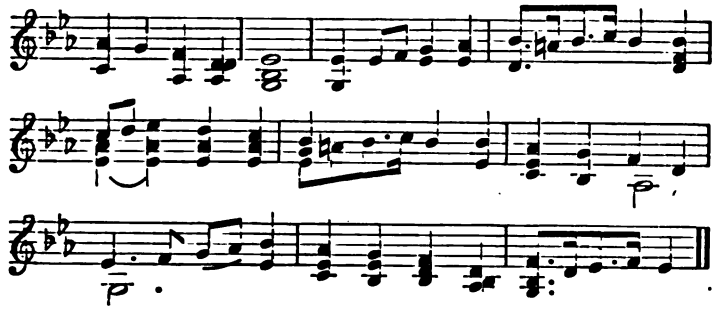
There are, of course, many verses to this somewhat Hibernian ditty, and, like all the songs in the admirable work from which I have quoted, it is to be found there harmonized. There are, I believe, two versions of the next song.

WE BE THREE POOR MARINERS.

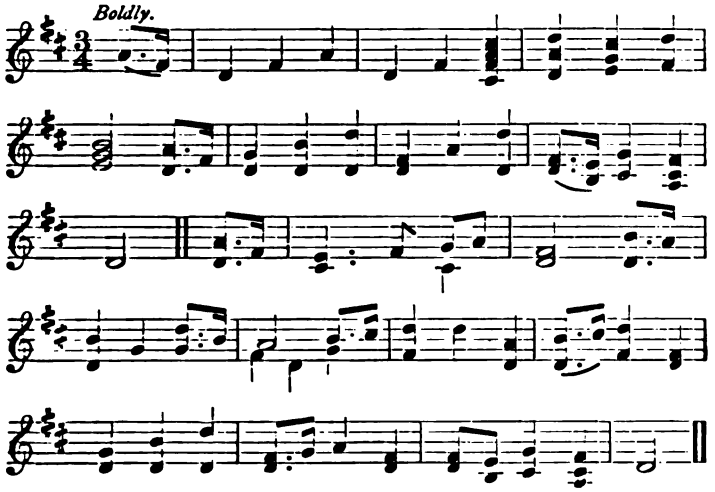
"We be three poor mariners, we be three poor mariners,
Newly come from the seas,
While others live at ease.
Shall we go dance the round, the round, the round,
Shall we go dance the round, the round, the round.
And he that is a bully (jolly) boy
Come pledge me on this ground, a ground, a ground.

We care not for those martial men
That do our states disdain,
But we care for the merchantmen
Who do our states maintain.
To them we dance this round, around, around,
To them we dance this round, around, around.
And he that is a bully boy
Come pledge me on this ground, a ground, a ground."

"We be Three Poor Mariners" is still popular as a forecastle song, and a glance at it satisfied me that it was a genuine tar's production.



BRITONS, STRIKE HOME.

" Our ship carried over nine hundred men,
And out of nine hundred, five hundred were slain ;
For we range the wild seas,
Where the wind blows so strong,
While our rakish young heroes cry—
' Britons, strike home, my boys ! Britons, strike home.' "

The other songs attributed to sailors are " When the Stormy Winds do blow," already given ; " You Gentlemen of England," sung to the tune of " Cease, Rude Boreas " (Early Naval Ballads), sometimes called " Come

Listen to my Ditty;" "The British Sailors' Lament," sung to the tune of "Hark to Winchester;" Dr. Boyce's famous "Hearts of Oak," with David Garrick's fine words. Many others have been set by seamen to this grand melody; one is known as "The Keppel's Triumph," commencing—

"Bear a hand, jolly tars, for bold Keppel appears,
In spite of each charge from Sir Hugh Palliser."

Another is "The Hardy Tars of Old England," or "The True Hearts of Oak":—

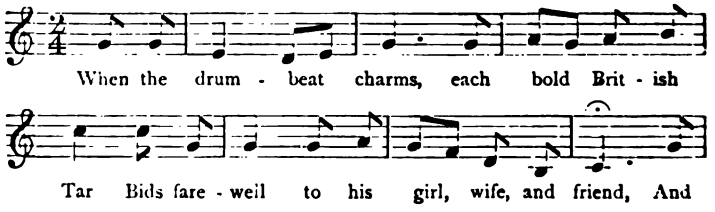
"Come, cheer up, my lads, let us haste to the Main,
And rub out old scores with the dollars of Spain."

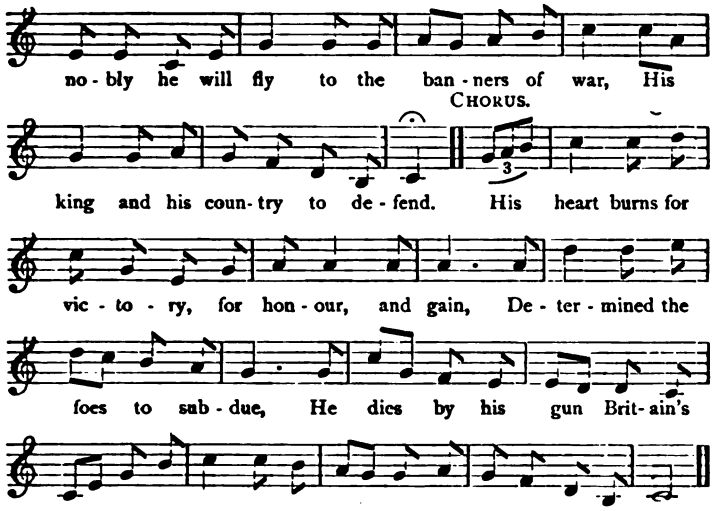
TO ALL YOU LADIES NOW AT LAND.

(Written at sea, by the late Earl of Dorset, in the first Dutch War.)

"To all you ladies now at land,
We men at sea indite;
But first would have you understand
How hard it is to write;
The Muses now, and Neptune too,
We must implore to write to you.
With a fa la, la, la, la."

There are eleven stanzas to this song, and, if history speaks the truth, it was written the night before the naval engagement in which Opdam, the Dutch admiral, was blown up, with all his crew. The circumstance of such a lively, easy-flowing song having been written on board ship, on the eve of an engagement, was justly held to be a fine instance of courage and gallantry.




no - bly he will fly to the ban - ners of war, His
CHORUS.
king and his coun - try to de - fend. His heart burns for
vic - to - ry, for hon - our, and gain, De - ter - mined the
foes to sub - due, He dies by his gun Brit - ain's
rights to main-tain, None can e - qual the cou-rage of true blue.

"If the enemy should dare to meet us once more,
Like lightning to our guns then we fly;
Our great guns shall roar like thunder in the air,
Determined to conquer or to die.

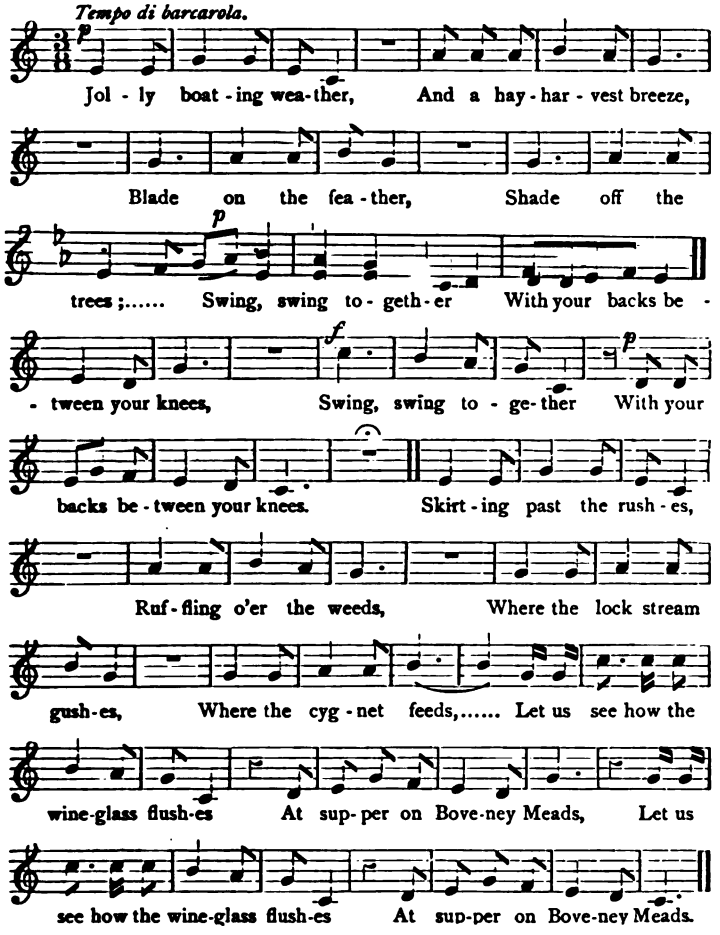
None can equal the courage of True Blue,
None can equal the courage of True Blue.
He dies by his gun, Britain's rights to maintain,
None can equal the courage of True Blue.

Now the prize we have taken and made her our own,
To some port or sure harbour we will steer.
Our officers and crew are both loyal and true;
To our admiral we give a hearty cheer.
None can equal, &c.

Now here's a good health to his true-hearted,
And the girl that will prove loyal and true;
For this is the way poor sailors spend their lives,
None can equal the courage of the blue.
None can equal, &c."

This song was noted down for me by the steward of the Dreadnought Hospital for Seamen, at Greenwich, who persuaded the one remaining pensioner to sing it. The old fellow was upwards of ninety, and almost stone deaf, so attempting any vocalization at all was, to say the least of it, courageous on his part. He is known as "Daddy." This white-haired old hero, who had been in many perils and braved much danger in his day, now sits calmly talking it all over, and waiting for the end, in the noble home for old mariners at Greenwich. We had some difficulty in explaining to him why I wanted him to sing me something he had known in his younger days, but when he did understand he seemed greatly interested, and assured me over and over again what a fine set of men sailors were, and how well worthy of any commemoration, for he added, "They've done something for England, and England hasn't always done much for them." Then he went on to speak of some of the stirring scenes he had taken an active part in, and his face lighted up as he told of them, and the poor old man became quite animated, almost shouting in his eagerness to explain some act of heroism, and trembling with anger at some remembered cowardice. When I left, old Daddy shook me warmly by the hand, and asked me to let him see my book when it was ready; of course, I promised him I would, but I thought how improbable it was that those nearly sightless eyes would still be gazing on this world when "The Music of the Waters" was ready for publication.

By the kind permission of Captain Algernon Drummond, composer of the music, and his co-author of the words, I am able to quote a very charming and favourite boat-song. It is known as "The Eton Boat-Song," and is much in vogue with the *habitués* of that place. "In tempo di Barcarola" is indicated at the beginning of the music, and "in tempo di Barcarola" it most certainly is.

BOATING SONG.

Tempo di barcarola.
Jol - ly boat - ing wea-ther, And a hay - har - vest breeze,
Blade on the fea - ther, Shade off the
trees;..... Swing, swing to - geth - er With your backs be -
- tween your knees, Swing, swing to - ge - ther With your
backs be - tween your knees. Skirt - ing past the rush - es,
Ruf - fling o'er the weeds, Where the lock stream
gush - es, Where the cyg - net feeds,..... Let us see how the
wine-glass flush-es At sup - per on Bove-ney Meads, Let us
see how the wine-glass flush-es At sup-per on Bove-ney Meads.

There are many verses to this song, but I think four of them will be sufficient to show the style of it:—

"Harrow may be more clever,
Rugby may make more row;
But we'll row, row for ever,
Steady from stroke to bow. . . .

And nothing in life shall sever,
The chain that is round us now;
And nothing in life shall sever,
The chain that is round us now.

Others will fill our places,
Dressed in the old light blue;
We'll recollect our races,
We'll to the flag be true. . . .
And youth will be still in our faces,
When we cheer for an Eton crew;
And youth will be still in our faces,
When we cheer for an Eton crew.

Twenty years hence, this weather
May tempt us from office stools;
We may be slow on the feather,
And seem to the boys old fools. . . .
But we'll still swing together,
And swear by the best of schools;
But we'll still swing together,
And swear by the best of schools."

THE BALLAD OF JOHN DORY.

I found the words and tune of "John Dory" in "Hawkins's History of Music." The ballad runs as follows:

"As it fell on a holiday,
And upon a holy-tide,
As it fell on a holiday,
And upon a holy-tide,
John Dory bought him an ambling nag
To Paris for to ride a.

And when John Dory to Paris was come,
A little before the gate a;
John Dory was fitted, the porter was witted,
To let him in thereat a.

The first man that John Dory did meet,
Was good King John of France a!
John Dory conn'd well of his courtesie,
But fell down in a trance a.

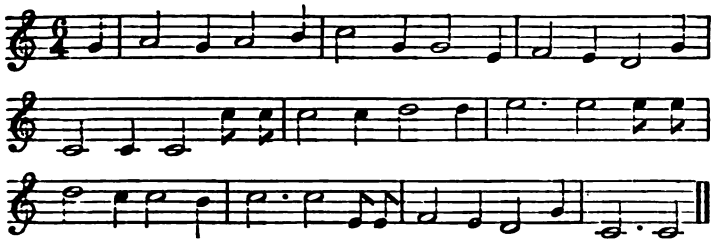
A pardon, a pardon, my liege and my king;
For my merry men and for me a;
And all the churles in merrie England,
I'll bring them all bound to thee a.

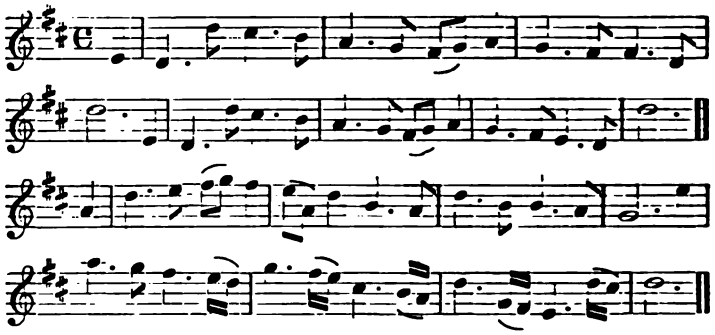
Sir Nichol was then a Cornish man,
A little beside Boligde a;
And he mann'd forth a good blacke barke,
With fiftie good oares on a side a.

Run up, my boy, unto the main-top,
And looke what thou canst spie a;
Who, oh! a goodly ship I do see,
I trow it be John Dory a.

They hoist their sailes both top and top,
The mizen and all was tride a;
And every man stood to his lot,
Whatever should betide a.

The roaring canons then were plide,
And dub a dub went the drumme a;
The braying trumpets loudly cride,
To 'courage both all and some a.

The grappling hooks were brought at length,
The browne bill and the sword a;
John Dory at length, for all his strength,
Was clapt fast under board a."

HEY, BOYS, UP GO WE.

This is an old English sea-song known as "Hey, boys, up go we":—

I have had so many kind offers of original sea-songs, and verses for my collection, that I feel a word of thanks is due to those who have made them. I am sure I shall be readily understood, when I say that I have had to confine myself solely to the sailors and seamen generally, as poets and composers. I cannot refrain, however, from quoting a verse entitled "The Sailor Boy," from a poem by a lady of title:—

"Sometimes in dreams I see him
Where the sweet spice islands rise,
And storms are hushed for ever
In the deep unclouded skies;
I see my poor wrecked Willie
Stand alone upon the main,
Pining, praying for a friendly ship,
To bear him home again."

This most absurd song was given as a specimen of those written by incompetent describers of sailor-life; in a very amusing article in one of Tinsley's Magazines, the writer marvels not a little at the total suppression of storms in the Spice Islands; but is simply "lost in wonder at the amazing feat performed by Willie of standing alone upon the main."

As Willie's ship is supposed to have gone to the bottom, he cannot be imagined as standing on the main-deck, and it therefore only remains for us to picture this most heroic young gentleman in an upright position on the open sea.

This will serve to give some idea of the ridiculous plight poets and poetesses find themselves in when they attempt, without having any knowledge of nautical terms, to write songs for sailors. Jack must be his own poet, his own composer, and his own compiler, if we are to have good, genuine specimens of them. "It must be admitted that, in spite of the simplicity and purity of character ascribed to the sailor by novelists, not a few of the songs which he sang were highly objectionable on the score of morality. They were, however, no worse in this respect than the songs which one occasionally hears in the smoking-car of an excursion train, and were decidedly better than certain opéra-bouffe songs.

* * * * * *

"But both the good and the bad ceased when the sailor disappeared, and to revive them on the deck of an iron steamship would be as impossible as to bring back the Roman trireme." (Extract from *Harper's Magazine*, July, 1882.)

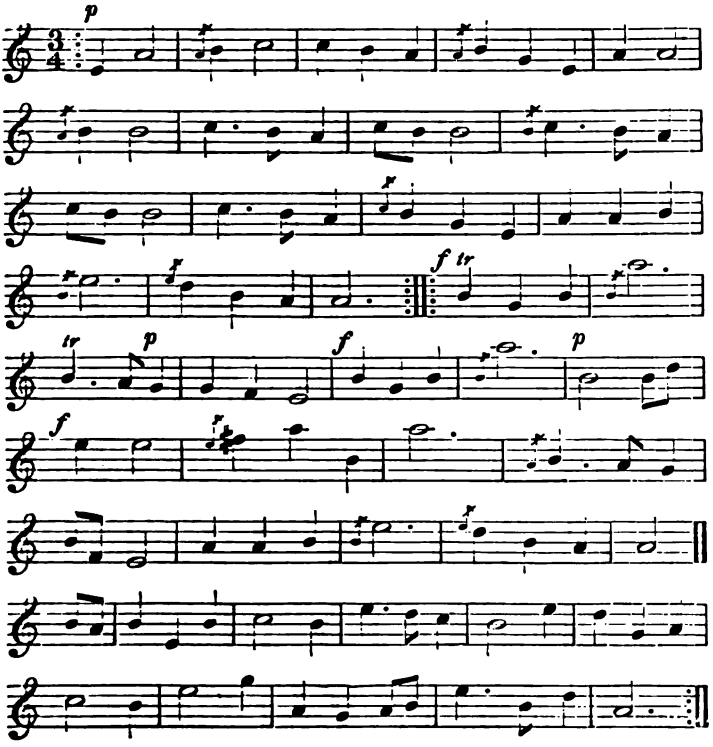
As I write these few closing remarks on the songs and chanties of English and American sailors, a somewhat curious instance of Jack's musical ideas comes before me in the columns of one of the daily papers. "A piano-organ had just commenced to fill the street with the sounds of a hornpipe when a man having the appearance of a sailor passed along, and was at once attracted by the music. He then proceeded to the spot, and commenced to dance to the music. His dancing was neat and finished, and he was soon the centre of an admiring crowd. After a fair turn he gave the woman in charge of the machine a few coppers, and she continued with the hornpipe. He danced again, and was watched by an ever-growing crowd. The man at the

handle turned the barrel, and a waltz was next played. 'Jack,' for such he was, was equally at home with the waltz, but when a gavotte was played his terpsichorean antics were brought to a sudden close. In vain he tried to keep time to the air; but after giving a few more coppers to the woman, he was suited with a schottische. The climax was, however, reached when the 'Marseillaise' was ground out. 'Jack' brought himself to a standstill, and after making sure of the tune, he beat a hasty retreat, amid the mingled laughter and regret of the onlookers." In spite of the assertion that singing and steam are irreconcilable, and that the chanty-man has passed away, I yet contend that the modern sailor knows much more of music than is generally believed. Jack's whole life and soul seem to be in his legs when a hornpipe is played, whether at sea or on shore, and he is not more likely to attempt a jig to a martial air, or a waltz to the time of a gavotte, than a popular prima-donna would be to sing an aria in the wrong key.

GAELIC BOAT SONGS AND SCOTCH SEA SONGS.

"O lovely in the licht o' sang the Ettrick and the Tweed,
Whar shepherd swains were wont to blaw Auld Scotia's lyric reed;
The Logan and the Lugar too, but hallowed Meikle Mair
The Banks and Braes o' Bonnie Doon, the Afton, and the Ayr."

GAELIC BOAT SONGS.

IN my small collection of Russian sailors' songs, I have included a specimen of the songs sung by the women when crushing the grain on the wharf, previous to loading the vessels with it. The same custom appears to have existed in the Hebrides; short, plaintive, Gaelic chants called "Luinigs" were used. The men had what were known as

"Jorrams" or rowing songs, to which they kept time with their oars. These "Luinigs" and "Jorrams" differ from the Highland music in being adapted to the harp, on which a chord was doubtless struck from time to time to serve as a rudimentary accompaniment, and after the harp fell into disuse the Luinigs gradually died out. A very characteristic sample of the style of one of these old "Jorrams," or rowing songs, is to be found in Sir Walter Scott's "Lady of the Lake." The song "Hail to the Chief," which is sung by the clansmen in honour of Roderick Vich Alpine, is an imitation of the Jorrams or boat-songs of the Highlanders, which were usually composed in honour of their chief. They are so adapted as to keep time with the sweep of the oars, and it is easy to distinguish between those intended to be sung to the oars of a galley, where the stroke is lengthened and doubled as it were, and those which were timed to the rowers of an ordinary boat.

"Row, vassals, row, for the pride of the Highlands,
Stretch to your oars, for the evergreen pine.
O'! that the rosebud that graces yon islands,
Were wreathed in a garland around him to twine!
O that some seedling gem,
Worthy such noble stem,
Honoured and blessed in their shadow might grow.
Loud should Clan-Alpine then
Ring from his deepmost glen,
Roderigh Vich Alpine Dhu, ho! ieroe!"

"In Gaelic music all is modal. The words occupy the first place, words and music implicitly following the idiosyncrasies of the Gaelic language.

"In Gaelic there is no such thing as the last syllable of one line being in rhyme with the last syllable of the next, the rhyme being not on the syllable, but on the vowel sound."

The foregoing remarks, although in no wise applicable to water-songs in particular, I have nevertheless thought advisable to quote from Professor Colin Brown's (Anderson's

College, Glasgow) introduction to the "Killin Collection of Gaelic Songs (with music and translations, by Charles Stewart, Tighn-Duin, Killin)," before giving the very few specimens of genuine Gaelic boat-songs, which, in spite of every endeavour, I have alone been enabled to collect.

"The gallant seaman has a somewhat light reputation in Gaelic poetry, more perhaps from his wandering life than any inconsistency peculiar to his profession. It is impossible to conceive that an open, honest, sterling character, like the British seaman, could be inconstant in love; but if a heartless fickleness is really his character, it is not to be wondered at that a simple, honest-hearted lassie will not believe so. Be that as it may, however, he has ever been the object of ardent love and enduring constancy with the warm-hearted Highland maiden.

"'Fear a Bhata' (literally 'Boatman,' the usual title of a man sailing his own ship in the Highlands) is the title of one of the Gaelic songs, remarkable both for its extreme beauty of sentiment and imagery. Although the *Duanagan* or lilts are generally of a light, hilarious character, they are not all so, and '*Fear a Bhata*' is one of the exceptions." The verses and tune of this water-song whicl follow, together with these quotations on the subject, I owe to Mr. Donald Campbell, late Lieutenant of the 57th Regiment, author of the valuable treatise[1] "The Language, Poetry, and Music of the Highland Clans."

"FEAR A BHATA" (THE BOATMAN).

("Fear a Bhata" is pronounced "ear a vata." "Na horo eile" is merely a call used by the boatmen.)

1. "How often hunting the highest hill-top,
I scan the ocean thy sail to see;
Wilt come to night, love? Wilt come to-morrow?
Wilt ever come, love, to comfort me?

[1] Published by D. R. Collie and Son, 19, St. David Street, Edinburgh.

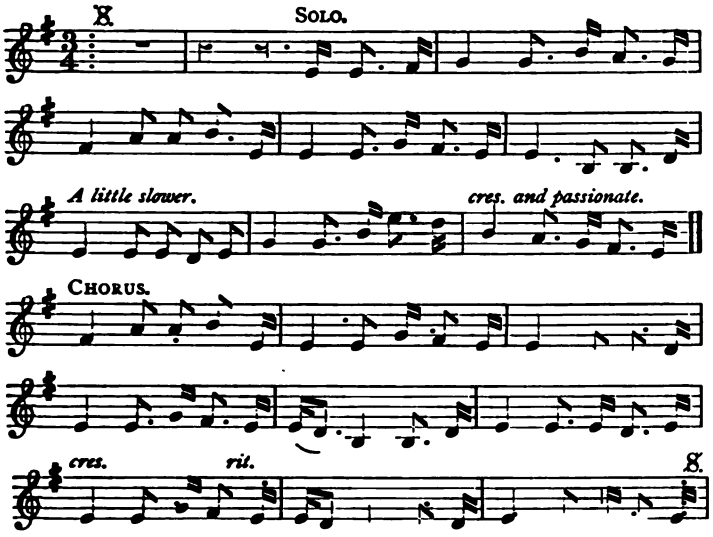
Fear a Bhata, na horo eile,
Fear a Bhata, na horo eile,
Fear a Bhata, na horo eile,
O fare thee well, love, where'er thou goest."

2. "They call thee fickle, they call thee false one,
And seek to change me, but all in vain,
No, thou'rt my dream yet throughout the dark night,
And every morn yet I watch the main.
Fear a Bhata, &c."

3. "There's not a hamlet—too well I know it—
Where you go wandering or stay awhile,
But all its old folk you win with talking,
And charm its maidens with song and smile.
Dost thou remember the promise made me,
The tartan plaidie, the silken gown,
The ring of gold, with thy hair and portrait?
That gown and ring I will never own.
Fear a Bhata, na horo eile,
Fear a Bhata, na horo eile,
Fear a Bhata, na horo eile,
O fare thee well, love, where'er thou goest."

"Fear a Bhata" is sometimes written "Fhir a Bhata." I have not given the Gaelic version of this song, for I am doubtful if many are sufficiently versed in the language of Ossian to render its insertion necessary, and the English version so admirably sets forth the pathos of this truly Highland gem, that I feel no hesitation in suppressing it. The third verse, and especially the lines—

"But all its old folk you win with talking,
And charm its maidens with song and smile"

is charming, and one of the most poetic of compliments to sailors.

MOCH'S MI G EIRDLE SA MHADUINN.

From Lieutenant Campbell's work I also quote the following boat-song. It is known as "Moch's mi g Eirdle sa Mhaduinn." I give one verse in Gaelic:—

Gaelic.

1. "Moch's mi g eirdle sa Mhaduinn,
Moch's mi g eirdle sa Mhaduinn,
'Strom enslaintea ch m'aigne,
'O nach t'eibh iad mi'n caidreamh nam braithrean,
'O nach t'eibh iad mi'n caidreamh nam braithrean."

English Version.

1. "On rising in the morning,
Heavy and sorrowful was my mind,
Since they did not call me to the fellowship of the brethren,
Since they did not call me to the fellowship of the brethren."

2. "Too short has been the time I remained on my visit
to James,[1]
From whom I parted yesterday,
On the morning of Easter Sunday.
From whom, &c."

"May God guide the helm of the oak,
That sailed on the sea,
Before it began to ebb,
Before, &c."

"Although it had been seed-time,
I would not have returned from thee;
I should sit in the bow of thy boat,
I should, &c."

"When the rest would be in action,
My employment would be a pastime,
Drinking bumpers of wine in the cabin,
Drinking, &c."

(I quite agree with him, "the employment" would be so light that the office must have been a perfect sinecure.)

"The Dew-cuoydertach, swarthy,
Broad, high-shouldered, tight,
With many spears and iron blades in her bosom,
With, &c."

"It is not the rider of steeds
That would gain the racing bet of thee,
When thou spreadest thy *kerch-white*[2] sails over the
sea,
When, &c."

[1] The Highland chief was always addressed by his Christian name by his own clansmen.

[2] *Kerch-white.*—The head-dress of the Highland females was called "Creid," a kerchief. Being snowy-white, the creid is often used as a simile for snowy-whiteness.

"When high are the bellying sails,
Over the ridges of the proud ocean,
And numerous waves are spouting beneath the keel,
And numerous, &c."

"Great is my love to thee,
Though I will not make a display of it,
Son of the man with whom the Brealseans would rise in arms,
Son of, &c."

"Beloved of the women of Loch Treig
And Strath Ossian of pleasant meadows,
Who have badgers and deer in their pantries,
Who, &c."

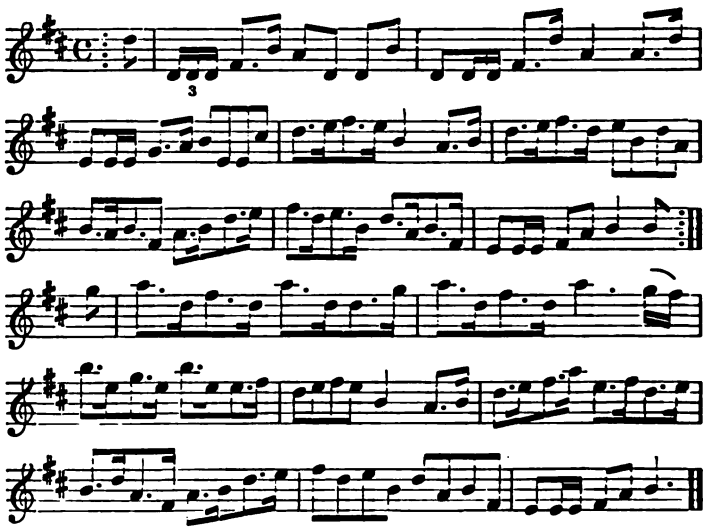
"A band would arise with thee from Troy,
With the bent yew on their shoulders,
And from the cold hills of Caruna, lairge;
And from, &c."

"Another tribe of the Clan,—
The clan Tain from Mnin (the anvil),
They are the men that would go into the conflict fearlessly,
Who go into the conflict fearlessly."

"Many a youthful hero,
With the quiver behind his shield,
Will come to thee from the wings of Mel-Na-larig,
Will, &c."

"That would answer thy call;
Without fear, without ailment,
When thou raisest the fiery cross for deeds illustrious,
When, &c."

Doubtless many of the peculiarities of this song, of which there are a variety, will be known to students of Ossian. For the general reading public, I am unable to offer any

solution of such lines as "With the bent yew on their shoulders," or the last line of the first verse—"Since they did not call me to the fellowship of the brethren." Probably, both these lines allude to some Gaelic custom. The tune follows :—

OCH NAN OCH, MO LEIR CHRADH.

"Och Nan och, Mo leir Chradh," or "Oh, my painful Sorrow," is another boatman's favourite, and treats of a bold and adventurous seaman, Jain Garble MacGille Challum of Vlathsay, who was lost on Hesgair.

Gaelic and English Versions.

1. "Och nan och, Mo leir chradh
   Near dh eirich do'n gliaisgeach !
   Cha'n eil sealgaer na sinne,
   'N dingh a rith na'm beamcasa."

Fonn or Chorus.

"Hu-a ho, io ho, hug riu, O,
Hu-a ho, io ho, in ri O,
Ho ro, io, ho, hug oriu O!"

1. "Och nan och, my painful sorrow
At the fate of the warrior!
The hunter of the deer
Is not to-day in the forest of steep mountains.

Hu-a ho, &c."

2. "Bha mi nair nach do shavil mi,
Ged is faoin bhe ga agradh,
Gu'n rachadh do bhathadh,
Gu brath air cuan farnim.

Hu-a ho, &c."

2. "The day has been that I did not think,
Although it is vain to repeat it,
Thou ever couldst have been drowned
In an open sea.

Hu-a ho, &c."

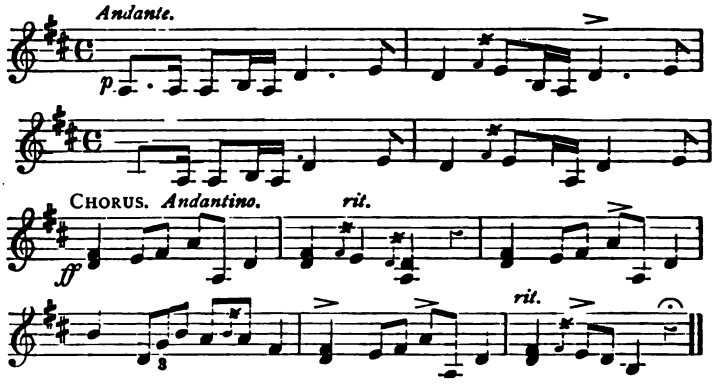
3. "Fhad sa sheasadh a stinisdhi,
'Stu air cul a builbhearte,
Dh' aindeou anradh nan duillean,
Agus ubraid na mara—

Hu-a ho, &c."

3. "While the helm should endure,
And thou shouldst be in the command,
Despite the fierce war of the elements
And the angry tumult of the ocean—

Hu-a ho, &c."

4. "Fhad sa fhanadh ri cheile
A dealeau 's a h-achuinn,
'S b'urrainn di geilleadh,
Dod' laimhthrein air au aigeal.
Hu-a ho, &c."

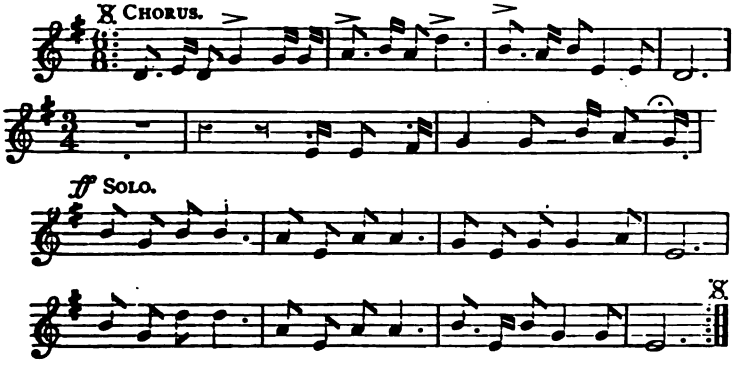
4. "So long as should together remain
The planks and the gearing,
And she could obey
The strong arm on the deep.
Hu-a ho, &c."

By kind permission I am enabled to quote the following song from the collection entitled "Songs of the North," jointly edited by Annie Macleod and Harold Boulton, music arranged by Malcolm Lawson, and published by Messrs. Field and Tuer, of the Leadenhall Press, London. The "Skye Boat-Song" (Jacobite) illustrates an episode in the wanderings of Prince Charlie in the winter of 1745-6, when he made his escape from the net his enemies had spread for him, by putting out to sea with Flora Macdonald and a few devoted Highland boatmen in a rising storm, an example which his pursuers, though well provided with boats, did not venture to imitate. The chorus begins the song and comes in at the end of each verse.

Chorus.

"Speed, bonnie boat, like a bird on the wing,
Onward, the sailors cry,
Carry the lad that's born to be king,
Over the sea to Skye."

1. "Loud the winds howl, loud the waves roar,
Thunder-clouds rend the air;
Baffled, our foes stand by the shore;
Follow, they will not dare.
Speed, bonnie boat, &c."

2. "Though the waves leap, soft shall ye sleep;
Ocean's a royal bed;
Rocked in the deep, Flora will keep
Watch by your weary head.
Speed, bonnie boat, &c."

There are two more verses given by Mr. Boulton, and the Gaelic version is also to be found; indeed, this is the case with nearly all the songs in this most charming of Scottish song-books. As my collection of Scotch water-songs is so very limited I feel the more grateful to the publishers for their kindness and courtesy in allowing me to make use of the "Skye Boat-Song:"

To the following words I have not been able to find any recognized tune; it is known as the boat-song of "Domhnul Ruadh Gaolach," and in Mr. Campbell's book ("Language, Poetry, and Music of the Highland Clans"), he gives a very graphic description of the song being sung to him by an old seaman, when he was quite a boy. He says, "When sung by the old seaman, the listener could not help fancying that he heard a voice slowly rising from behind a sea, until it attained the crest of a mountain billow, and burst on his ear in a regular bravura of seamanlike exultation; it then gradually receded and sunk, until he felt apprehensive that the singer was struggling with the capricious waves, then, after a seeming silence and to his great relief, it began to grow perceptibly on his ear, until the exulting chorus burst upon him afresh, in a gush of melody that made his heart swell in sympathy with the triumphant pluck and stamina of the strong-armed rowers; the whole crew were supposed to join in the *fonn* or chorus."

DOMHNUL RUADH GAOLACH.

"Donald, *red-haired and beloved,*
Horiu ova, ro huvo,
Who standest firmly by an oak helm,
Horiu eyle', ova hi,
Hi 'ri oyri, nan hi ri'u.

"Who standest firmly by an oak helm,
Horiu ova, ro huvo;
Wild is the course of thy boat,
Horiu eyle', ova hi,
Hi 'ri oyri, nan hi ri'u.

"Wild is the course of thy boat,
Horiu ova, ro huvo,
Cleaving the roaring sea,
Horiu eyle', ova hi,
Hi 'ri oyri, nan hi ri'u.

"Cleaving the roaring sea,
Horiu ova, ro huvo,
Keep a sharp eye on the sea-rock Baru.
Horiu eyle', ova hi,
Hi 'ri oyri, nan h ri'u.

"Keep a sharp eye on the sea-rock Baru,
Horiu ova, ro huvo,
Sail on the crest of the phosphoric waves,
Horiu eyle', ova hi,
Hi 'ri oyri, nan hi ri'u."

This song is descriptive of an expedition of loyal Highlanders on their way from the Isle of Skye to join the army of Montrose. The first line is in itself a curiosity; why should the first adjective applied to Donald qualify the second? "Donald, red-haired and—as a natural sequence—beloved;" "and *yet* beloved" would have seemed the more likely rendering of the Gaelic sentence; at least, had I been the translator, I should have adopted it.

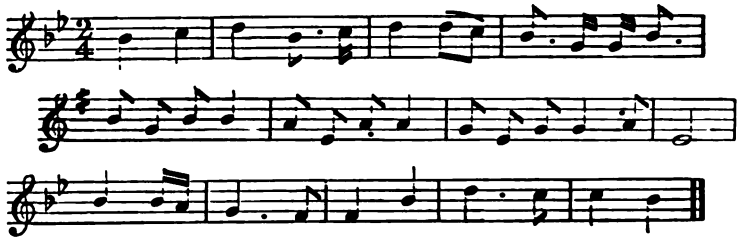
William Black's delightful novels, so descriptive of the sea-life of the far west of Scotland, have doubtless rendered many of us familiar with snatches of Gaelic song, and the following, which he mentions in his Yachting Romance, "White Wings," is to be found in its entirety in the Killin collection before mentioned.

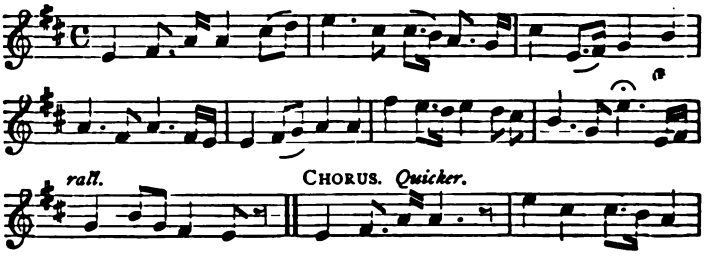
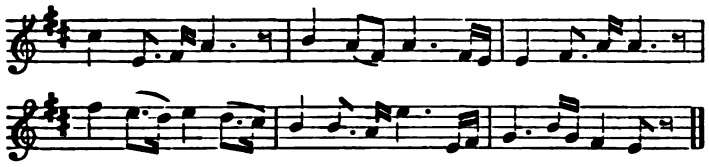
HO, RO! CLANSMEN.

"Cheerily, and all together!
Ho, ro, Clansmen!
A long, strong pull together!
Ho, ro, Clansmen!
Soon the flowing breeze will blow,
Will blow the snowy canvas on her.
Ho, ro, Clansmen!
A long, strong pull together,
Ho, ro, Clansmen!

Wafted by the breeze of morn
We'll quaff the joyous horn together.
Ho, ro, Clansmen!"

Another chorus Mr. Black mentions in the same book was given in Gaelic by the men, the refrain he says was :—

"Ò bòatmàn, ă fārewĕll tō yoŭ,
Ò bòatmàn, ă fārewĕll tō yoŭ,
Whĕrēvĕr yoŭ māy bĕ goiīng."

LOVE BOAT SONG.

The following "Jorram" or "Love Boat Song," is given in the Killin collection, and is of course, like the other melodies in it, harmonized. I merely give the air and the last verses and chorus; the first seem to be much more suitable for landsmen than boatmen in their sentiments. The latter verses are essentially those of a water-song, and have some touch of the true Hebridean labour rhythm in them :—

English.

4. "Row on, row on, my hearties,
Seize an oar, and raise the boat-song;
Bring her quick to yonder haven,
Lest from me my bride be taken."

Chorus.—"Falv ora ho, Ro shin Robeg,
Och ora ho, Ro shin Robeg,
Falv ora ho, Ro shin Robeg,
Lift up your song, and speed the boatie."

5. "Heave on, my boatie, dancing lightsome
Against wind and flood and rushing tide-wave.
Soon we'll be in Clachan-Sailich,
Where with trembling heart she waits me."

Gaelic.

4. "Iomraibh, iomraibh, iomraibh, illean,
Ghacaibh ràmh' us glaaodhaibh iorram,
Hingaìbh i gu cala tioram,
'S gu'n toir mi mo ghaol ion ghìlle."

Chorus.—"Falbh oire hò, cò sin còb-aig,
Falbh oire hò, cò sin còb-aig,
Falbh oire hò, cò sin còb-aig,
Jorram, ho rò, a suas i'm bàta."

5. "Suas am bàta nallach, aotrom,
'N aghaidh struth tuil agus gaoithe,
Tagblaidh sinn 's a' Clachan Shaoileach,
Far am bheil mocruinneag ghaolach."

In an old collection of Scotch ballads and songs ("Ancient Ballads and Songs of the North of Scotland," hitherto unpublished, by Peter Buchan, 1828) I found the ballad of

Sir Patrick Spens. I am told, on good authority, that it used to be a great favourite with Scotch seamen, and was often sung by the fishermen of some parts of Scotland. The number of verses contained in this ballad makes it impossible for me to quote it at length; I merely give the first to show the style of the composition, which is doubtless familiar to many.

"The king sits in Dunfermline town,
A-drinking at the wine;
Says, 'Where will I get a good skipper
Will sail the saut seas fine?'"

Reading in a Glasgow paper one day an account of a lecture delivered by Professor Blackie on Scottish songs, I was attracted by some remarks he made on the scarcity of sea-songs amongst them, a statement that scarcely coincides with one made some time before by a writer in *The Illustrated London News*. The writer, after speaking of sailor-songs in general, says: "In speaking of these songs of the sea have I ever, by any chance, used the word 'English'? If so, I tremble and retract. The brawny Scot who stands out for 'British' to be applied as the only allowable term, in cases when it is obviously impossible to say 'Scottish' (as in speaking, for example, of Shakespeare); this stern patriot would be even more in the right than usual in this particular case. *Nearly all of the very best of British sea-songs have been written by Scotchmen.* There was Campbell, without a rival in any age, whose chants no Tyrtæus can ever equal, as no battle-field can have the poetry of the surging wave. There was Allan Cunningham, of 'The Wet Sheet and the Flowing Sea;' and there was Thomson, of the 'Seasons'—not that the 'Seasons' can fairly be described as nautical, but that few people realize that he wrote anything besides that unforgotten and unread poem—while fewer associate him with 'Rule Britannia,' to which magnificent melody he wrote the

splendid and spirited words. Another tune that everybody knows, while but few South-countrymen have ever heard the beautiful words, 'braid Scots;' this, it must be owned, is Mickle's 'There is nae Luck aboot the Hoose.' Yet I think no other poem in the world gives like this one the excitement, and the passion, and the half-humorous bustle of the sailor's return, nor so brings before one the life of the little seaport town. Burns called it 'one of the most beautiful songs in the Scots' or any other language,' and Burns himself might have written the cry, twice repeated,—

"'And will I see his face again?
And will I hear him speak?
I'm downright dizzy wi' the thought;
In troth I'm like to greet!'

and the writer might have added the last verse found in the manuscript of William Julius Mickle's—

"'If Colin's weel, and weel content,
I hae nae mair to crave,
And gin I live to mak' him sae,
I'm blest aboon the lave.'

The pith of the whole story, to my mind, lies in these four unpublished lines. Why they were suppressed I know not, but it seems to me that the self-renunciation of the mariner's wife should have been given to the world along with the other verses of the poem."

The writer of these remarks, should my book ever fall into his hands, must pardon me if I contradict him, and seemingly attempt to pour *cold water* on his eulogistic summary of Scottish sailor-songs, with all due appreciation of Cunningham's beautiful—

"A wet sheet and a flowing sea,
A wind that follows fast,

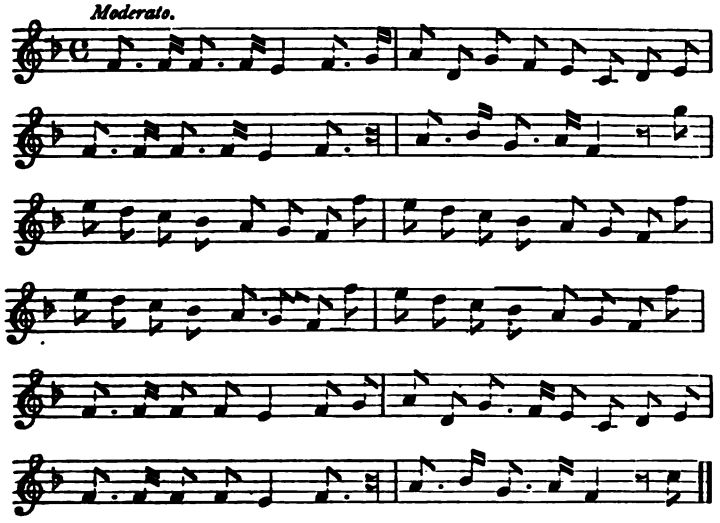
And fills the white and rustling sail,
And bends the gallant mast!"

and Mickle's "Mariner's Wife." I must own that, compared with our one great master's songs of the sea, these are but sea-songs written for landsmen. There has never been but one man's songs, written on shore, popular with the blue-jackets; but one man's songs that seafaring men have declared redolent of pitch and tar and oakum, written with the true spirit of a sailor; but one man's songs that the ship's fiddlers scraped on Saturday nights at sea before the toast of "Sweethearts and Wives," or were sung to cheer the tars as they toiled at the capstan—and that man was Dibdin. His songs sent many a strapping young fellow straight from the Sans-Souci Theatre, where they first heard them, to the Tower Hill to join the navy; indeed, they became at one time a cheap substitute for the press-gang. He painted the British seaman as he found him, and made him neither better nor worse than he was. He drank much grog, he swore profusely, but he fought like a lion, and he won the First of June, and the Nile, and Trafalgar. And in return for this true portrait of themselves, the sailors paid Dibdin the compliment of singing his songs as they did their own chanties, at their work on board.

To return to Professor Blackie's lecture, one of the sea-songs, or, to speak more correctly, songs of the sea, that he mentioned was Lady Nairne's *Caller Herrin'*,[1] which, he added, to be properly appreciated should be heard sung by a Newhaven fish-wife. There is a genuine sea-sadness and at the same time healthy stimulus in this most beautiful song, and the "Flower of Strathearne," as its gifted authoress used to be called in the days when she was Miss

[1] It is said that the melody of "Caller Herrin'" was first suggested by the fish-wives' calls through the streets of Edinburgh, and the bells of St. Giles' chiming at the same time. It is a pretty tradition and one that is quite in keeping with the style of the song.

Oliphant of Gask, must have learnt some of the sea-toilers' suffering even in her sheltered home on the brae above the lovely, placid Earne, when she wrote—

"When ye were sleeping on your pillows,
Dreamt ye aught o' our puir fellows,
Darkling as they face the billows,
A' to fill our woven willows.
Buy my caller herrin',
They're bonnie fish and halesome farin'.
Buy my caller herrin',
New drawn frae the Forth.
Wha'll buy my caller herrin'?
They're no brought here without brave darin',
Buy my caller herrin', ye little ken their worth!
Wha'll buy my caller herrin'?
O, ye may ca' them vulgar farin'
Wives and mithers maist despairin',
Ca' them lives o' men."

With the exception of this song, Burn's "Afton Water,"

and "The Boatie Rows," there is not another water-song amongst the ordinary editions of Scotch Melodies, whereas in similar editions of English Standard Songs, a very large proportion are of a nautical nature, though certainly not sufficiently so to please sailor-men. They may seem to us all that can be desired in the way of "go" and salt-like vigour. We may feel that the "Arethusa," the "Bay of Biscay," or "Hearts of Oak," surpass themselves in their heartiness and national pride, and so they do, and when we hear them we are carried away by them, and think what is there in the world to equal them. Well, the sailor evidently does not agree with us. I remember an old "salt" once saying to me that "The Bay of Biscay" was a good song in its way, but not to be compared to "Blow the Man down." I wished to humour the speaker, and for more reasons than one to keep him *in tune*, so I did not contradict him, but merely changed the subject, and marvelled not a little at the strangeness of taste that could find so much inspiration in a tune associated with such words as—

"Give me some time to blow the man down!"

and fail to see the grandeur in Davy's song.

I am afraid Mr. Stephen Adams will scarcely thank me if I narrate some of the encomiums I have heard passed upon his favourite drawing-room sea-songs. "Nancy Lee" is admitted to be somewhat of the right sort, but "Jack's Yarn" they look upon with very mixed feelings; the composer has, however, many admirers and singers of his songs in the young gentlemen in swallow-tailed coats, who delight after-dinner audiences with their yearnings to become bold buccaneers, and can afford to dispense with the approval of the blue-jackets.

Speaking of Scotch songs, there is an old song attributed to Dunbar of a very plaintive character, used when heaving the anchor. The tune is the same as that of "Old Stormalong":—

"My feeding was once o' the best corn and hay
That ever grew in corn-field or meadow sae gay;
But noo I'm turned out at the back o' a dyke,
To keep the blackbirds company on a cauld winter nicht.
I'm a puir auld horse.

Dunbar is responsible for the following; it was very popular amongst the fishermen there, and I believe was sung to the well-known tune of "There is nae Luck aboot the Hoose":—

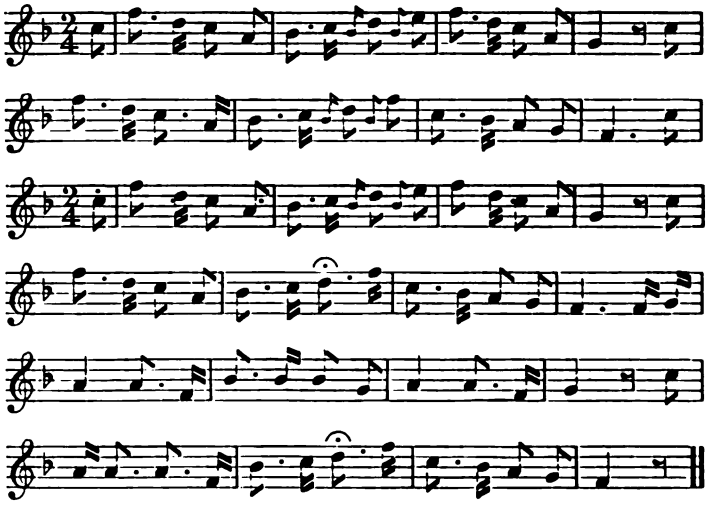
A CRAB SONG.

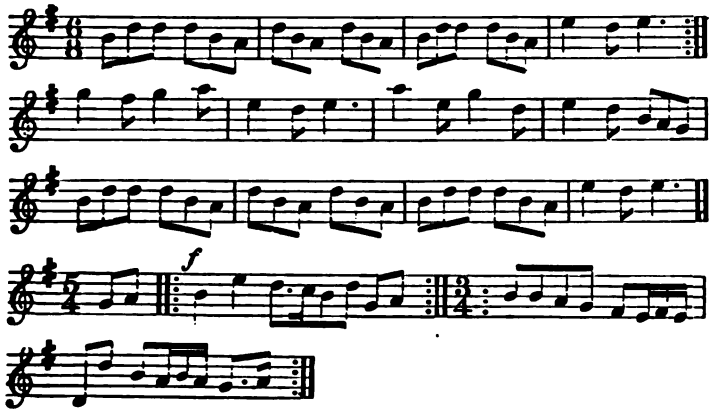
"Come, Sandy, man,
An' bear a han',
Rax doon anither oar,
There's creels to bait,
An' creels to set,
An' crabs to bring ashore.
For crabs are east,
An' crabs are west,
An' crabs are in the bay;
There's fifty dizzen at the least
In a' the creels the day.

"Fling in the tow,
Steer aff her bow
An' get the boat to sea;
There's crabs galore
To bring ashore,
Just waitin' you an' me.
For crabs are east, &c.

"To glunch and gloom,
An' sook yer thoom,
Will no buy Jenny's tea,—
Nor put a frock
On little Jock;
Then let us get to sea,
For crabs are east, &c.

"Let ithers try
For fish to fry,
At saxteen pence a score;
Our creels we'll get,
Our creels we'll set,
An' bring the crabs ashore.
For crabs are meat
An' crabs are drink
To fisher-folk, we say,
An' fifty dizzen at the least
Are in the creels the day."

There are many more verses, all with the same quaint refrain, but I think the sentiment is pretty well expressed in those I have given.

The following air is taken from the selections of Scotch National Music given by Dr. Crotch, in his invaluable book of "Specimens":—

SCOTCH FISHERMAN'S SONG FOR ATTRACTING THE SEALS.

KEELMEN'S AND FISHERMEN'S SONGS, AND SONGS OF THE PRESS GANG ON TYNESIDE.

"We islanders should love the sea,
The fresh wind, coiled nets, ballast heap,
The full brown sail, but as for me,
Again within that harbour's lee,
I let the sea-song go to sleep."

WILLIAM BELL SCOTT.

KEELMEN'S AND FISHERMEN'S SONGS, AND SONGS OF THE PRESS GANG ON TYNESIDE.

"WEEL MAY THE KEEL ROW."

THE local song of Newcastle-upon-Tyne, "The Keel Row," is intimately connected with Sandgate, the Wapping of Newcastle and the residence of the keelmen and sailors. It is truly the national anthem of the "Canny Toon," and never fails, when heard, to raise the soul of every Tynesider.

There are many who dispute the Tynesider's claim to the song, attributing the origin of it to Glasgow. The Scotch version runs—

"As I was going thro' Cannongate."

The Newcastle has it "Sandgate," the locale of the keelmen, and without doubt their original site. The introduction of steamboats, and the general use of staiths, by which the coals are conveyed direct from the waggon to the ship, have greatly reduced the number of keelmen in Newcastle. Sandgate is now chiefly occupied by the Irish. A keelman's hospital may still be seen there; it was erected for the benefit of aged and infirm keelmen, and chiefly at their own cost: probably this is one of the few instances

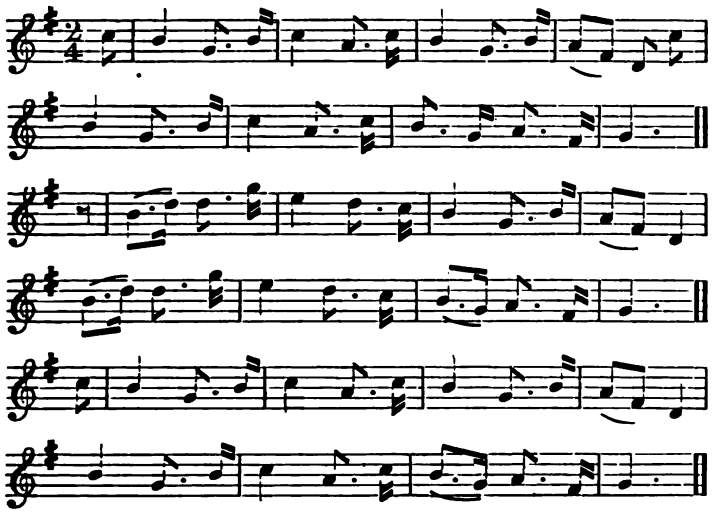
of seafaring men's forethought, and it may also be said to be a monument to the poor raised by the poor.

For a genuine description of keels and keelmen, their origin, degeneration, &c., I should recommend a perusal of Mr. Charleton's most interesting book, "Newcastle Town."[1] There will be found a true account of these most quaint craft and quainter craftsmen, beginning with their lineal descent from the "Chiules" of the ancient Scandinavian rovers, in which, nearly five hundred years before Columbus saw America, the adventurous Norsemen crossed the Atlantic and visited Labrador, Newfoundland, and New England—in which, in earlier times, they sailed to harass Ireland and Scotland, and in which, after the retirement of the Romans, they came to England and took possession of the country. "They were," he says, "wonderfully fine sailors, and a beautiful sight it was to see a fleet of keels manned by the Tyne keelmen—the finest sailors and handlers of craft in England—beating up-river against a head-wind." It is probable that the keel has sailed the waters of the Tyne ever since the Saxon invasion.

WEEL MAY THE KEEL ROW.

"As I cam thro' Sandgate, thro' Sandgate, thro' Sandgate,
As I cam thro' Sandgate, I heard a lassie sing:
Weel may the keel row, the keel row, the keel row;
Weel may the keel row, that my laddie's in.
Weel may the keel row, the keel row, the keel row,
Oh! weel may the keel row, that my laddie's in.

"He wears a blue bonnet, blue bonnet, blue bonnet,
He wears a blue bonnet, a dimple in his chin;
Weel may the keel row, the keel row, the keel row,
Weel may the keel row, that my laddie's in.
Weel may the keel row, the keel row, the keel row;
Oh! weel may the keel row, that my laddie's in."

[1] Walter Scott, Warwick Lane, London.

The following, "Weel may the Keel Row, that gets the Bairns their Breed," is another old version of the Keel Row :—

"Weel may the keel row, the keel row, the keel row,
Weel may the keel row,
And better may she speed ;
Weel may the keel row, the keel row, the keel row,
Weel may the keel row,
That gets the bairns their breed."

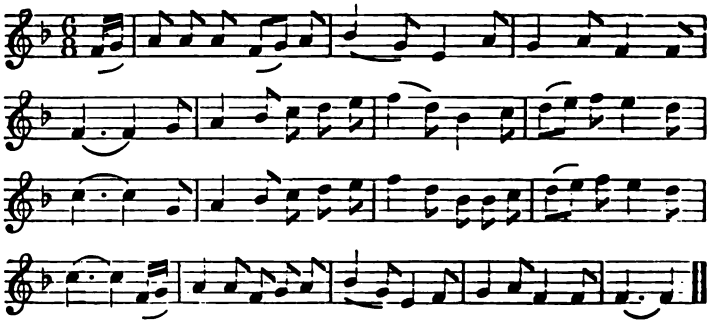
1. "We tuik wor keel up te the dyke,
Up te the dyke, up te the dyke,
We tuik wor keel up te the dyke,
An' there we gat her load ;
Then sailed away doon te Shields,
Doon te Shields, doon te Shields,
Then sailed away doon te Shields,
And shipped wor coals aboard.
Singin'—Weel may the keel, &c.

2. "Then we rowed away up te the fest,
Up te the fest, up te the fest,

We rowed away up te the fest—
Cheerly every man ;
Pat by wor geer and moored wor keel,
An' moored wor keel, an' moored wor keel,
Pat by wor geer and moored wor keel,
Then went an' drank wor can.
Singin'—Weel may the keel, &c.

3. "Wor canny wives, wor clean fireside,
Wor bonny bairns—their parent's pride—
Sweet smiles that myek life smoothly glide,
We find when we gan hyem ;
They'll work for us when we get aud,
They'll keep us frae the winter's caud,
As life declines they'll us uphaud—
When young we uphaud them.
Singin'—Weel may the keel, &c."

Unfortunately this roseate-hued picture of the keelman's domestic bliss is somewhat rudely dispelled by the song entitled, "The Sandgate Lass's Lament," which tells a slightly different tale.

THE SANDGATE LASS'S LAMENT.

"I was a young maiden truly,
And lived in Sandgate Street ;
I thought to marry a good man,
To keep me warm and neat ;

"Some good-like body, some bonny body,
To be with me at noon;
But last I married a keelman,
And my good days are done.

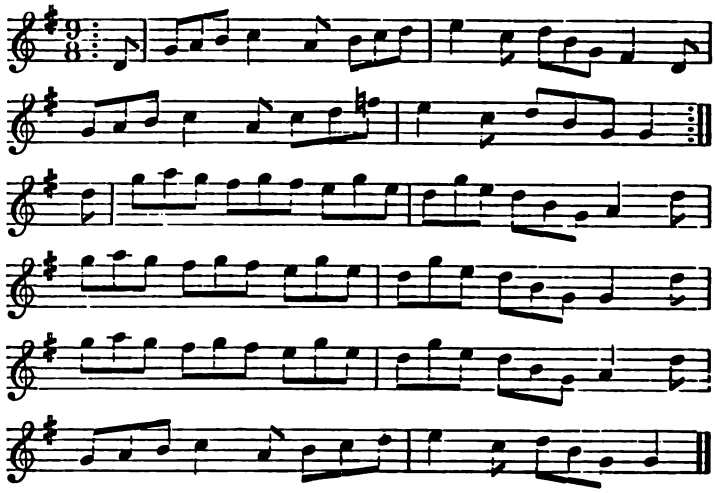
"I thought to marry a parson,
To hear me say my prayers—
But I have married a keelman,
And he kicks me down the stairs.

"I thought to marry a dyer,
To dye my apron blue;
But I have married a keelman,
And he makes me sairly rue.

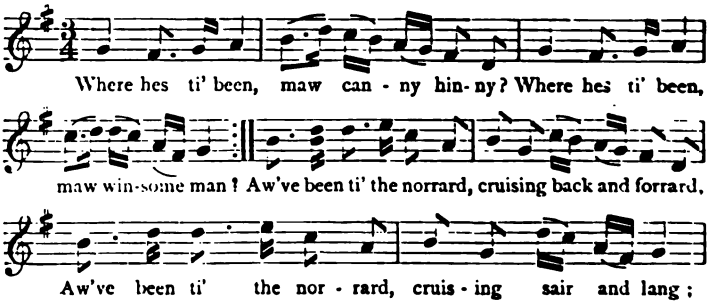
"I thought to marry a joiner,
To make me chair and stool;
But I have married a keelman,
And he's a perfect fool.

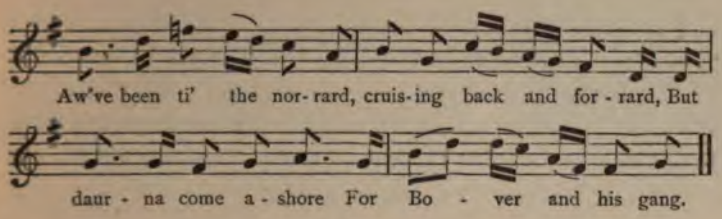
"I thought to marry a sailor,
To bring me sugar and tea;
But I have married a keelman,
And that he lets me see."

Many of the local songs of Northumberland are full of exquisite humour. Here is one well-known to Northumbrians in general and to Northumbrian fishermen and seamen in particular. It was mentioned amongst a few others in an article which I found in a very old volume of *Blackwood's Magazine*. The verses are given somewhat differently in the book of "Northumbrian Minstrelsy" (published by the Society of Antiquaries of Newcastle-upon-Tyne), and the tune that it is set to there is that which is known as "The Wedding o' Blythe; or, Blue's gaen oot o' the Fashion"—

"Blue's gaen oot o' the fashion,
Red's come in with the new;
But I'll have a sailor laddie,
And dye my apron blue."

"O! the lousy cutter,
They've ta'en my laddie frae me,
They pressed him far away foreign
Wi' Nelson ayont the salt sea.

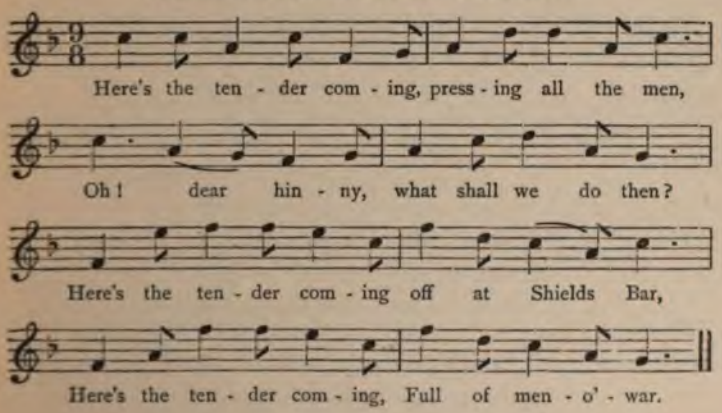
"They always come in the night,
They never come in the day,
They always come in the night,
And steal the laddies away."

"Captain Bover," which follows, was one of the most popular "press-gang" songs:—

Where hes ti' been, maw can - ny hin- ny? Where hes ti' been,
maw win-some man? Aw've been ti' the norrard, cruising back and forrard,
Aw've been ti' the nor - rard, cruis - ing sair and lang;



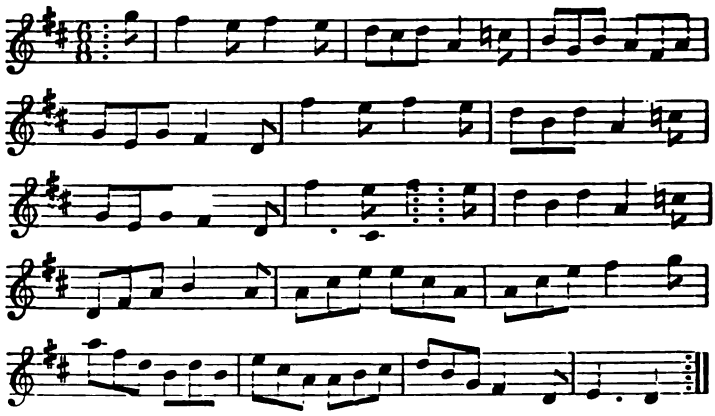
"The ballads and tunes illustrating the doings of the press-gang in the Newcastle district have deserved greater attention and more searching investigation from the lovers of historical knowledge than has hitherto been accorded them. 'Captain Bover' and the three following melodies are interesting memorials of these stirring times, and as expressions of the popular feeling towards this tyrannical

HERE'S THE TENDER COMING.


Here's the ten-der com-ing, press-ing all the men,
Oh! dear hin-ny, what shall we do then?
Here's the ten-der com-ing off at Shields Bar,
Here's the ten-der com-ing, Full of men-o'-war.

mode of appeal to the patriotism of the sailors. This oppressive mode of recruiting for the navy acted with great severity upon the sailors, keelmen, and all others of the working population whose avocations partook in the least degree of the nautical character. The harsh and tyrannical measures committed by the officers of the navy in the conducting of 'a press,' invited determined resistance,

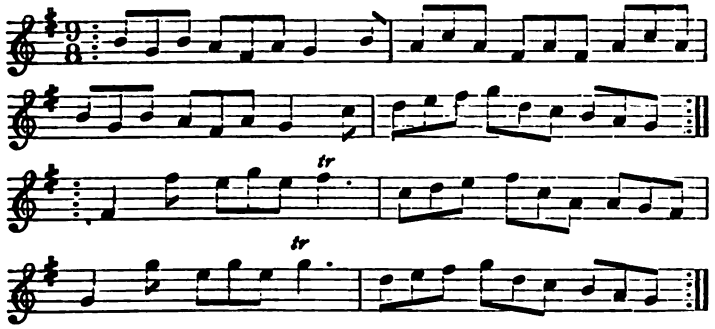
and resulted in riot and bloodshed. The arrival of a vessel 'On his Majesty's service' in the Tyne was regarded with mingled feelings of aversion and fear by those who were liable to be called upon, and the press-gang was a fertile theme for local rhymsters from the earliest period of its operation down to living memory."

LIBERTY FOR THE SAILORS.

"Lasses, call your lads ashore,
Lasses, call your lads ashore,
Lasses, call your lads ashore.
There's liberty for the sailors.

"Liberty and money free,
Liberty and money free,
Liberty and money free,
There's liberty for the sailors.

"Let the lubbers lie aboard,
Let the lubbers lie aboard,
Let the lubbers lie aboard,
Because they're nobbut tailors.

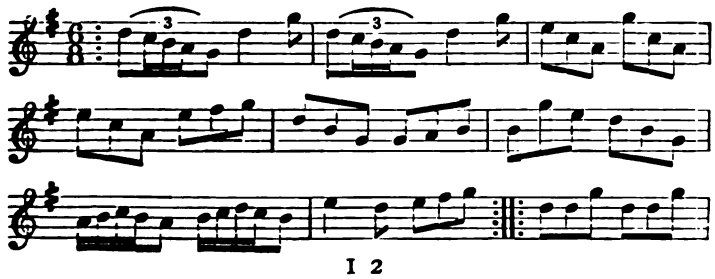
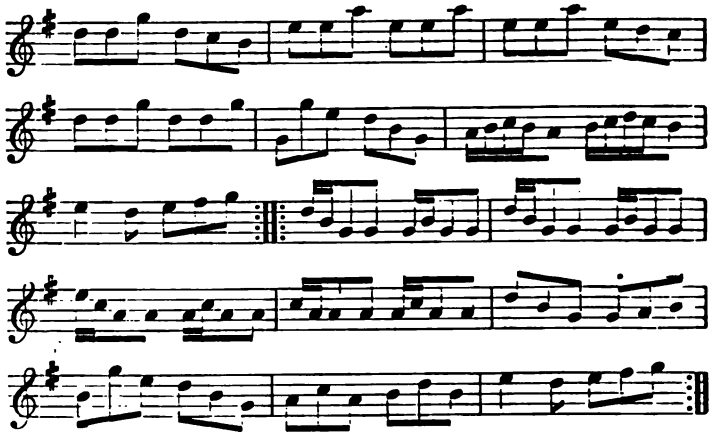
But, lasses, call your lads ashore, &c."

THE SAILORS ARE ALL AT THE BAR.

"The sailors are all at the bar,
They cannot get up to Newcastle;
The sailors are all at the bar,
They cannot get up to Newcastle.

"Up with smoky Shields,
And hey for bonny Newcastle;
Up with smoky Shields,
And hey for bonny Newcastle."

The foregoing songs and remarks on the press-gang I have taken from the book of "Northumbrian Minstrelsy," published by the Society of Antiquaries of Newcastle-upon-Tyne.

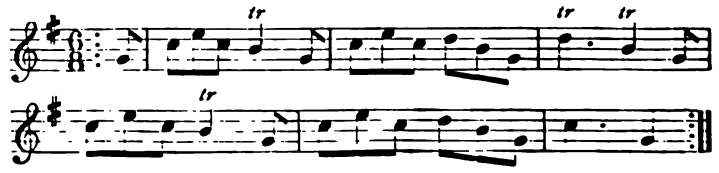
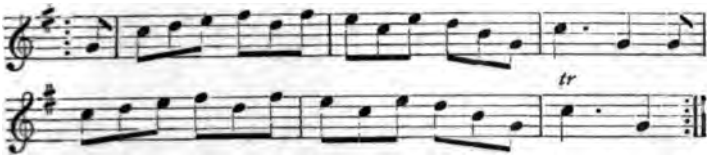
The following is to this day a great favourite amongst the watermen of Tyneside:—

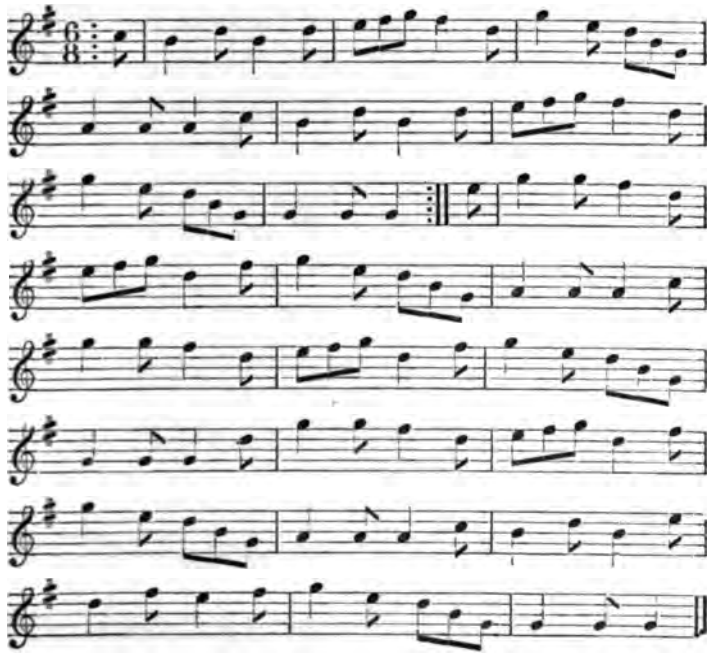
THE KEELMAN OWER LAND.

There is another song to the tune of "The bonny Pit Laddie," named "The bonny Keel Laddie":—

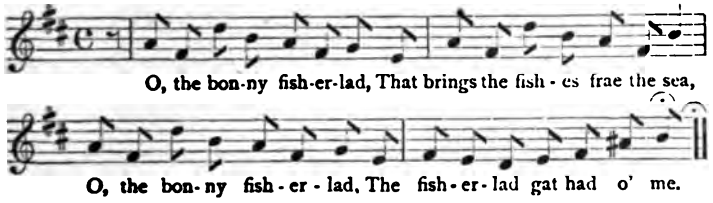
"My bonny keel laddie, my canny keel laddie,
My bonny keel laddie for me, O!
He sits in his keel as black as the deil,
And he brings the white money to me, O!

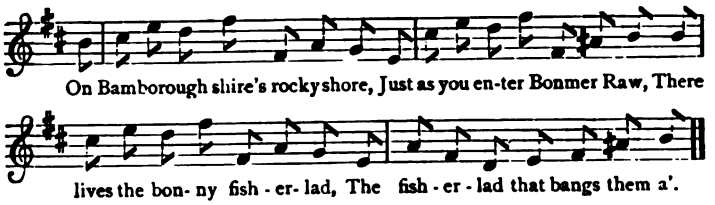
"Hae ye seen owt o' my canny man,
And are ye sure he's weel, O!
He's gaen o'er land wiv a stick in his hand,
To help to moor the keel, O!

"The canny keel laddie, the bonny keel laddie,
The canny keel laddie for me, O!
He sits in his huddock and claws his bare buttock,
And brings the white money to me, O!"

THE BONNY PIT LADDIE.

The following air was a great favourite with Tynesiders, but I have failed to discover any verses for it :—

SANDHILL CORNER.

O! THE BONNY FISHER LAD.

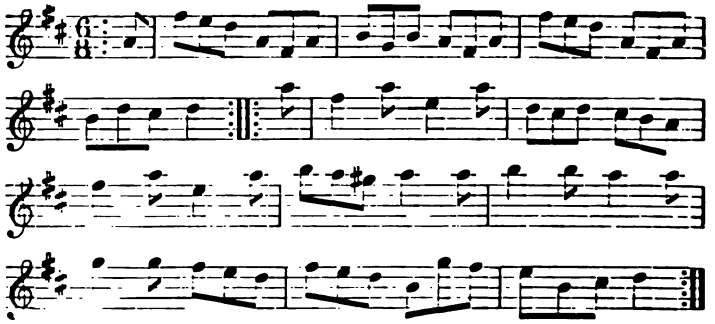



On Bamborough shire's rocky shore, Just as you en-ter Bonmer Raw, There
lives the bon- ny fish - er- lad, The fish - er - lad that bangs them a'.

"My mother sent me out one day
To gather cockles frae the sea;
But I had not been lang away,
When the fisher lad gat had o' me.
O! the bonny fisher lad,
That brings the fishes frae the sea,
O! the bonny fisher lad,
The fisher lad gat had o' me.

"A sailor I will never marry,
Nor soldier, for he's got no brass;
But I will have a fisher lad,
Because I am a fisher lass.
O! the bonny fisher lad,
That brings the fishes frae the sea,
O! the bonny fisher lad,
The fisher lad gat had o' me."

BLAW THE WIND SOUTHERLY.

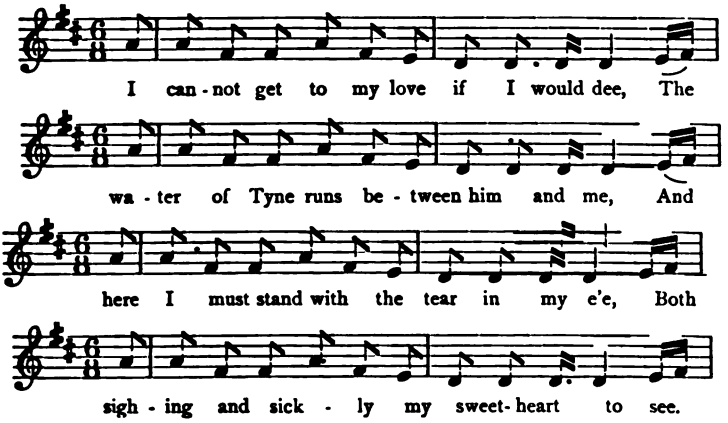


"Blaw the wind southerly, southerly, southerly,
Blaw the wind southerly, south, or south-west;

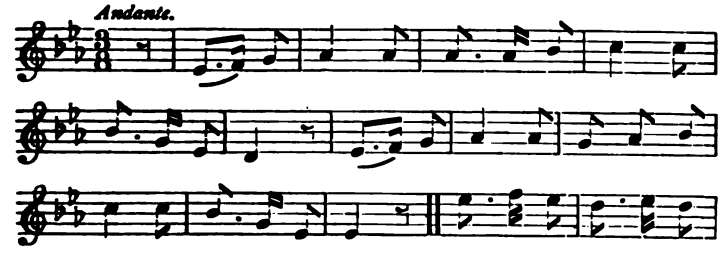
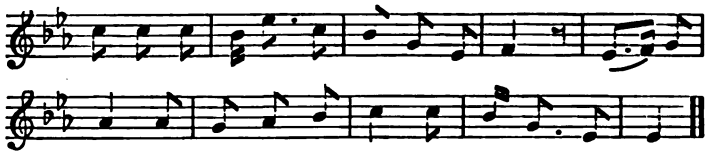
My lad's at the bar, at the bar, at the bar,
My lad's at the bar whom I love best."

Sometimes the last two lines of this song are varied—

" Blaw the lad ti' the bar, ti' the bar, ti' the bar,
Blaw the lad ti' the bar that I love best."

THE WATER OF TYNE.

I can - not get to my love if I would dee, The
wa - ter of Tyne runs be - tween him and me, And
here I must stand with the tear in my e'e, Both
sigh - ing and sick - ly my sweet - heart to see.

" O where is the boatman ? my bonny hinny !
O where is the boatman ? bring him to me,—
To ferry me over the Tyne to my honey,
And I will remember the boatman and thee.

" O bring me a boatman, I'll give any money,
And you for your trouble rewarded shall be,
To ferry me over the Tyne to my honey,
Or scull him across that rough river to me."

"Nae mair we'll fish the Coolly Tyne" is the title of another of these quaint songs. I give the words :—

"Nae mair we'll fish the coolly Tyne,
Nae mair the oozy Team,
Nae mair we'll try the sedgy Pont,
Or Derwent's woody stream ;
But we'll away to Coquetside,
For Coquet bangs them a',
Whose winding streams sae sweetly glide,
By Brinkburn's bonny Ha!

"At Weldon brigg there's wale o' wine,
If ye hae coin in pocket;
If ye can thraw a heckle fine,
There's wale o' trouts in Coquet.
And we will quaff the red-blood wine,
Till Weldon's wa's shall reel,—
We'll drink success to hook and line,
And a' wha bear the creel.

"And O! in all their angling bouts,
On Coquet, Tyne, or Reed,
Whether for maidens or for trouts,
May anglers still succeed.

"By Till or Coquet, Tyne or Reed,
In sunshine or in rain,
May fisher ne'er put foot in stream,
Or hand in purse in vain.
Then luck be to the angler lads,
Luck to the rod and line ;
Wi' morn's first beam, we'll wade the stream,
The night we'll wet with wine."

The River Coquet, according to the local anglers' songs, is superior to all the other Northumbrian rivers for its fishing.

"Oh! freshly from his mountain holds
Comes down the rapid Tyne,
But Coquet's still the stream of streams,
So let her still be mine.

"There's mony a sawmon lies in Tweed,
And mony a trout in Till,
But Coquet, Coquet aye for me,
If I may hae my will.

Another goes:—

"The Coquet for ever! the Coquet for aye!
The Coquet, the king of the stream an' the brae,
Frae his high mountain throne to his bed in the sea,
Oh! where shall you find such a river as he?
Oh! where shall you find such a river as he?

"Then blessings be on him, and long may he glide,
The fisherman's home and the fisherman's pride,
Frae Harden's green hill to old Warkworth so grey,
The Coquet for ever! the Coquet for aye!"

The following is in favour of the Tyne:—

"Tyne river, running rough or smooth,
Brings bread to me and mine;
Of all the rivers north or south,
There's none like coaly Tyne."

This is sung to the tune of "Auld Lang Syne":—

Solo.—"Tyne river, running rough or smooth,
Brings bread to me and mine,
Of all the rivers north or south,
There's none like coaly Tyne.

Chorus.—"So here's to coaly Tyne, my lads,
Success to coaly Tyne,
Of all the rivers north or south,
There's none like coaly Tyne.

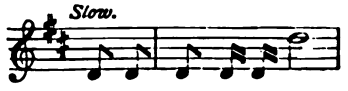
Solo.—"Our keelmen brave, with laden keels,
Go sailing down in line,
And with them load the fleet at Shields,
That sails from coaly Tyne.

Chorus.—"So here's to coaly Tyne, &c.

Solo.—"Let us unite with all our might,
Protect Queen Caroline,
For her will fight, both day and night,
The sons of coaly Tyne.

Chorus.—"So here's to coaly Tyne, &c."

There are a number of verses to this song, all more or less patriotic in sentiment; but, like most local songs, it could only be interesting to those who are acquainted with the people and places alluded to. Tyneside is so rich in songs, that I find myself obliged to confine my selections to those that are best known as the favourites of the water-side population.

The fisherfolk who belong to that most quaint north-country village, Cullercoats, have acquired for themselves a celebrity that is only rivalled by one or two other similar places. Their fresh vigorous hardihood, fearless boldness, and thrifty ways have long been characteristic of them, but it is perhaps to the Cullercoats fishwives that the fact of their wide-spread popularity is especially due, with their warm and at all times seasonable-looking costumes, their always fresh and comely and sometimes really bonny faces, and their creels of tempting fish; the Cullercoats fish-wives are familiar and welcome objects in the streets of Newcastle-upon-Tyne, and their oft-repeated cries of "Will ye buy any fish?" and "Shares o' caller ling," are perhaps amongst some of the most original cries to be heard on the banks of the Tyne. The peculiarly pro-longed notes in which the "Buy any fish?" is called, make it very difficult to render accurately.

The "Shares o' caller ling," on the contrary, is given much sharper, and repeated very frequently.

They have furthermore been immortalized in verse. I am not very certain that the following is correct, but at least it is one version of the poem :—

THE CULLERCOATS FISHWIVES.

"The Cullercoats fishwives so cosy and free,
They live in their cottages close by the sea,—
And they sell their fine fish
To the poor and the rich!
Will ye buy? will ye buy?
Will ye buy my fine fish?"

The old cry of the herring-sellers of Newcastle-upon-Tyne was a much more lengthy one, and sometimes consisted of a set of doggerel verses which, if they were approved by the good people of the "canny toon," in those bygone days, they must have been scarcely as sensitive and refined as one would like to imagine the ancestors of the present generation of Novocastrians.

"'Ere's yer caller herrin'!
'Ere's yer caller fresh herrin'!
'Ere's yer 'resh *heerin'!*
'Resh heerin'!
Fower a penny, hinny!
Fower a penny! Fower a penny!
Caller heerin'!"

Any one who is acquainted with the city on the coaly Tyne will recognize in the "Fower a penny" the vernacular of the vendors of oranges, who line the streets during the winter season, and whose harsh, discordant voices, though they may, being so thoroughly *Newcastle*, be affectionately associated with the place in the minds of the natives, will

never, I am afraid, prove sufficiently melodious, even when intermixed with the chimes of historic St. Nicholas, to suggest so charming an idea as the blending of the cries of the Newhaven fishwives with the bells of old St. Giles, Edinburgh, did to Lady Nairn.

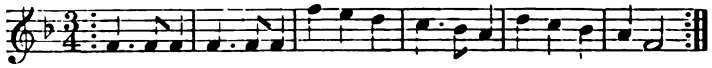
"'Row the boat, Norman,
Heave and ho, rumbelow.'

This roundel is to imitate the merry ringing of the bells on Lord Mayor's Day.

"In 1453, Sir John Norman, who was then Lord Mayor of London, was the first 'to brake that ancient and olde continued custome of riding with great pomp into Westminster to take his charge, and chose rather to be rowed thither by water.' The watermen made of him a roundel or song, to his great praise,—

"'Row the boat, Norman,
Heave and ho, rumbelow.'

The second singer begins two bars after the first, and the third two bars after the second. They continue in that order, without stopping at the end of the line, but recommencing and singing it over many times.



"There seems to be some reason to suppose that this was rather Whittington, whose famous mayoralty was prior to Norman's.

"'Row the boat, Whittington,
Thou worthy citizen, Lord Mayor of London.'"

The above quotations and extracts are again from Mr. Chappell's volumes.[1]

D'Israeli, in his "Curiosities of Literature," says, "Our sailors at Newcastle, in heaving their anchors, have (still ?) their 'Heave and ho, rumbelow,'" and he might have

[1] "Popular Music of the Olden Time."

added that the chief magistrate and corporation of Newcastle-upon-Tyne still keep up annually one of the most ancient water customs, namely, that of going in a procession in barges down the River Tyne to inspect the boundaries. This ceremony takes place on Ascension Day, or what is now commonly known by the good people of the coaly metropolis as "Barge Day."

I wonder if this ancient roundel of the Lord Mayor's water-procession suggested Captain Oxenham's song in "Westward Ho!" to Charles Kingsley?

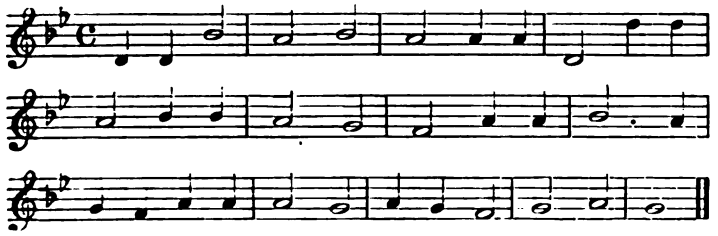
CANADIAN BOAT SONGS.

"Peasants in the field,
Sailors on the roaring ocean,
Students, tradesmen, pale mechanics,
All have sung them."

LONGFELLOW.

CANADIAN BOAT SONGS.

ALMOST as celebrated as the sailors' songs of England, and the gondoliers' of Venice, are the boat-songs of the old Canadian voyageurs. The hymns to their patron saint, Saint Anne, that are so popular with the Breton fishermen of to-day, all owe their origin to the French-Canadian pilgrims of the olden time. The very word "Chanty" I have so often made use of in this book, is the name originally applied to these boat-songs of Canada, derived, of course, from the verb "*chanter*" (to sing).

AIR DES BATELIERS DU CANADA.

This quaint old tune is one of the oldest known boat-songs in Canada.

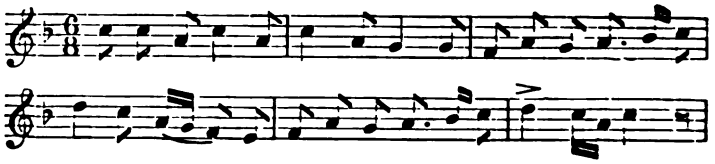
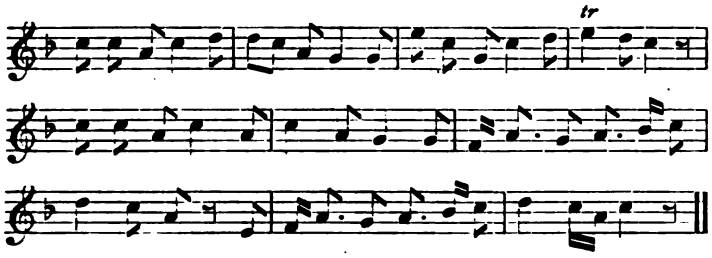
Moore's "Boat Glee" in "M.P., or The Blue-Stocking," is, I believe, supposed to be a translation of one of the Canadian voyageurs' songs :—

"The song that lightens the languid way
When brows are glowing,
And faint with rowing,
Is like the spell of Hope's airy lay,
To whose sound through life we stray.

The beams that flash on the oar awhile,
As we row along through waves so clear,
Illume its spray, like the fleeting smile
That shines o'er sorrow's tear.

"Nothing is lost on him who sees
With an eye that feeling gave,—
For him there's a story in every breeze,
And a picture in every wave.
Then sing to lighten the languid way,
When brows are glowing,
And faint with rowing,
'Tis like the spell of Hope's airy lay,
To whose sound through life we pray."

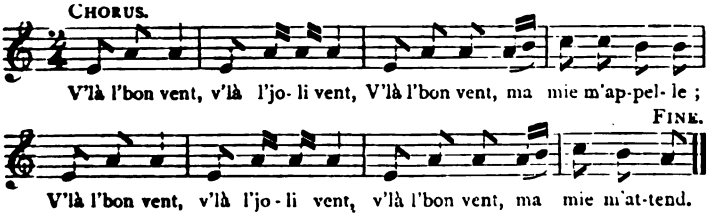
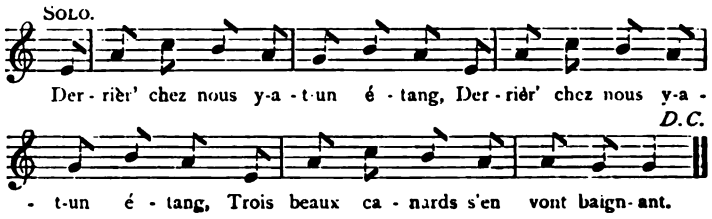
I must not omit the same poet's beautiful and ever-familiar Canadian boat-song, written on the River St. Lawrence. He heard it sung by the voyageurs at St. Anne—not the St. Anne where the pilgrims go, but a village, twenty-one miles from Montreal, on the Ottawa river—Sainte Anne de Bellevue, as it is called now, a flourishing suburban resort of Montreal.

"The stream was smooth as glass; we said,
'Arise and let's away!'
The siren sang beside the boat
That in the rushes lay;
And spread the sail, and strong the oar,
We gaily took our way.
When shall the sandy bar be cross'd?
When shall we find the bay?"

"Faintly as tolls the evening chime,
Our voices keep tune and our oars keep time,
Soon as the woods on shore look dim,
We'll sing at St. Anne's our parting hymn.
Row, brothers, row, the stream runs fast,
The rapids are near, and the daylight's past!

"Why should we yet our sail unfurl?
There is not a breath the blue wave to curl!
But when the wind blows off the shore,
Oh! sweetly we'll rest our weary oar.
Blow, breezes, blow, the stream runs fast,
The rapids are near, and the daylight's past!

"Utawas' tide! this trembling moon
Shall see us float over thy surges soon.
Saint of this green isle! hear our prayers,
Oh! grant us cool heavens and favouring airs.
Blow, breezes, blow, the stream runs fast,
The rapids are near, and the daylight's past!"

The following is a favourite voyageurs' song:—

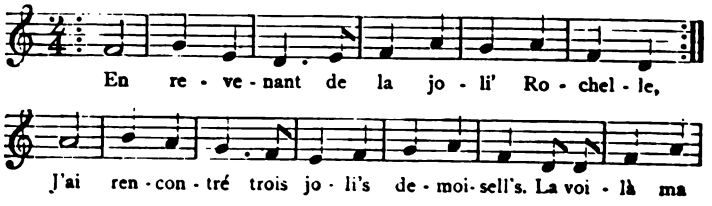
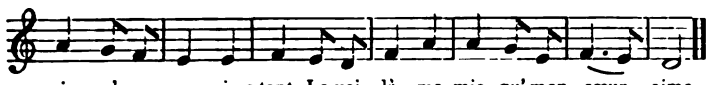
V'LA L'BON VENT.

CHORUS.
V'là l'bon vent, v'là l'jo- li vent, V'là l'bon vent, ma mie m'ap-pel- le ;
FINE.
V'là l'bon vent, v'là l'jo - li vent, v'là l'bon vent, ma mie m'at-tend.

English Version.

Chorus.—"There's a good wind,
There's a fine wind,
There's a good wind,
And my love is calling me.
There's a good wind,
There's a fine wind,
There's a good wind,
And my love is awaiting me.

Solo.—"Behind our home
There is a pond,
Behind our home
There is a pond,
Three handsome ducks
Go there to paddle."

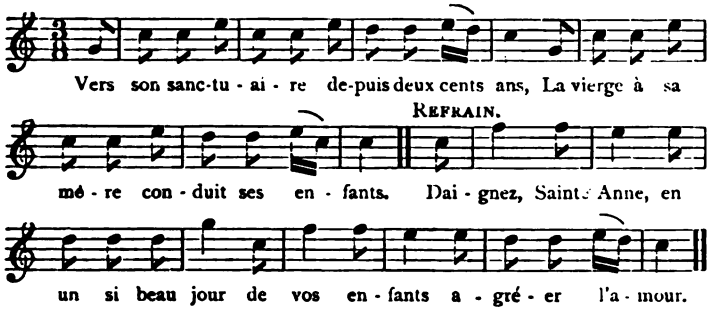
I have many times had to make excuses for the sailors' verses to their songs, I might do the same for those to this old boat-song, but I think it is beyond apology.

"En Revenant de la Joli' Rochelle" is another of these rowing-songs :—

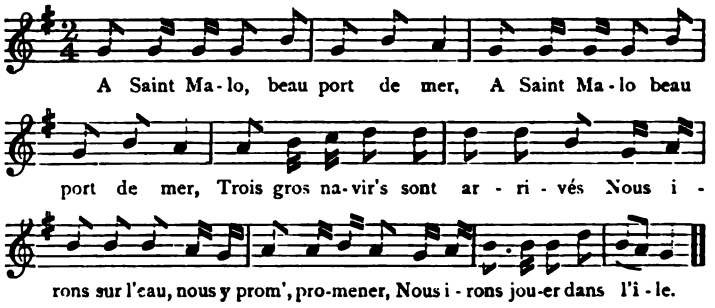
EN REVENANT DE LA JOLI' ROCHELLE.



English Version.

" In returning from pretty Rochelle,
I met three charming demoiselles,
There's the dear my heart loves,
There's the dear my heart loves."

From the *Century Magazine* (May, 1882), I quote the following pilgrim's rowing-song; it occurs in an article on "The Canadian Mecca," by W. George Beers. The writer says: "But what song is that stealing over the water, like a Canadian voyageur's refrain? A boat laden with pilgrims from the Isle of Orleans is making for our shore, and the voices rise and fall with the dip of the oars in the true rhythm of the *canotier:*"—

Vers son sanc-tu - ai - re de-puis deux cents ans, La vierge à sa
REFRAIN.
mé - re con - duit ses en - fants. Dai - gnez, Sainte Anne, en
un si beau jour de vos en - fants a - gré - er l'a - mour.

The French-Canadians are a light-hearted, song-loving people, and the very poorest amongst them have an instinctive taste for music; and many of the boatmen, raftsmen and voyageurs among the Iroquois Indians served under Lord Wolseley in Egypt, and might often be heard singing their quaint old-world songs. I am told that the old Province of Quebec has a peculiarly musical population.

A SAINT-MALO, BEAU PORT DE MER.

A Saint Ma-lo, beau port de mer, A Saint Ma-lo beau
port de mer, Trois gros na-vir's sont ar - ri - vés Nous i -
rons sur l'eau, nous y prom', pro-mener, Nous i - rons jou-er dans l'i - le.

"A Saint-Malo, beau port de mer, (bis)
Trois gros navir's sont arrivés.
Nous irons sur l'eau,
Nous y prom' promener,
Nous irons jouer dans l'île.

"Trois gros navir's arrivés, (bis)
Chargés d'avoin', chargés de bled.
Nous irons sur l'eau, &c.

"Chargés d'avoin', chargés de bled, (bis)
Trois dam's s'en vont les marchander,
Nous irons sur l'eau, &c.

"Trois dam's s'en vont les marchander, (bis)
Marchand, marchand, combien ton bled?
Nous irons sur l'eau, &c.

"Marchand, marchand, combien ton bled? (bis)
Trois francs l'avoin', six francs le bled.
Nous irons sur l'eau, &c.

"Trois francs l'avoin', six francs le bled. (bis)
C'est ben trop cher d'un bonn' moitié.
Nous irons sur l'eau, &c.

"C'est ben trop cher d'un bonn' moitié. (bis)
Montez, Mesdam's, vous le verrez.
Nous irons sur l'eau, &c.

"Montez, Mesdam's, vous le verrez. (bis)
Marchand, tu n'vendras pas ton bled.
Nous irons sur l'eau, &c.

"Marchand, tu n'vendras pas ton bled. (bis)
Si je l'vends pas, je l'donnerai.
Nous irons sur l'eau, &c.

"Si je l'vends pas, je l'donnerai. (bis)
A c'prix-là on va s'arranger.
Nous irons sur l'eau,
Nous y prom' promener,
Nous irons jouer dans l'île."

English Version.

"At St. Malo, beautiful seaport, (repeat)
Three big ships arrived.
We will go on the water,
We will go and walk,
We will go and play on the island.

'Three big ships have arrived, (repeat)
Laden with oats and corn.
We will go on the water, &c.

"Laden with oats, laden with corn, (repeat)
Three ladies went down to buy.
We will go on the water, &c.

"Three ladies went down to buy, (repeat)
'Merchant, merchant, how much is your corn?'
We will go on the water, &c.

"'Merchant, merchant, how much is your corn?' (repeat)
'Three francs the oats, six francs the corn.'
We will go on the water, &c.

"'Three francs the oats, six francs the corn.' (repeat)
'It is too dear by a good half.'
We will go on the water, &c.

"'It is too dear by a good half.' (repeat)
'Come up, ladies, you'll see it.'
We will go on the water, &c.

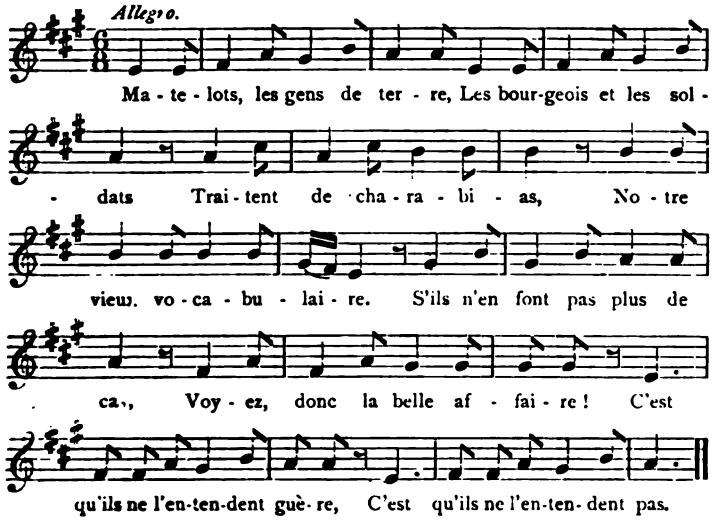
"'Come up, ladies, you'll see it,' (repeat)
'Merchant, you'll not sell your corn.'
We will go on the water, &c.

"'Merchant, you'll not sell your corn.' (repeat)
'If I don't sell it, I will give it.'
We will go on the water, &c.

"'If I don't sell it, I will give it.' (repeat)
'At that price then, we'll come to terms.'
We will go on the water,
We will go and walk,
We will go and play on the island."

FRENCH SAILORS' AND BOATMEN'S SONGS.

"As passenger I've taken,
The lively muse of song.'
"I must gaily chant her onward course to cheer."

LE LANGAGE DES MARINS.

Allegro.
Ma - te - lots, les gens de ter - re, Les bour-geois et les sol -
- dats Trai - tent de cha - ra - bi - as, No - tre
vieux vo - ca - bu - lai - re. S'ils n'en font pas plus de
ca-, Voy - ez, donc la belle af - fai - re ! C'est
qu'ils ne l'en-ten-dent guè - re, C'est qu'ils ne l'en-ten- dent pas.

FRENCH SAILORS' AND BOATMEN'S SONGS.

IN France the system of maritime conscription has been brought to almost mechanical perfection, and 172,000 men between the ages of eighteen and fifty are inscribed on the rolls. It would, however, appear from a statement made by the late much-lamented Captain Goodenough, at a recent discussion at the United Service Institution, that all the men liable to the maritime conscription in France are not deep-water sailors. The great majority are merely fishermen. They have had no experience in large ships until they enter the navy. It is not intended to imply a doubt of their value as a naval reserve. On the contrary, they possess many admirable qualities. Mr. Cripperton, in a recent consular report, says of the Breton fishermen on the French coast, that "their race forms the admirable sailors of whom France is justly proud. Austere in their faith, full of trust in Providence, dauntless in danger, patient in suffering, bearing deep love, but also profound hate, ever ready to lay down their lives when duty or affection requires, they form an admirable light to the shades adverted to in speaking of other classes of the French labouring population." It would appear, nevertheless, that the conscription does not always furnish the French Navy with men well adapted to the service. This fact cannot be better exemplified than by quoting the following paragraph, which is given in its original language in Lord Brassey's book, "British Seamen"—it is taken from Admiral Jurien de la Gravière's "La marine d'autre fois"—he says, "The crew of the *Aurora* (man-of-war) was composed of con-

scripts, who had never before even seen the sea, and of niggers who had exhausted it in every sense. . . . We learnt at length to manage affairs with this mode of recruiting, but not without infinite care, and if we have succeeded in modifying the evils of a system which our inadequate maritime population imposed upon us, it is above all on board ships where the importance of the individual is sunk in the effort of the many who have to be kept going. It is thus not difficult to see that steam has in a most *à-propos* fashion come to take the place of these too numerous supernumeraries."

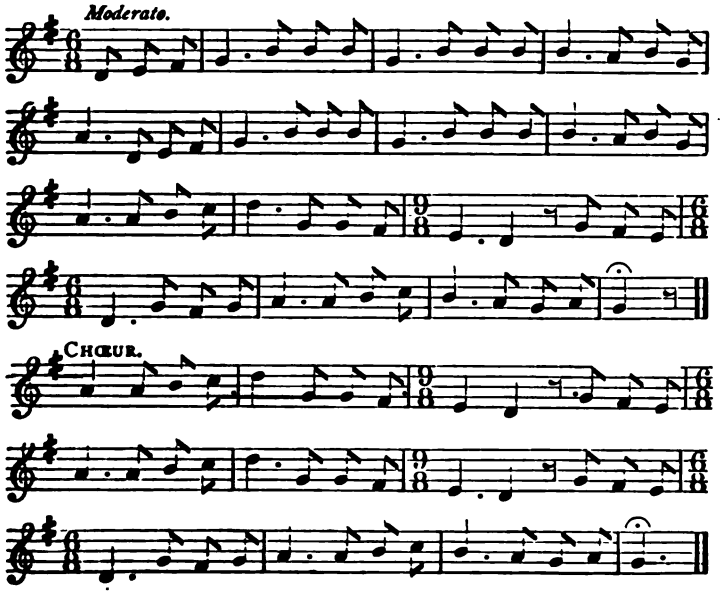
We hear a great deal in England at the present time about Foreign Seamen, and their superiority over the British Tar. Lord Brassey, whose very comprehensive work on our seamen I have just quoted, referring to this, attributes a great part of the unpopularity of our sailors to the masters that are set over them. He says, quoting Consul Crowe's remarks, "With the schoolmaster abroad, and competition rife on every side, it is not sufficient that the master is conversant with navigation and seamanship; his education must extend a little further, his intellectual and religious character must be raised. If you ask why the character of the Norwegian and Swedish commercial marine has been rising, commune with masters of their merchant-ships, and the mystery will be revealed. Just in proportion to their education, their real moral worth, and their general knowledge of the world, will they be found to rank in the merchants' good books; and just as they rank there will they be found to rank everywhere, at home and abroad." How can you expect men to do right who spend eleven months cut off from all sources of enjoyment, and the twelfth surrounded by the strongest temptations to sin? Our sailors are the pioneers of civilization. It is from their character and conduct that semi-barbarous peoples form their first impressions of our nation. The officers on whom such great responsibilities devolve deserve the best education it is in our power to bestow. France,

like many other nations, is to be congratulated on the superiority of its masters.

My province, however, lies neither with the character of the men nor of their masters; but simply with their songs, and lively and song-like as France and the French appear to be, there is but little to chronicle with regard to their sailors' or fishermen's *répertoire*.

Monsieur Paul Sébillot tells me that out of five hundred songs he has collected from the peasants and people generally of Bretagne, he has rarely come across any at all pertaining to the sea. Indeed only some five or six may lay claim to the title.

Bretagne is naturally the coast *par excellence* of France for seamen, and I naturally turned there first for specimens of the sea-songs of the country. I give those I have been able to obtain. In Provence I have fared a little better, though nothing like to the extent I had hoped to do.

The first is a specimen of the old Corsaire-song of the last century :—

FRENCH VERSION.

Solo—
Le trente et un du mois d'août,
Le trente et un du mois d'août,
Nous vîmes arriver sur nous,
Nous vîmes arriver sur nous,
Une frégate d'Angleterre
Qui rasait la mer et les flots ;
Pour s'en aller jusqu'à Breslau.

Chorus—
Buvons un coup, buvons deux,
A la santé des amoureux,
A la santé du roi de France,
Merde pour celui d'Angleterre,
Qui nous a déclaré la guerre.

Solo—
Le Capitaine, en la voyant,
Le Capitaine, en la voyant,
Fit appeler son lieutenant :
Lieutenant, êtes-vous assez brave,
Lieutenant, êtes-vous assez fort
Pour aller accoster son bord ?

Le lieutenant, fierz et hardi,
Lui répondit, " Capitaine, oui.
Faites monter votre équipage ;
Braves soudards et matelots,
Faites-les tous monter en haut."

Le maître donne un coup de sifflet,
Le maître donne un coup de sifflet.
" En haut !" Largue les perroquets !
Largue les ris, et vent arrière ;
Laisse arriver près de son bord,
Pour voir qui sera le plus fort !

Vire lof pour lof ! En abattant !
Nous l'accostâmes, par son avant ;
A coups de hache d'abordage,
A coups de piques et de mousquetons
Nous l'avons mis à la raison.

Que dira-t-on de lui tantôt,
Que dira-t-on de lui tantôt,
En Angleterre et à Breslau,
En Angleterre et à Breslau,
D'avoir laissé prendre sa frégate,
Par un corsaire de dix canons,
Qui qu'en avait trent-six et de bons ?

ENGLISH VERSION.

Solo—
The thirty-first of the month of August.
The thirty-first of the month of August,
We saw bearing down upon us,
We saw bearing down upon us,
An English frigate.
She skimmed o'er the sea and the waves
To go as far as Breslau.

Chorus—
Let us drink once, twice,
To the health of lovers,
To the health of the King of France,
Merde for that of the English king,
Who has declared war to us.

Solo—
The Captain, on seeing her,
The Captain, on seeing her,
Called for his lieutenant ;
Lieutenant, are you brave enough,
Lieutenant, are you strong enough,
To go and board her ?

The lieutenant, proudly and valiantly,
Replied, " Yes, captain;
Muster your crew.
Brave veterans and sailors,
Make them all come up on deck."

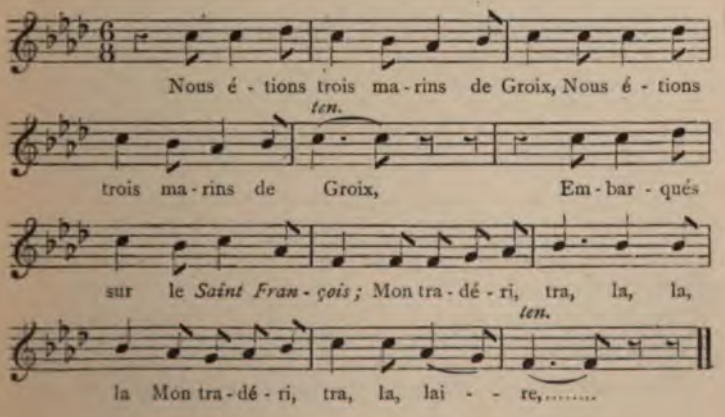
The boatswain blows his whistle,
The boatswain blows his whistle,
"On deck !" Let go the topsail yards !
Tack the sheets, let go the sails ;
Let her come up alongside of us,
To see who will prove the strongest.

Keep to her weather side! Heave-to!
We accosted her fore and aft ;
We boarded her by common consent,
With pikes and cannon-ball
We brought her to reason.

What will be said of her by-and-by,
What will be said of her by-and-by,
In England and at Breslau,
In England and at Breslau,
To have let herself be taken
By a privateer (corsair) of six cannons,
She that had thirty-six, and such good ones ?

This song of the Corsairs I obtained through the kindness of Monsieur Paul Sébillot, whose name is known throughout the length and breadth of France, for his valuable

books on popular traditions, songs, superstitions, legends, and every sort of folk-lore. The song of the corsairs he introduces in his volume of "Traditions et Superstitions de la Haute Bretagne." He says, in speaking of the corsairs, "That he has not been able to gather much of their history. Their *souvenir* rests principally in the fishermen's songs, and that the one quoted is a favourite with the Bretons, and seems to have originated in the latter part of the eighteenth century." I have made no attempt at rhyme in my translation of the verses of this most truly nautical but unpoetical song. The music of it was noted by Monsieur Bourgault Du Coudray. In the same work Monsieur Sébillot speaks of some extraordinary characteristics of the old Breton seamen. One paragraph aroused my interest in no small degree; he says: "I myself have met with old sailors whose dream of delight was to be able before dying to eat the heart of an Englishman *quite raw*, and one of them it is said, confessed on his death-bed to his confessor, that he would not mind stretching a point and eating it *cooked*." It is to be hoped that in the event of this slightly unamiable desire being granted, the indigestion so richly merited would reward the effort.

The following song is known as "Les Marins de Groix," or "The Sailors of Groix":—

Nous é - tions trois ma - rins de Groix, Nous é - tions
ten.
trois ma - rins de Groix, Em - bar - qués
sur le *Saint Fran - çois;* Mon tra - dé - ri, tra, la, la,
ten.
la Mon tra - dé - ri, tra, la, lai - - re,.....

LES MARINS DE GROIX.

FRENCH VERSION.

Nous étions trois marins de Groix,
Embarqués sur le *Saint François ;*
Mon tradéri, tra la la la,
Mon tradéri, tra la la laire.

Embarqués sur le *Saint François,*
Gagnant quarante-cinq francs par mois ;
Mon tradéri, &c.

Gagnant quarante-cinq francs par mois ;
Et du vin à tous les repas ;
Mon tradéri, &c.

Et du vin à tous les repas ;
Un vent de terre vint à monter ;
Mon tradéri, &c.

Un vent de terre vint à monter ;
Il va nous falloir bouliner :
Mon tradéri, &c.

THE SAILORS OF GROIX.

ENGLISH VERSION.

We were three sailors of Groix,
On board of the *Saint François ;*
Tra la la la, tra la la,
Mon tradéri, tra la la laire.

Embarked on the *Saint François,*
Gaining forty-five francs per month ;
Mon tradéri, &c.

Gaining forty-five francs per month,
And wine with every repast ;
Mon tradéri, &c.

And wine with every repast ;
A land-breeze had just sprung up ;
Mon tradéri, &c.

A land-breeze had just sprung up ;
We were obliged to sail to windward.
Mon tradéri, &c.

Each line at the commencement is repeated, and the chorus is always the same throughout.

FRENCH.

Il va nous falloir bouliner,
Et p-tête (peut-être) bourlinguer.

Et p-tête bourlinguer,
L'capitaine donne un coup d'sifflet.

L'capitaine donne un coup d'sifflet ;
'Pare à serrer les perroquets.

'Pare à serrer les perroquets,
Le marchepied z-il a cassé !

Le marchepied z-il a cassé,
Le matelot tomba z-à l'eau.

Le matelot tomba z-à l'eau,
Et l'on met la chaloupe à l'eau.

Et l'on met la chaloupe à l'eau,
On n'retrouva que son chapeau.

On n'retrouva que son chapeau,
Son garde-pipe et son couteau.

Son garde-pipe et son couteau.
Oh ! plaignez le pauvr' matelot.

ENGLISH.

We were obliged to sail to windward,
And perhaps had just run the gauntlet.

And perhaps had just run the gauntlet,
The captain sounds his whistle.

The captain sounds his whistle,
" Prepare to lighten the top-sails."

" Prepare to lighten the top-sails."
He has just shaved the towing-path.

He has just shaved the towing-path,
The sailor falls into the water.

The sailor falls into the water,
And the long-boat is lowered.

And the long-boat is lowered,
But they only find his hat.

But they only find his hat,
His pipe-guard, and his knife.

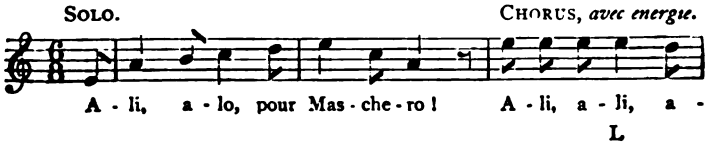
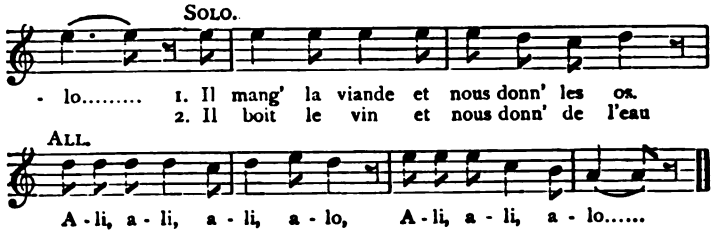
His pipe-guard and his knife.
Oh ! pity the poor sailor.

This song was heard sung on the shore of the " Manche "

by Monsieur Sébillot. He says it is often repeated, or portions of it, in French novels. The sailors of Groix are considered very good seamen. Groix is an island situated not far from the coast of Morbihan.

The words that follow are those of a French rowing song—" La Chanson des Mariniers," or " The Boatmen's or Watermen's Song." It also hails from Morbihan :—

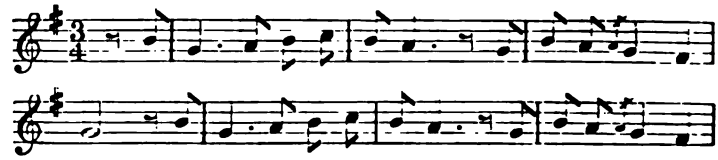
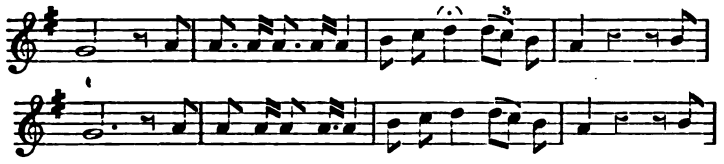
FRENCH VERSION.	ENGLISH VERSION.
Mon père a fait bâtir maison, Tirons donc tous sur nos avirons, Tirent, ah ! tirent, mariniers, tirent, Tirons donc tous sur nos avirons.	My father has had a house built, Pull, then, with all our strength, Pull, ah ! pull, oarsmen, pull, Pull all together with our oars.
Par quatre-vingts jolis garçons, Tirons donc tous sur nos avirons, Tirent, ah ! tirent, mariniers, tirent, Tirons donc tous sur nos avirons.	By eighty handsome boys, Pull, then, all together with our oars, Pull, ah ! pull, oarsmen, pull, Pull, then, with all our oars.
Le Roy a passé aux environs, Tirons donc tous sur nos avirons, Tirent, ah ! tirent, mariniers, tirent, Tirons donc tous sur nos avirons.	The King has passed in the vicinity, Pull, then, all together with our oars, Pull, ah ! pull, oarsmen, pull, Pull, then, all together with our oars.
À qui est-ce donc cette maison ? Tirons donc tous sur nos avirons, Tirent, ah ! tirent, mariniers, tirent, Tirons donc tous sur nos avirons.	To whom, then, belongs this house ? Pull, then, with all our oars, Pull, ah ! pull, oarsmen, pull, Pull, then, all together with our oars.
C'est à ma fille Jeanneton, Tirons donc tous sur nos avirons, Tirent, ah ! tirent, mariniers, tirent, Tirons donc tous sur nos avirons.	It belongs to my daughter Jeanneton, Pull, then, all together with our oars, Pull, ah ! pull, oarsmen, pull, Pull, then, with all our oars.

The French chanty so popularly known as " Ali ! alo ! " originates with the sailors and dock-labourers of the Port of Dunkerque. So much does its rhythm appeal to them that it nearly always serves as the tune for all their " complaints." Any day in Dunkerque you may hear this " Ali ! alo ! " trolled out by dozens of them as you pass along the quay. Now it comes from the lips of some smart *matelot,* and the words are as follows :—

Solo.—"Ali, alo,
Chorus.—Ali, ali, alo.
Solo.—He eats the meat
And gives us the bones.
Chorus.—Ali, ali, ali, alo,
Ali, ali, alo.
Solo.—He drinks the wine
And gives us the water."

A genuine complaint this, and, if true, one with a good reason. I suppose *Ali, alo*, may be rendered "Hallo, halli." Sometimes the complaint is of a much less refined nature, and proceeds from one of the hard-worked labourers, who intersperses his song with expressions the reverse of parliamentary.

France is a country where the custom of each port to have its own particular "chanty" is strictly adhered to. There is another song used at Fécamp, which closely resembles the Dunkerque one just quoted.

I cannot find any more beautiful illustration of the Breton mariner's piety and grand faith than in the following:—

BRETON SAILORS' LITANY.

The music is of the truest Breton style, and is known by the name of "Er re goli."

FRENCH VERSION.

Dieu puissant, notre père,
Qui commandez aux flots,
Écoutez la prière
Des pauvres matelots.
Ils vous ouvrent leur âme,
Ils vous offrent leurs vœux,
En priant Notre-Dame
De prier avec eux.

Pilote des étoiles
Qui naviguent aux cieux,
Seigneur, guidez nos voiles,
Gardez-nous en tous lieux.
Quand nous sommes au large
Où nous vous invoquons,
Daignez prendre la charge
De ceux que nous aimons.
Quand nous sommes au large
Où nous vous invoquons,
Daignez prendre la charge
De ceux que nous aimons.

Veillez sur nos familles,
Protégez nos parents,
Nos femmes et nos filles,
Et nos jeunes enfants.
Nous les laissons à terre,
En mer nous vous prions
Pour eux d'être un bon père ;
Nous vous les confions.

A genoux dans l'église,
Ils demandent pour nous
Que le temps et la brise
Comme du miel soient doux.
Nous, à bord du navire,
En regardant le ciel,
Nous oserons vous dire :
Envoyez-leur le miel !

Jésus, sauveur des hommes,
Soyez notre amiral !
Vous voyez qui nous sommes,
Détournez-nous du mal.

ENGLISH VERSION.

God all Powerful, our Father,
Thou who commandest the sea,
Listen to the prayer
Of the poor mariners.
They open their hearts to Thee,
They offer to Thee their vows,
In praying the Holy Virgin
To join her prayers with ours.

Thou pilot of the stars
Who steers in the heavens,
Saviour, guide our sails,
Guide us wherever we may go.
When we are on the deep,
Where we invoke Thy name,
Take under Thy heavenly care
All those whom we love.
When we are on the deep,
Where we invoke Thy name,
Take under Thy heavenly care
All those whom we love.

Watch over our families,
Protect our parents,
Our wives, our daughters,
And our little children.
We leave them on shore,
At sea we pray to Thee
To be a father to them,
Whom to Thee we confide.

On their knees in church
They ask for us,
That the weather and the wind
Be soft and sweet as honey.
We on board our ship,
In looking up to heaven,
We dare to say to Thee :
Send them the honey.

Jesus, Saviour of men,
Be our admiral !
Thou knowest who we are,
Keep us from all evil.

Que votre main puissante, Au gré de vos desseins, Vers le bien oriente, Les cœurs de vos marins.	Let Thy powerful hand Guided by Thy desire, At the golden harbour land The hearts of Thy sailors.
Dieu des miséricordes Abaissez vos regards Sur nos mâts et nos cordes, Quand, parmi les brouillards, A la cape, en dérive, Affalés sous le vent, Nous sommes vers la rive Drossés par le courant.	God of all mercy, Bend we pray Thy looks On our ropes and sails, When we are in danger. At the cape, we drift Weighed down with the wind, And make towards the shore Driven by the tide.
Pour notre sauvetage, Patron des sauveteurs, Donnez-nous bon courage En nous rendant meilleurs. Preservez-nous du vice, Et qu'après notre mort Notre barque atterrisse Près de vous à bon port.	For our salvation, Patron of Saviours, Give us help and courage By making us better. Keep us from all vice, And after our death Let our barque come safely To the haven of Thy love.

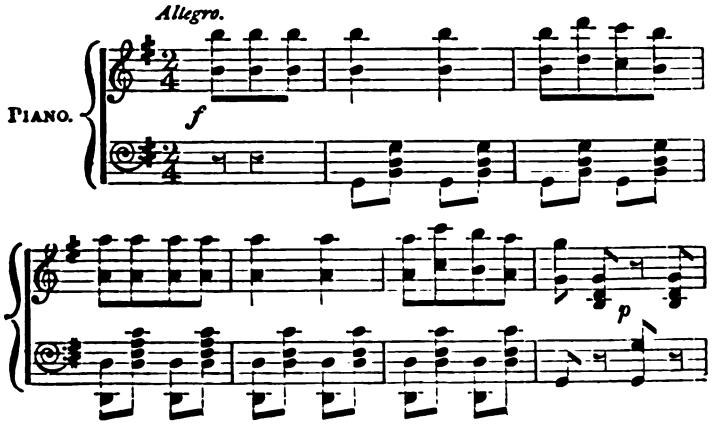
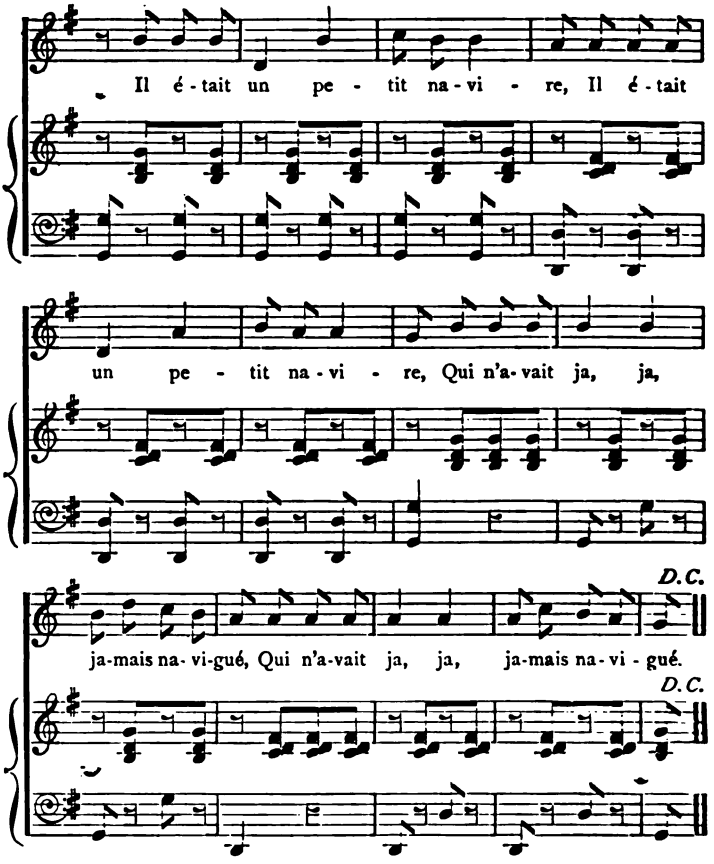
It is impossible to translate the full beauty of this exquisite poem. It was given to me by an English lady who was for many years resident in Brittany, and whom I met accidentally whilst travelling one day. We had some conversation, in the course of which she asked me if I knew Brittany? I told her I did not. She then spoke of the fishermen and seamen generally of that part, and told me some stories of the extraordinary superstition that exists among them. "They have some nice customs, too," she added, "for instance, a beautiful litany which they chant before going on a voyage; I heard it several times and got one of the old fishermen to repeat it to me while I wrote it down, and I also procured the music. I have been thinking lately of sending it to a young lady in the North of England, whom I understand is collecting the sailors' songs of all nations; I am sure she will like to have it for her book."

I told her how glad I should be to have it, and after a little more talking I reached my destination. A few days later the Litany and a very kind letter were sent me by my travelling-companion, and a request that I would translate the verses as literally as possible, so that the fervour of the Breton religion might not be destroyed for the sake of a rhymed version.

The songs which follow are well known, being always sung to the same tune, whereas many of the Provencal fishermen's favourites are sung to so many different airs that they end by having no special identity. Their verses are all of a romantic type, and very touching. Some of those which follow are peculiar to the sardine fishers, but I am not quite certain which they are. Marseilles ought to have some local chanties, but, if it has, the sailors are loth to make them public property. I believe it was of Marseilles that the verses in which the following lines occur were written :—

"Where the mud lies black and shiny,
Where the waters sweep along,
Where the wharfmen stout and grimy
Heave and haul with many a song."

At the moment I am just in receipt of a song from the South of France, said to be a great favourite with the sailors in that part of the country. It is known as "Le Petit Navire," and, as it was sent to me with the following accompaniment, I have just given it as sent :—

LE PETIT NAVIRE.

FRENCH VERSION.

Il était un petit navire,
Il était un petit navire,
Qui n'avait jamais navigué
Qui n'avait jamais navigué.

Au bout de cinq à six semaines
Les vivres vinrent à manquer.

On fit tirer la courte paille,
Pour savoir qui serait mangé.

Le sort tomba sur le plus jeune ;
En sauce blanche il fut mangé.

ENGLISH VERSION.

There was once a little ship,
There was once a little ship,
Which never, never sailed,
Which never, never sailed.

At the end of five or six weeks
Provisions began to fail the crew.

They drew lots with pieces of straw,
To know which of them should be eaten.

The lot fell on the youngest ;
In white sauce he was to be eaten.

Il monta sur le mât de hune
Et vit la mer de tous côtés.

"O Sainte Vierge, O ma patronne,
Préservez-moi de ce danger."

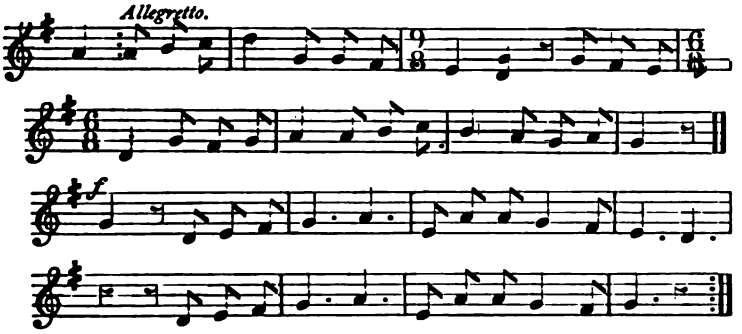
He climbed the topmast,
And saw the sea on every side.

"O holy Virgin, guardian saint,
Preserve me from this danger."

The prayer must have been granted, for the song ends here. As will be seen by the first verse set to the music, each line throughout is repeated.

SONGS OF PROVENCE.

The following song is a very old one, and has for years and years been popular amongst the sailors of fair Provence :—

CHANSON DE MATELOTS.

FRENCH VERSION.

Il était une barque à trente matelots,
Il était une barque à trente matelots,
A trente matelots,
Sur le bord de l'île,
Qui chargeaient des concauts sur le bord de l'eau.

Qu'avez-vous donc la belle ?
Qui vous fait tant pleurer ?
Qu'avez-vous donc la belle ?
Qui vous fait tant pleurer ?
Qui vous fait tant pleurer sur le bord de l'île ?
Qui vous fait tant pleurer sur le bord de l'eau ?

ENGLISH VERSION.

There was a boat manned by thirty men,
There was a boat manned by thirty men,
By thirty men,
On the shore of the island,
Which sent off ships to the sea.

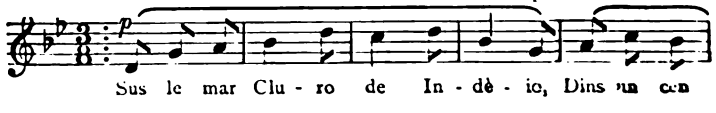
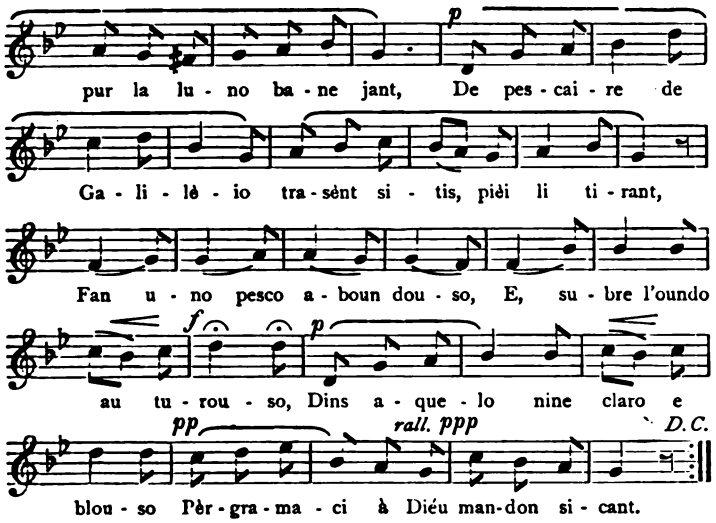
What ails you then, my beauty ?
What makes your tears flow ?
What ails you then, my beauty ?
What makes your tears flow ?
What makes your tears flow on the island shore ?
What makes you weep on the sea-shore ?

Pleurez-vous votre père ?	Do you weep for your father ?
Ou l'un de vos parens ?	Or one of your kin ?
Pleurez-vous votre père ?	Do you weep for your father ?
Ou l'un de vos parens ?	Or one of your kin ?
Ou l'un de vos parens, sur le bord de l'île ?	Or one of your kin on the island shore ?
Ou l'un de vos parens, sur le bord de l'eau ?	Or one of your kin on the sea-shore ?
Je pleure un brig goëlette,	I am weeping for a schooner,
Parti la voile au vent ;	Gone with sails flying in the wind,
Je pleure un brig goëlette,	I am weeping for a schooner,
Parti la voile au vent ;	Gone with sails flying in the wind,
Parti la voile au vent, sur le bord de l'île,	Gone with sails flying in the wind on the island shore,
Parti la voile au vent, sur le bord de l'eau.	Gone with sails flying in the wind from the sea-shore.
Est parti vent arrière,	Is gone sailing before the wind,
Les perroquets au vent,	The topsails to windward,
Est parti vent arrière,	Is gone sailing before the wind,
Les perroquets au vent,	The topsails to windward,
Les perroquets au vent, sur le bord de l'île,	The topsails to windward on the island shore,
Les perroquets au vent, sur le bord de l'eau.	The topsails to windward on the sea-shore.
Est parti pour la traite,	Is gone for the transport,
Avec mon bel amant,	With my handsome sweetheart,
Est parti pour la traite,	Is gone for the transport,
Avec mon bel amant.	With my handsome sweetheart,
Avec mon bel amant, sur le bord de l'île,	With my handsome sweetheart on the island shore,
Avec mon bel amant, sur le bord de l'eau.	With my handsome sweetheart on the sea-shore.

This song, which was translated for me by Monsieur G. Borell, professor of music at Aix-en-Provence, from the native Provence into French, is somewhat difficult to render in English ; one or two words are beyond translation.

Several more verses of the next fisherman's song were sent to me, but as no French translation accompanied them, I think it scarcely worth while inserting them, as I doubt if the Provençal language is known to many English people ; the music, however, is so pretty that I have deemed it worth a place.

LOU NOUVÈ DI PESCAIRE.

DELILLE. Musique de G. BORELL.

p
pur la lu - no ba - ne jant, De pes - cai - re de
Ga - li - lè - io tra - sènt si - tis, pièi li ti - rant,
Fan u - no pesco a - boun dou - so, E, su - bre l'oundo
f
p
au tu - rou - so, Dins a - que - lo nine claro e
pp
rall. ppp
D.C.
blou - so Pèr - gra - ma - ci à Diéu man-don si - cant.

There is no regular music to any of these songs; they are all favourites with the seamen of Provence, and may be heard in a variety of settings.

LA BARQUE DU PÊCHEUR.

FRENCH VERSION.

Seul dans sa nacelle
Au déclin du jour,
Le pêcheur fidèle
Chante son amour.
Mais les vents barbares
Rompent les amarres,
Et l'onde en fureur
Roule la barque du pêcheur ;
Et l'onde en fureur
Roule la barque du pêcheur.

En voyant ses rames
Sur des boros chéris,
Aux fracas des lames
Il mêle ses cris,
Pleurant sa chaumière,
Il songe à sa mère ;
Mais l'onde en fureur
Roule la barque du pêcheur.

Sur la mer profonde
Trois nuits et trois jours,
La mer vagabonde
Roule sans secours.

THE FISHERMAN'S BARK.

ENGLISH VERSION.

Alone in his skiff,
At the close of day,
The faithful fisherman
Sings of his love.
But the barbarous winds
Cut his moorings,
And the fury of the wave
Rocks the fisherman's bark ;
And the fury of the wave
Rocks the fisherman's bark.

In seeing his oars
On the crested wave,
With the roar of the billows
He blends his cries,
Bewailing his hut,
He thinks of his mother ;
But the fury of the wave
Rocks the fisherman's bark.

On the deep sea
Three days and three nights,
On the roving sea
He rocks without help.

C'est en vain qu'il prie,
La Vierge Marie ;
La vague en fureur
Roule la barque du pêcheur.

Aux feux des étoiles
D'un navire, un soir,
Il crut voir les voiles,
Il sourit d'espoir ;
Mais loin de l'espace,
Où le vaisseau passe,
La vague en fureur
Roule la barque du pêcheur.

In vain he prays
To the Virgin Mary ;
The wave in fury
Rocks the fisherman's bark.

By the light of the stars
One night, of a vessel
He thinks he sees the sails,
He smiles with the hope ;
But far away where
The vessel passes,
The fury of the wave
Rocks the fisherman's bark.

The two last lines of each verse are repeated.

CHANSON MARITIME.

FRENCH VERSION.

Venez, venez, matelots à la ronde,
Approchez-vous ici, venez tous écouter,
Oh ! vous qui avez déjà fait le tour du monde,
Il faudra ici venir vous délasser,

Cette chansonnette est pour nos marins.
Que chacun répète ce joyeux refrain,

Tra la, la, la, la, &c.

Tous nos braves marins que l'univers révère,
Qui la nuit et le jour vont pour fendre les flots,
Pour servir leur patrie ils quittent père et mère,
Rien d'égal au courage des bons matelots !
Garçons et fillettes, vivent nos marins !
Que chacun répète ce joyeux refrain,

Tra la, la, la, la, &c.

Vous vaillants serviteurs de Triton,
Et vous vaillants héros qui montiez le vengeur,
Ceux de la *Belle Poule*, honorable frégate,
Dans les plus grands dangers montriez votre valeur.
En fin tout le monde dira ce refrain,
Tra la, la, la, la, &c.

SEA SONG.

ENGLISH VERSION.

Come, come, sailors, all come round,
Approach, come all and listen,

Oh ! you who have already made the tour of the world,
You must come here to amuse yourselves,
This little song is for our sailors.

Let each one repeat this joyous refrain,
Tra la, la, la, la, &c.

All our brave sailors that the universe reveres,
Who night and day go to cleave the waves,
To serve their country leave father and mother,
Nothing equals the courage of the good sailors !
Boys and girls, long live the sailors !
Let each one repeat the joyous refrain,
Tra la, la, la, la, &c.

You valiant servitors of Triton,
And you valiant heroes who vengeance take,
Those of the *Belle Poule*, honourable frigate,
In the greatest dangers showing your valour.
In fact every one will repeat,
Tra la, la, la, la, &c.

LE RETOUR DU MOUSSE.

FRENCH VERSION.

Nous étions entre ciel et terre,
Et dans la nuit, et dans la nuit,

THE CABIN BOY'S RETURN.

ENGLISH VERSION.

We were between heaven and earth,
And in the night, and in the night,

Notre vaisseau sur l'onde amère
Voguait sans bruit, voguait sans bruit,
Quand une voix plaintive et douce
Tout bas chantait, tout bas chantait,
C'était la voix d'un jeune mousse,
Qui répétait, qui répétait,
Adieu, beau ciel de ma Bretagne
Et ma promise et mes amours,
Adieu, ma mère et ma compagne,
Je vous regretterai toujours.

Nous étions entre ciel et terre,
Et loin du port, et loin du port,
Sa plainte à la brise légère
Disait encor, disait encor,
Qui me rendra de mon rivage
Les bords chéris, les bords chéris,
Et les sentiers de mon village
Toujours fleuris, toujours fleuris,
Et les sentiers de mon village,
Toujours fleuris, toujours fleuris?

Où donc est mon humble masure
De Landernau, de Landernau?
Car le clocher c'est la mâture
De mon vaisseau, de mon vaisseau.
Je ne vois plus que les mouettes
Qui sur les mers, qui sur les mers,
Ont remplacé les paquerettes
De mes prés verts, de mes prés verts.

Nous étions entre ciel et terre,
Et grâce au vent, et grâce au vent,
Le brik enfin touchait la terre,
Le jour suivant, le jour suivant,
Après sa longue traversée,
Il tend les bras, il tend les bras,
A sa mère, à sa fiançée;
Il dit tout bas, il dit tout bas,
Salut, beau ciel de ma Bretagne
Salut, mon pays, mes amours!
Salut, ma mère et ma compagne,
Je reviens à vous pour toujours.

Our ship on the salt wave
Floated silently, floated silently,
When a voice plaintive and sweet,
Quite softly sang, quite softly sang;
It was the voice of a little cabin boy,
Who repeated, who repeated,
Adieu, lovely sky of my Brittany
And my beloved and my loves,
Adieu, my mother and my friend,
I must always regret you.

We were between heaven and earth,
And far from port, and far from port,
His wail on the light breeze
Said again, said again,
Who will give me back my shore,
The beloved banks, the beloved banks,
And the paths of my village,
Always in flower, always in flower?

Where is now my humble cottage
Of Landernau, of Landernau?
Now my home is under the mast
Of my vessel, of my vessel.
I only now see the sea-gulls
Which on the sea, which on the sea,
Have replaced the daisies
Of my green meadows, of my green meadows.

We were between heaven and earth,
And thanks to the wind, and thanks to the wind,
The keel at last touched the earth.
The following day, the following day,
After his long voyage,
He holds out his arms, he holds out his arms,
To his mother, to his betrothed;
He says quite low, he says quite low,
I greet the bright sky of my dear Brittany,
Welcome, my country, my best beloved!
I greet my mother and my companion,
I am come back to you for ever.

LE PÊCHEUR.

FRENCH VERSION.

Plus legère que l'hirondelle,
Comme ma gentille nacelle
Glisse avec grâce sur les eaux.
Elle bondit fière et coquette,

THE FISHERMAN.

ENGLISH VERSION.

Lighter than the swallow,
Lightly my pretty skiff
Skims gracefully over the waters.
She bounds along, proud and coquette,

Semblant défier la tempête
Et le choc terrible des flots.
Tra la, la, la, la.

Seul au milieu de l'onde
Quand je vogue, ma foi,
Le plus grand roi du monde
Est moins heureux que moi.
Tra la, la, la, la,
Tra la, la, la, la,
Tra la, la, la, la.

Je ne possède pour richesse
Que Ninna, ma belle maîtresse,
Mes filets, ma nacelle, et Dieu.
Et qu'a-t-il besoin de fortune
Celui que le monde importune,
Et qui se contente de peu?
Tra la, la, la, la.

Qu'après une gloire éphémère
Les ambitieux de la terre
Insensés passent tous les jours.
Pietro le pêcheur est plus sage,
En dépit du vent, de l'orage,
Joyeux il répète toujours—
Tra la, la, la, la,
Tra la, la, la, la.

Seeming to defy the tempest
And the terrible dashing of the waves.
Tra la, la, la, la.

Alone in the midst of the waves
When I am floating, my faith,
The greatest king in the world
Is less to be envied than me.
Tra la, la, la, la,
Tra la, la, la, la,
Tra la, la, la, la.

I only own as riches
Nina, my lovely queen,
My nets, my skiff, and my God.
What need has he of fortune
Whom the world importunes,
And who is content with little?
Tra la, la, la, la.

The ambitious people of the earth
Stupidly pass all their days
In seeking an ephemeral glory.
Peter the fisherman is wiser,
In spite of the wind and the storm,
Joyful he ever repeats—
Tra la, la, la, la,
Tra la, la, la, la.

LA CHANSON DU MOUSSE.

FRENCH VERSION.

La mer est ma patrie,
Ce bord est mon séjour;
J'y dois passer ma vie,
J'y dois mourir un jour.
Va, petit mousse,
Dans un climat lointain,
La mer est douce
Pour le pauvre orphelin.

La vie est bien amère
A l'enfant délaissé,
Que l'amour d'une mère
N'a jamais caressé.
Va, petit mousse,
Dans un climat lointain,
La mer est douce
Pour le pauvre orphelin.

Je vais loin de toi, ma belle,
Conserve mon amour;
Je reviendrai, je l'espère,
Pour nous unir un jour.
Va, petit mousse,
Dans un climat lointain,
La mer est douce
Pour le pauvre orphelin.

THE CABIN BOY'S SONG.

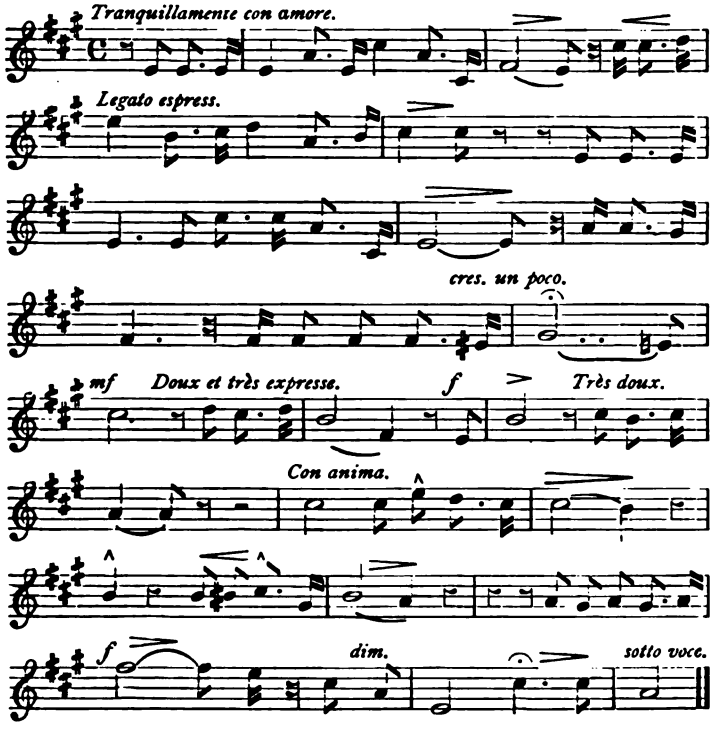
ENGLISH VERSION.

The sea is my kingdom,
This shore is my holiday home;
I have to live my life here,
And here I must one day die.
Go, little cabin boy,
To a distant clime,
The sea is calm
For a poor orphan boy.

Life is very sad
To the lonely child,
Whom a mother's love
Has never caressed.
Go, little cabin boy,
To a distant clime,
The sea is calm
For a poor orphan boy.

I am going far from thee, my sweet,
Keep thou my love;
I will return, I hope,
And then one day we'll wed.
Go, little cabin boy,
To a distant clime,
The sea is calm
For a poor orphan boy.

Many will be familiar with the two French sea-songs which follow, "Pauvre Pierre" and the lovely "Une Fleur pour Réponse." They are great favourites amongst the sailors. I well remember hearing a splendid old Breton mariner singing the latter; there was a whole world of pathos in his way of rendering it, and of unconscious rugged grandeur in the picture he himself presented.

UNE FLEUR POUR RÉPONSE.

FRENCH VERSION.

"Notre vaisseau va quitter cette plage,
Oh! bien longtemps je serai sans vous voir.
En m'éloignant, emporterai-je un gage,
Sinon d'amour, au moins d'un peu d'espoir?

ENGLISH VERSION.

"Our ship is about to sail,
And for long I shall not see you.
In going so far away, may I have a keepsake,
If not for love, at least for hope?

Je pars ; adieu, Marie ! Hélas, je pars demain !
Si vous me regrettez, oh ! je vous en supplie,
Donnez-moi cette fleur, chérie, que toucha votre main !

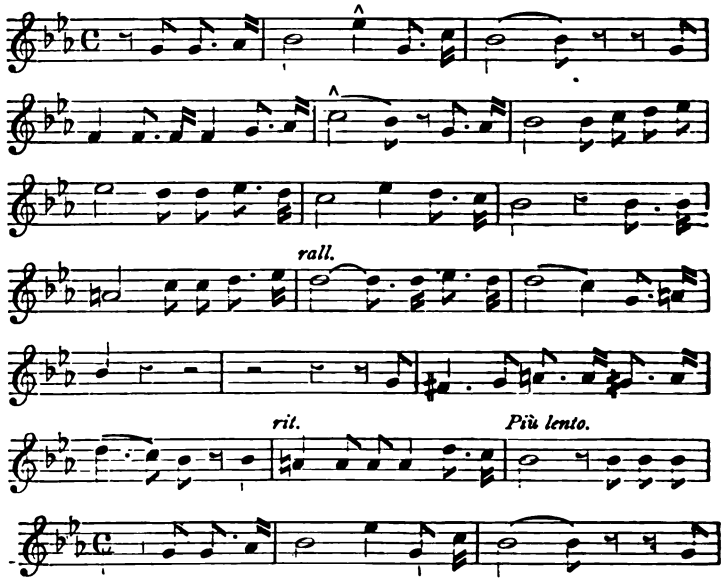
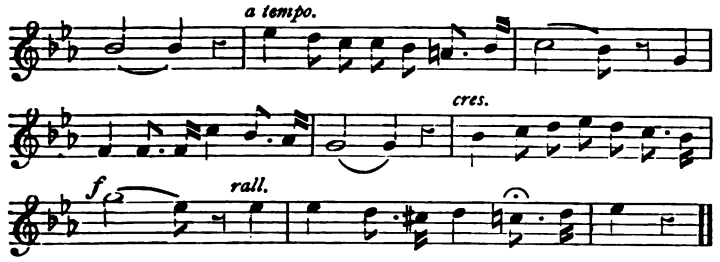
"Si cette fleur, par vous m'était donnée,
Même, en partant, j'aurais quelque bonheur !
Et, loin de vous, cette rose fanée
Serait toujours, toujours là, sur mon cœur !"

La pauvre enfant, qui tremblait à sa vue,
Triste et rêveuse, implorait Dieu tout bas !
Et lui, reprit, d'une voix plus émue,
"Vous vous taisez ! oh ! vous ne m'aimez pas ;
Je pars, l'âme flétrie ! Adieu ! je pars demain."
Il allait s'éloigner, quand cette fleur chérie,
Seule réponse de Marie, s'échappa de sa main.

I am going ; adieu, Marie ! Alas, I leave to-morrow !
If you will regret me, oh ! I beg you,
Give me that flower, darling, your hand has touched !

"If that flower were given me by you,
Even in leaving I should feel some joy !
And when far away from you, that faded rose
Will be ever, ever there, on my heart !"

The poor child trembled 'neath his gaze,
Sad and dreaming she implored God's help !
And he in a voice both tender and reproachful,
Said, "You are silent, ah ! you do not love me ;
I am going, my heart is wounded !
Adieu, I go to-morrow."
He was turning away, when that cherished flower,
Sole answer from Marie, was dropped from her hand.

PAUVRE PIERRE.

FRENCH VERSION.

La voile s'enfle, il va partir, le brick à l'allure élégante ;
Sur le pont le matelot chante, insoucieux de l'avenir,
Mais l'œil fixé sur l'onde amère, un seul la regarde en pleurant,
Car sur la grève il voit sa mère, qui pleure et bénit son enfant.

Un jour, hélas ! le pain manquait à sa famille désolée,
Et sous la cabane isolée, déjà l'horrible faim entrait,
Mais vers le port Pierre s'élance, se vend et revient en pleurant,
" Mère," dit-il, " plus de souffrance, embrasse et bénis ton enfant ! "

Parti pour de lointains climats, errant sur la plaine-écumeuse,
Après une course ourageuse, le bon Pierre ne revint pas ;
Et sur la grève solitaire que le flot baigne en s'y brisant,
Chaque jour voit la pauvre mère qui prie et pleure son enfant.

ENGLISH VERSION.

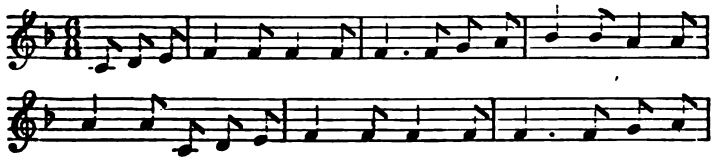
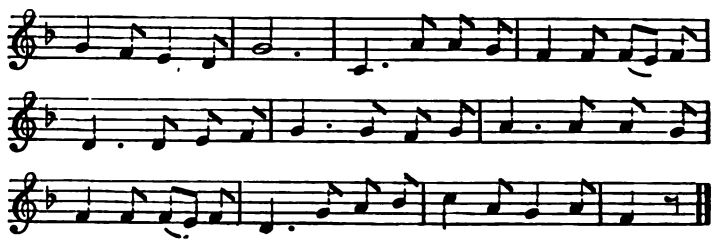
The sails are set of the gallant brig,
On deck the sailor sings, regardless of the future ;
But with his gaze fixed on the bitter wave one is silently crying,
For on the shore he sees his mother weeping and blessing her child.

One day, alas ! bread failed the desolate family,
And into the isolated cabin, already hunger in its horror has entered,
But Peter runs towards the port, sells himself, and comes back weeping,
" Mother," says he, " no more pain, embrace and bless thy child ! "

Departed to far distant climes, wandering over the foaming plain,
After a stormy voyage, the good Peter never comes back ;
And on the lonely shore washed by the incoming tide,
Each day sees the poor mother praying and weeping for her child.

The story of " Pauvre Pierre " is an undoubted forecastle favourite with Jack in France.

This is another very favourite song in Provence with the fishermen :—

LI MARTEGAN.

In a course of more than a hundred and eighty leagues, the "corn-coloured river," as an old chronicle calls the Loire, flows through meadows, vineyards, woods, and great cities, without once finding a barren or a desert spot. From its source to the sea, on either side, the eye sees only flocks feeding, chimneys smoking, and ploughmen who seem singing at their ploughs. The stream glides noiselessly over its sandy bed among islets nodding their plumes of osier, willow, and poplar. In all the landscape there is a delightful though rather unvarying softness, a subdued quiet, which gives to everything around you that attractiveness which is somehow always found with affluence and ease. It is almost a piece of Arcadia, with more water and less scud. Upon the river dwell a race who partake of its character. They have not the jeering turbulence of the Seine boatmen, nor the sullen fierceness of those of the Rhône, nor the heaviness of the men who navigate the Rhine. The bargeman of the Loire is of a peaceful disposition; vigorous without coarseness, and merry without excess, he lets his life flow on through things as he finds them, like the water which carries him between its fertile banks. With a few exceptions, he has no restraints of locks, no hard labour at the oar, no tedious towing work to undergo. The wind, which finds free course through the immense basin of the river, enables him to sail both up and down. Standing at the enormous helm, the boatmaster attends only to the course of the barge, while his mates help it along by "spurring" the bottom of the water with iron-shod poles. At intervals, a few words are exchanged

in the loud tone of people accustomed to talk in the open air; the youngster hums the famous song of "The Bargemen of the Loire;" the barge that meets them gets a merry cheer as it passes, or gives them some useful bit of news; and in this way they all reach the evening's anchorage, where the crews who have had equal luck of wind and tide during the day, meet together at the public-house patronized by "the River Service."

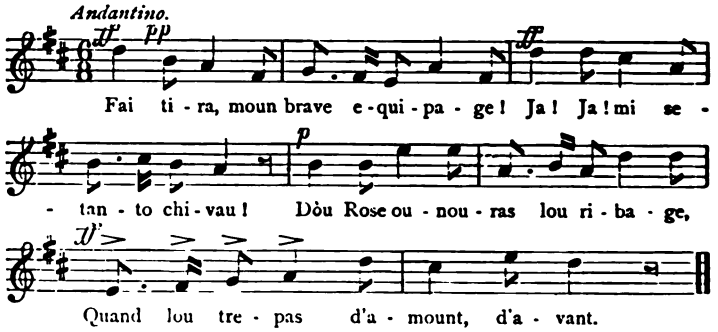
The following verses are often to be heard sung by these bargemen, rarely twice to the same tune, sometimes an opera air is used, anon a hymn tune, anything that adapts itself to the singer's feelings and the rhythm of the words.

I do not know whether it is generally known that the *Vaudeville* is really an early form of French water-song. It originated with the workmen of a fuller of *Vau de Vire*, or the valley by the River Vire; these men used to sing while spreading their cloths on the banks of the river, usually the subject was some incident or adventure of the day, and thus from Vau de Vire we get the Vaudeville. It seems strange that so rustic a custom should have originated the gayest songs of France. The Sanjaneus are credited with the authorship of this comical little song:—

"Fisher, fishing in the sea;
Fish my mistress up for me.
Fish her up before she drowns
Thou shalt have four hundred crowns.
Fish her for me dead and cold
Thou shalt have my all in gold."

The following famous song of the Rhône I have given in its entirety, as it is well deserving of the space it takes up. It is "Le Revestidon, ou Les Equipages du Rhône"—"The Revestidon, or the Boats' Crews of the Rhône." The Revestidon means one of the pontoons for embarking and debarking from the steamboats which ply between Lyons and Avignon. I am again indebted to Monsieur Borel for his translation of the Provençal version; indeed, what

Monsieur Sébillot has done for me in Brittany and the North of France generally, Monsieur Borel has done in Provence and the South. Had all my applications for information respecting the sailors' and fishermen's songs of a country met with one half the courtesy and extremely kind help that have been shown them in France, I should have found my task a much less formidable undertaking; it is, perhaps, by contrasting the unresponsive and many times indifferent treatment of other nations that the kindness and cordiality of the land of the arrowy Rhône, and corn-coloured Loire, stands out in such shining characters.

DELILLE. **LOU REVESTIDON.** G. BOREL.

Andantino.
Fai ti - ra, moun brave e - qui - pa - ge! Ja! Ja! mi se -
- tan - to chi - vau! Dòu Rose ou - nou - ras lou ri - ba - ge,
Quand lou tre - pas d'a - mount, d'a - vant.

FRENCH VERSION.

Fais tirer, mon brave équipage !
Mes septante chevaux, filez !
Du Rhône, il est fier le rivage,
Quand bravement vous le foulez !

C'est ainsi que, droit comme un cierge,
A l'avant du maître-bateau,
Crie : A l'eau ! sous l'œil de la Vierge !
Le patron ôtant son chapeau.

Là ! fais tirer ! les chefs répètent,
Là ! Là ! Là ! mes chevaux vaillants ;
Tandis qu'en l'air les fouets claquèsent,
Vos pieds ont des éclairs brillants.

ENGLISH VERSION.

Pull ! my brave crew,
My seventy horses, shoot by ;
The strand of the Rhône is proud
When you valiantly crowd by.

It is thus, straight as a taper,
In front of the principal boat,
That the coxswain, lifting his cap
Under the eye of the Virgin cries,
"Take the water."

"There, pull," the other masters repeat,
"There, there, there, my valiant horses;
Whilst in the air the whips are cracking
Your feet are going like lightning.

Grands, beaux, et forts, pleins de souplesse,
Jarrets tendus, suants, courbés,
La maille, à la barque maîtresse,
Par quatre vous tient accouplés.

Et contre l'eau le train remonte,
A la file les bateaux vont ;
Il vente, il pleut, rien ne vous dompte,
Pluie et soleil rien ne vous font.

Suivant les sentes marinières,
L'on vous voit piaffer et nager ;
Vous traversez ruisseaux, rivières,
Sans jamais vous décourager.

Et soit d'Arles, soit de Beaucaire,
De Tarascon ou d'Avignon,
Vous amenez, n'arrêtant guère,
Le chargement jusqu'à Lyon.

Que de villes, que de villages,
Que de montagnes, de châteaux,
Les marins, pendant ces voyages,
Ont vus du pont de leurs bateaux !

Tout en naviguant, leurs pensées
A ceux qu'ils ont laissés seulets,
S'en vont, doucement caressées,
Des femmes aux enfantelots.

Mais voici l'endroit difficile,
Le Revestidon redouté,
Chevaux, allez d'un pas tranquille,
Et ne marchez point à côté.

Les six bateaux, on les sépare,
Et deux par deux ils sont passés,
Chevaux et gens, dans la bagarre,
Luttant contre eau, sable et fossés.

Preparés au mauvais passage,
Bravement ils en sont sortis,
Et les marins, selon l'usage,
Dissent, "Nous sommes revesti !"

Puis la troupe s'en est allée
Vers le plus grand mas du terroir ;
Sous les peupliers de l'allée,
A la Durbane on va s'asseoir.

Big, beautiful, strong and supple,
With legs distended, sweating and bent,
The ring to the principal boat,
By four together holds you coupled.

And against the tide the train remounts,
In file the boats go by ;
It may blow, it may rain, but nothing stops you,
Rain and sun are all one to you.

Following the mariner's path
One can see you pawing and swimming,
Over streams and rivers you go
With an almost indomitable courage."

Be it from Arles, or Beaucaire,
From Tarascon or Avignon,
You take the cargo to Lyons,
Scarely without stopping.

What numbers of towns and villages,
What mountains, what castles,
Must the sailors have seen
From the bridge of their boats during these voyages !

As they sail their thoughts fly
To those whom they have left all alone.
Their thoughts fly as softly caressed
As women caress their children.

But here comes the most difficult part,
The Revestidon so feared,
"Horses ! go, step quietly,
And don't walk to the side."

The six boats are then separated,
And two by two they pass it ;
Horses and men in the hubbub
Fighting against water, sand, and ditches.

Prepared for the bad passage,
Bravely they come through it,
And the sailors, according to custom,
Say, "We are revesti."

Then the troops go off
Towards the biggest farm in the district ;
Under the poplars of the walks,
At the Durbane they go and sit down.

On trouve là superbe étable ;
Cent chevaux n'y seraient point mal.
On y boit le vin délectable
De Chateauneuf, le vin papal.

Et la table est si bien servie !
Plus d'un s'en donne tout son soûl.
Oh ! la nuit est bientôt finie !
L'on est si joyeux chez "Pécoul !"

A la paresse cherchant noise,
Il faut regagner les bateaux ;
Adieu, donc, la belle bourgeoise !
A Lyon nous serrons bientôt.

Et la rejane, la grand maille,
Et tous chevaux sont rattachés ;
Bêtes et gens, chacun travaille,
Tout attentifs, l'on voit penchés.

Patron et second à la poupe,
De vin point on ne manquera ;
Le petit mousse fait la soupe ;
A son tour chacun dormira.

Et de nouveau file la troupe
De chevaux, d'hommes doux et forts ;
Il va peinant, le vaillant groupe,
Sans jamais se plaindre du sort.

Son voyage est comme la vie :
Tristesse et gaieté, froid et chaud ;
Les jours passent, l'œuvre est finie :
Au bout du travail le repos. . .

"Fais tirer, mon brave équipage ;
Mes septante chevaux, filez,
Du Rhône il est fier le rivage,
Quand bravement vous le foulez."

There they find superb stabling ;
A hundred horses would not do badly in it.
They drink delectable wine,
Chateauneuf, the papal wine.

And the table is so well served,
More than one drinks his fill !
Ah ! ah ! the night is soon over,
One is so joyful at "Pécoul's !"

With idleness they soon quarrel,
They must regain the boats ;
"Good-bye, then, pretty peasant !
At Lyons we soon shall be."

And then the rejane, the great maille !
And all horses are harnessed ;
Beasts and men, each one works,
All attention one sees them.

Coxswain and second mate at the stern,
No one will want for wine ;
The little cabin-boy makes the soup ;
In his turn each will sleep.

And again the troop files along,
Of horses and men, weak and strong ;
It goes labouring, the valiant group,
Without complaining of their lot.

Their voyage is like life :
Sadness and gaiety, cold and heat ;
The days go by, the work is finished :
At the end of labour comes rest.

"Pull, then, my noble crew ;
My seventy horses, fly ;
The strand of the Rhone is proud
When bravely you crowd by."

When the boatmen of the Rhône wished to indicate to which side of the river the train of boats had to go, to right or to left, they cried "Reiaume" or "Empeire," because in the Middle Ages the banks on the right of the Rhône were the possessions of the kings of France, and on the left were the provinces of our actual France, taken from the Empire of Germany.

The ancient crews for remounting the course of the Rhône were often composed of six or seven boats, and of sixty to ninety horses. These animals were coupled by fours together, and the great "Maio," the "Réjano," the

"Carato," &c., were the principal cables and tow-ropes that tied the horses to the boats. They designated, under the names of front winds and back winds, the first and the last horse of the file of those horses of the towing-path. Each quadriga with its "baile" or conductor, and the conductor of the foremost quadriga, were named "baile premier."

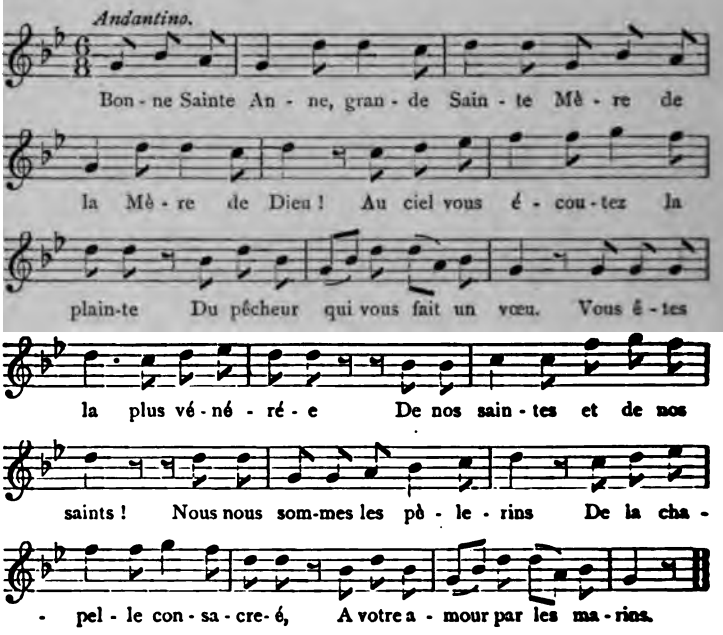
The Durbane was a large farm, with beautiful shady walks of poplars and elms. It was in the old days a public-house of considerable dimensions and repute, and "Joseph Pécoul," who is alluded to in one of the verses, was the last of the great publicans of the Durbane.

Perhaps I may be permitted to quote some verses from Guillaume de la Landelle's dedicatory poem to sailors, with which he prefaces his "Le Gaillard d'Avant."

Matelots, bon peuple marin, Votre ronde gaîeté m'est chère, Car je suis un ami sincère Et quelque peu votre cousin.	Sailors, brave sons of the ocean, Your sunny nature pleases me, For I am your sincere friend, Your cousin I might almost be.
J'ai partagé votre destin Et vu de près votre misère, Je sais qu'une chanson légère A bord dissipe le chagrin.	I have often shared your lot And have seen you in your pain, And I know how much on board May be done by some joyous strain.
Et c'est pourquoi j'ai fait ce livre Recueilli dans vos nobles cœurs, Au gaillard d'avant je le livre.	And that is why I have written this book Of the songs that live in your noble hearts, And I inscribe it to the "Foc'sle Head."
Vous en êtes les vrais auteurs ; Moi, j'ai simplement mis en rimes Vos franches vertus maritimes.	You are really the authors of it ; I have simply put in rhyme The frank simplicity of your sailor life.
J'emprunte à votre magasin Tous mes airs; pouvais-je mieux faire ? Et dans votre vocabulaire Je navigue mon droit chemin.	I borrow from your varied store All my tunes ; could I do better ? And through your strange vernacular Keep to the very letter.

De la Landelle seems to have been to France what Mr. Clarke Russell is to England at the present time, namely, the true chronicler of the sailors' sayings and doings, and the genuine historian of the curiosities and credulities of the foc'sle-head and the galley fire. De la Landelle's volume

("Poëmes et Chants Marins") is the nearest approach to Dibdin's style of writing of any that I have found, and is full of songs that are often to be heard on the decks of French ships; some few of them may be said to be of the genuine chanty type. He also published a very interesting volume, "Le Langage des Marins," which gives ample evidence of the study he has made of seamen and of their extraordinary vernacular.

The following is the French fishermen's "Hymn to Saint Anne":—

Andantino.
Bon - ne Sainte An - ne, gran - de Sain - te Mè - re de
la Mè - re de Dieu! Au ciel vous é - cou - tez la
plain-te Du pêcheur qui vous fait un vœu. Vous ê - tes
la plus vé - né - ré - e De nos sain - tes et de nos
saints! Nous nous som-mes les pè - le - rins De la cha -
- pel - le con - sa - cre - é, A votre a - mour par les ma - rins.

"Good Saint Anne, great Saint Anne,
Mother of the mother of God!
In heaven you list to the pleading
Of the fisherman who calls on you.
You are the most revered of all our saints,
We are pilgrims of the chapel consecrated
To your love by the seamen."

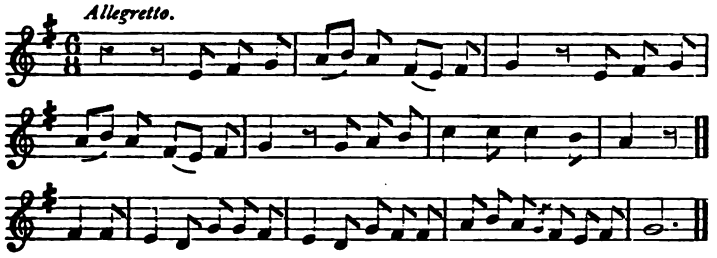
"Les Enfants de la Mer" is a favourite rowing-song:—

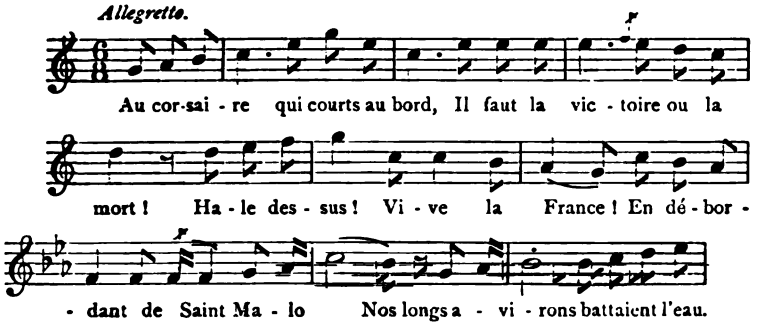
FRENCH VERSION.

"Dis-moi, mon vieux, dis-moi pourquoi
Tu ris en douceur à part toi?"
"C'est que je répète à part moi:
Chante, chante,
L'ardeur vaillante,
L'air calme et fier
Des enfants de la mer!"

ENGLISH VERSION.

"Tell me, my old friend, tell me why
You sit and softly laugh by yourself?"
"It is because I am repeating to myself:
Sing, sing,
Of the valiant strength,
The calm, proud bearing
Of the sons of the sea!"

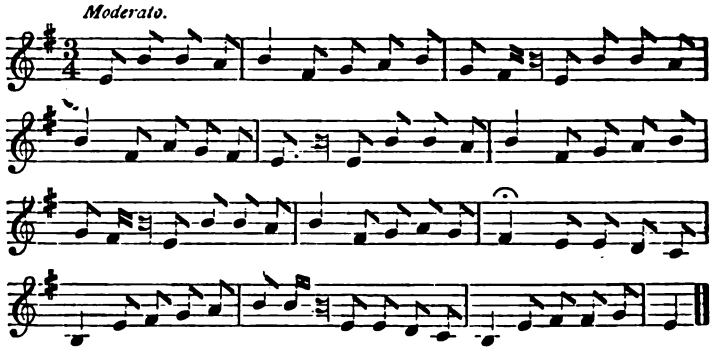
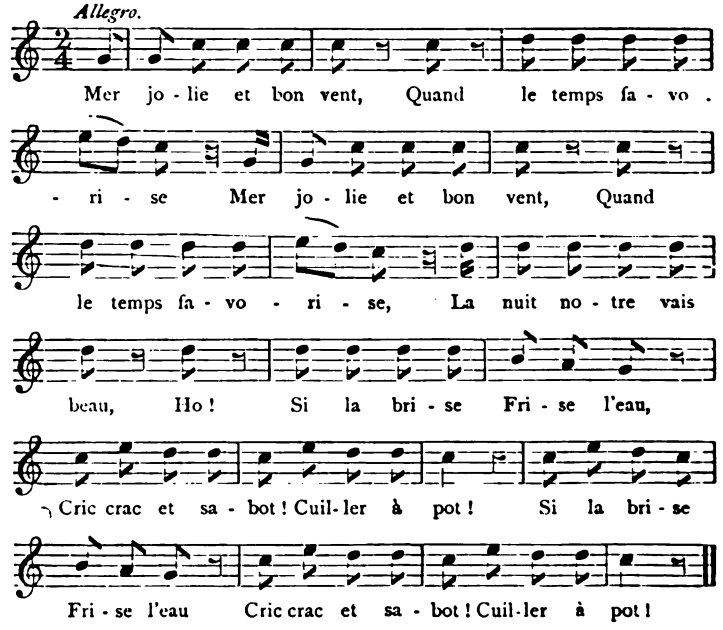
CHANSON POUR RAMER.

"La Corsairienne" is another favourite rowing-song:—

CHANT POUR RAMER.

Allegretto.
Au cor-sai - re qui courts au bord, Il faut la vic - toire ou la
mort! Ha - le des - sus! Vi - ve la France! En dé - bor -
- dant de Saint Ma - lo Nos longs a - vi - rons battaient l'eau.

English Version.

"For the pirate who goes on board
There must be victory or death!
Hallo there, feather gently,
Vive la France!

When we come alongside of St. Malo
Our long oars sweep the waters."

Both the following are used as *Splicing Songs* by French sailors :—

LE BRIG BLACK.

Allegro.
Mer jo - lie et bon vent, Quand le temps fa - vo .
- ri - se Mer jo - lie et bon vent, Quand
le temps fa - vo - ri - se, La nuit no - tre vais
beau, Ho ! Si la bri - se Fri - se l'eau,
Cric crac et sa - bot ! Cuil - ler à pot ! Si la bri - se
Fri - se l'eau Cric crac et sa - bot ! Cuil - ler à pot !

I could not attempt a translation of this last; it is essentially French, almost a Vaudeville in character, and possessing as sole merit the gaiety which is inseparable from that class of French song. To France, I think, belongs the distinction of having produced some of the saddest and most of the brightest songs in the world. They have a saying that, "A song without its tune is a bird without its wings" ("Un chanson sans son air est un oiseau sans ses ailes"), and it is peculiarly true of their songs; words and music are so absolutely wedded, that to sever them is to lose half their beauty. But, sad or gay, they are all dear to the song-loving French, and from the haunting sorrow that breathes through every line of Alfred de Musset's "Rappelle-Toi",—

"Rappelle-toi quand l'aurore craintive,"

to

"Au clair de la lune,
Mon ami Pierrot,
Prêtes-moi ta plume
Pour écrire un mot!"

all are beloved, all are popular, on sea and on shore; and so, quoting the words of the French "King of Songsters," Béranger, I bid adieu to the blue-jackets of that country:—

"Go, then, and let the rising race through thee that history know;
Be thou a pilot to their bark, the rocks and sands to show;
And if perchance the pride of France some day they help to raise,
Go, in their beams of glory warm thine own declining days;
Adieu then, songs, adieu!"

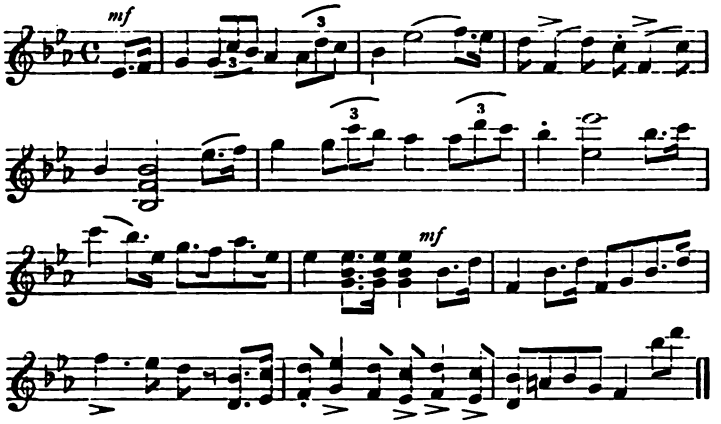
Farewell Songs.

ITALIAN SAILORS', NEAPOLITAN FISHERMEN'S, AND VENETIAN GONDOLIERS' SONGS.

"'Tis sweet to hear
At midnight, on the blue and moonlit deep,
The song and oar of Adria's gondolier,
By distance mellowed, o'er the waters sweep."
A Bunch of Sweets.—BYRON.

"And over the rest,
Italia's peerless compositions."
WALT WHITMAN.

ITALIAN FISHERMEN'S AND SAILORS' SONGS.

ITALIAN HYMN.

EVERY child from his cradle upwards has heard of Italy as the land of music. The world is indebted to it for all that makes the beauty of the art, and for much of its science. Overflowing with natural beauty, rich in historical associations, and in relics which set these forth, peopled by those who are brimful of natural aptitude and that quick nervous sensibility which is so important an element of musical genius, who does not look to Italy as the "Land of Harmony," with its fascinating coast-line, its northern lakes, Naples with its beautiful bay, and Venice with its lazy lagoons?

What music in France owes to the intellectual predilec-

tions of the people, in Italy is due to the strong emotions and passionate nature of her natives. In Italy the maritime population amounts to 225,000, of this the greater part are fishermen, though a large number man the Genoese barques in the general carrying trade.

The songs of the fishermen and Lazzaroni of Naples are full of whimsical nonsense and impudence, many of them are merely the popular tunes of the day ; but, like those of Venice, the sound of the boat, with its cadence of rowers, is ever and again heard.

The Mediterranean sailor is popularly supposed to chant snatches of opera over his fishing-nets ; but, after all, his is only a larger sort of lake, with water of a questionable saltness. Sir John Hamner's exquisite sonnet, "The Finmara," or "The Old Fisher," is an admirable picture of those poor creatures, whose living, if it may be so called, is made by fishing for a few sardines in the blue waters of the Mediterranean :—

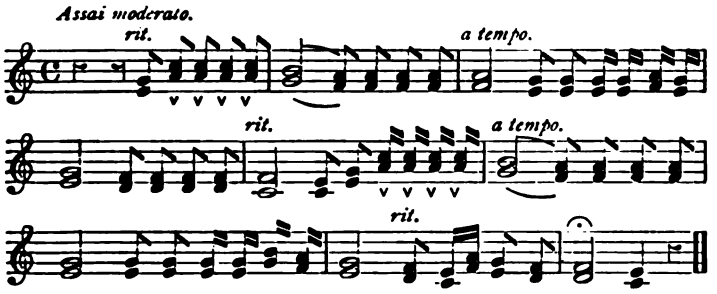
"Thou art a fisher of Mazorbo ; lone,
Drifting a usual shadow o'er the sea,
With thine old boat, that like a barkless tree
Creaks in the wind a pitiless dreary moan;
And there thy life and all thy thoughts have flown,
Pouncing on crabs in shallows, till thy knees
Crooked as theirs, now halt unsteadily,
Going about to move the anchor-stone ;
And when the waves roll inward from the east,
Takest thy net, and for some few sardines
Toil'st in the morning's wild and chilly ray.
Then dost thou go to where yon bell-tower leans,
And in the sunshine sit, the poor man's feast,
Else abstinent in thy poverty, all the day."

Mazorbo, a sea-port of Sicily, where is often witnessed the approach of the *Marobea*, a violent agitation of the sea, announced by the stillness in the atmosphere and a lurid

sky. The Mediterranean can furnish dangerous enough storms upon occasion, and far worse than storms, the terrible white squall which lies ambushed under sunny skies, and leaps unawares upon the doomed vessel. But the Mediterranean is not the deep sea, nor has it produced the best and boldest navigators, therefore, although we still seek the sources of our maritime law amid the rock-poised huts (once palaces) of Amalfi, we must go elsewhere for our true songs of the sea.

"Borne on
Beyond Sorrento and Amalfi, where
The siren waits thee, singing song for song."

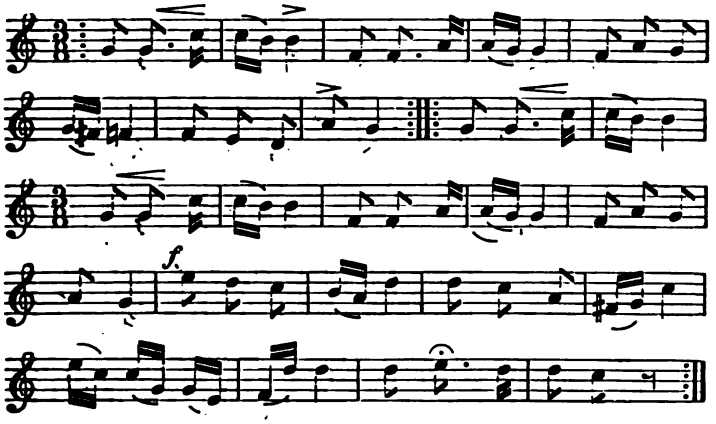
The following song of the well-known composer of Italian popular songs—Paolo Tosti—is a great favourite with the sailors of Italy:—

PERCHÈ VUOI TU FIDAS LA BARCA AL MARE.

At least, this is the title by which the song is known, but the sailors will improvise their own words to the air, probably of some droll, lazy, impudent nature, such as delight the hearts of the fishermen of that town of glorious colours, softest lights, and sweetest sounds—Naples.

In a very able article (in the *Atlantic Monthly* of October, 1858), entitled the "Language of the Sea," we learn how much we are indebted to Italy for the language that

is known as that of the sea. "Upon the Italian main the words 'tack' and 'sheet,' 'prow' and 'poop,' were first heard; and those most important terms by which the law of the marine highway is given—'starboard' and 'larboard.' For if, after the Italian popular method, we contract the words 'questo bordo' (this side) and 'quello bordo' (that side) into *sto bordo* and *lo bordo*, we have the roots of our modern phrases. And so the term 'port,' which in naval usage supersedes 'larboard,' is the abbreviated *porta lo timone* (carry the helm), which, like the same term in military usage, 'port arms,' seems traditionally to suggest the left hand. The three masts of a ship are known as 'fore,' 'main,' and 'mizzen;' of these, the first is English, the second, Norman-French, and the third, Italian (mezzano). Your seaman's tongue is a true bed of Procrustes for the unhappy words that roll over it. They are docked without mercy, or now and then, when not properly mouth-filling, they are 'spliced' with a couple of vowels. It is impossible to tell the whys and wherefores of sea-prejudices. . . . Sailors have indeed a passion for metamorphosing words, especially proper names. The *Bellerophon* of the British navy was always known as the *Bully-Ruffian*,' and the *Ville de Milan*, a French prize, as the '*Wheel 'em along*.' . . . For the sea has a language, beyond a peradventure, an exceedingly arbitrary, technical, and perplexing one, unless it be studied with the illustrated grammar of the full-rigged ship before one, with the added commentaries of the sea and the sky and the coast-chart. To learn to speak it requires about as long as to learn to converse passably in French, Italian, or Spanish, and unless it be spoken well, it is exceedingly absurd to any appreciative listener."

If Italy then is not rich in sea-songs, she is at least the nurse or foster-mother of many sea-terms which play an important part in those songs that are sung on board vessels of other nationality.

SANTA LUCIA.

This well-known song is often sung by the fishermen of Naples, the gondoliers of Venice, and Italian seamen generally. It is truly of the barcarolla type, and seems thoroughly suited to water pursuits. I give the translation of the words—

ITALIAN VERSION.	ENGLISH VERSION.
Sul mare lucia	Over the ocean
L'astro d'argento,	Night's star is beaming,
Placida è l'onda	With every motion
Prospero è il vento,	Bright waves are gleaming.
Vente all' agile	Over the ocean
Barchetta mia,	Night's star is beaming,
Santa Lucia !	With every motion
Santa Lucia !	Bright waves are gleaming.
Vente all' agile,	Sweet voices ringing,
Barchetta mia,	Gaily are singing,
Santa Lucia !	Santa Lucia !
Santa Lucia !	Santa Lucia !
Con questo zeffiro,	Sea gently flowing,
Coti soave,	Sweet music's measure,
Oh ! com' è bello,	Wind softly blowing,
Star tu la nave !	How pure a pleasure !
Sie passaggieri	Sea gently flowing,
Venite via.	Sweet music's measure,
Santa Lucia !	Wind softly blowing,
Santa Lucia !	How pure a pleasure.
	Santa Lucia !
	Santa Lucia !
Mare si placido	While gaily ringing
Vento si caro	Sweet voices singing,
Scordar fa i triboli	Santa Lucia !
Al marinaro.	Santa Lucia !

E va gridando,
Con allegria,
Santa Lucia !
Santa Lucia !

O dolce Napoli,
O tuol beato,
Ave sorridere,
Volle il creato.
Tu sei l' impeso,
Dell' armonia,
Santa Lucia !
Santa Lucia !

While gaily ringing
Sweet voices singing,
Santa Lucia !
Santa Lucia !

Naples the fairest,
Thy shores perfuming,
Earth's flowers the fairest
Ever are blooming.
Where gaily ringing
Sweet voices singing
Santa Lucia !
Santa Lucia !

The following charming song is well known as a boatman's favourite ; it is " The Amalfi Boatmen's Serenade " :—

LA FATA DI AMALFI.

ITALIAN VERSION.

Chiagnaro-rò la la mia sventura
Si non tuorne chiù, Rosella !
Tu d' Amalfi la chiù bella,
Tuna Fata sì peme !
Viene viè, regina mia ;
Viene, curre a chi-sto core, ca non c' è,
Non c' è no sciore,
Non c' è stella comm' a te !

Co chi parlo ? Ahi sconsolato !
Addò sta la rosa mia ?
S' è sfrunnata pe la via,
E chiù addore non me dà !
No signore la vedette,
So tre mise ch' è scappata ;
Ma co tutto ch' è na sgrata
Non la pozzo io maie scordà !

La matina che pe tiempo,
Vaco a Napole mbarchetta,
Pare tanno che m' aspetta
E la mano me vo dà !
Quanno po lo cielo scura,
Ed io vaco pe piscare,
Miezo à l' onne de lo mare,
Veco pure che sta là !

E turnanno, a la capanna,
La saluto a lo barcone,
E la solita canzona
Taco tanno pe cantà :
Viene viè, turì na stella,
Vu d' Amalfi sì la fata ;
Ma la rosa s' è sfrunnata,
Ed io l' aggio da scorda !

THE FAIRY OF AMALFI.

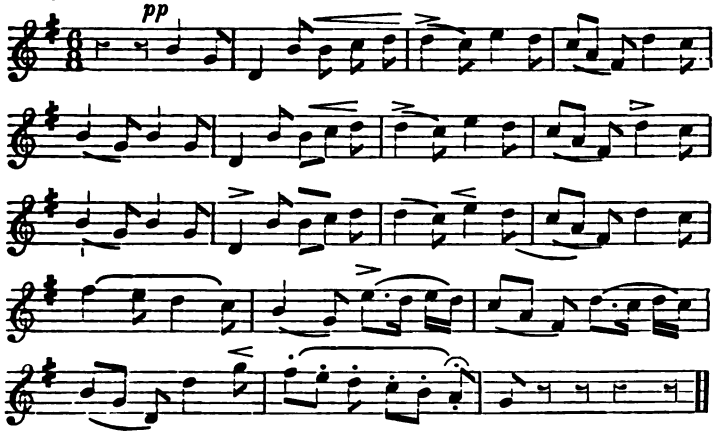
ENGLISH VERSION.

I'll bewail my misfortune
If thou returnest not, Rosella !
Thou, the fairest of Amalfi,
Art indeed a fairy to me.
Come, come my queen,
Come fly to this heart ;
There is no flow'r to compare with thee,
Nor a star like as thou art !

With whom do I speak ? Alas ! disconsolate,
Where is my rose to be found ?
It has been plucked by the way,
Its odour no longer floats round.
Won by the gaze of a master,
It is three months now since she fled ;
But although thus cruel to me
Her memory is not dead.

When on every morning early,
I with my boat to Naples go ;
It seems to me that she'll be waiting,
To put her hand in mine—just so !
Then when the sky is darkened,
And I to the fishing must be,
Even amongst the waves of the ocean
That woman appears to me !

And when returning to the cottage,
I salute the pretty thing,
And the usual canzonetta
Beneath her balcony sing :
Come, come, thou art the star,
Thou of Amalfi art the fairy ;
But the rose is now culled,
And of loving her I must be chary.

The Neapolitan dialect, in which most of these fishermen's and boatmen's songs are written, is so difficult to translate, literally and at the same time rhythmically, that the latter has many times to be sunk in the endeavour to accomplish the former. This song of "The Fairy of Amalfi" may be taken as a very fair specimen of the watermen's ditties of Italy.

THE BOATMAN'S FAREWELL TO NAPLES.

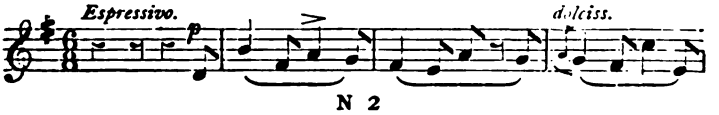
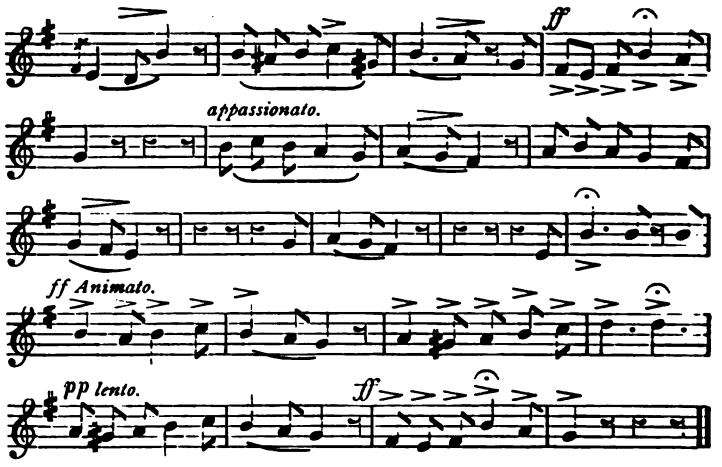
ITALIAN VERSION.

Nce simmo a la partenza,
To me ne vaco addio ;
Napole bello mio,
Non te vedraggio chiù !
Quanto ne' è de chiù caro
Dinto de te se nzerra,
Addio, addio, no paraviso nterra,
Napole mio, si tu ! Ah ! no paraviso nterra, .
Napole mio !

D' ammore chi me ncontra
Che vo parlà me pare ;
L' aria, le bie, lo mare
Me parleno purzi,
A chiagnere me vene,
Napole bello addio ; addio, addio,
Lo paraviso mio, sempe pe me tu si !
Ah ! lo paraviso mio sempe me tu si !

ENGLISH VERSION.

I am ready to depart,
I go far away, good-bye ;
Oh ! Naples, my own,
I'll see thee no more.
Whatever is most beloved
Is hidden in thy bosom,
Good-bye, good-bye ; a paradise on earth
Naples, mine thou art,
Good-bye, good-bye !

Every one I meet, with love
Methinks will wish to speak ;
The heavens, the earth, the sea,
Also with love will speak to me.
The wish to cry comes over me,
Beautiful Naples, good-bye !
The paradise for me
Thou wilt always be.

FENESTA VASCIA.

The song known as the Neapolitan "Water-Carrier's Song" may be perhaps deserving of a place in a collection of the "Music of the Waters." "The Closed Window," or "Fenesta Vascia":—

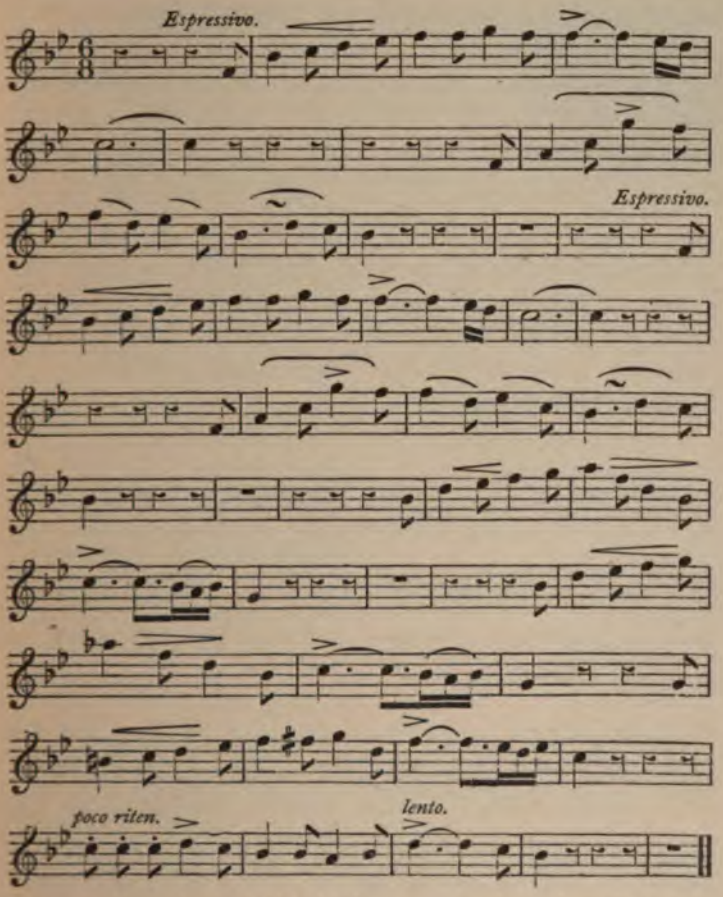
ITALIAN VERSION.

Fenesta vascia, e patrona crudele,
Quanta sospire m' aje fatto jetare?
M' arde sto core comm' a na cannela,
Bella a quanno te sento annomenare!
O je piglia la sperienzia de la neve!
La neve è fredda e se fa maniare;
E tu comme sì tant' aspra e crudele!
Muorto mme vide e non mme vuo ajutare.

Vorria asseventare no piccinotto
Co na lancella a ghire vennenno acqua,
Pe mme nne ì da chiste palazzuotte,
Belle femmene meja, a chi vò acqua?
Se vota na nennella da la 'ncoppa:
Chi è sto ninno che va vennenno acqua?
E io responno co parole accorte,
So lagreme d' ammore, e non è acqua!

ENGLISH VERSION.

Closed window! Ah, cruel mistress,
How many sighs have you made me heave?
My heart burns like a candle
Whenever, sweet, your name they breathe!
Alas! ungrateful one, learn from the snow,
Which is tractable though cold;
But thou, how severe and cold thou art!
Were I dying, to save me not sufficiently bold.

I wish I could become a pretty lad,
And with a can go selling water,
Then under every balcony I'd shout,
My pretty maids! who wishes water?
So, that perchance, the fairest one might ask,
Who is that youth, who is selling water?
And in a few short words I'd say,
Tears of love it is, but no, not water!

The pretty idea of this little poem seems almost lost in the English version, certes one may translate Neapolitan songs into our own cold, stately language; but the softly-rounded phrases sound meaningless and harsh. One cannot translate the passionate *abandon* of the Neapolitan's love-songs, nor the sunny impudence of those which treat of other matters. We may bring the sprig of Edelweiss from the lofty heights of the Alps, and expect it to flourish in a back garden in Bloomsbury, and we may sing the Neapolitan song to the piano in our chilly northern land; but we

cannot put into it all the life, and fire, and sweetness, that makes it the thing of beauty it is, when it has the guitar for accompaniment, the soft liquid Italian syllables for words, and the bright, warm sun and turquoise bay to lend it the subtle charm of colour.

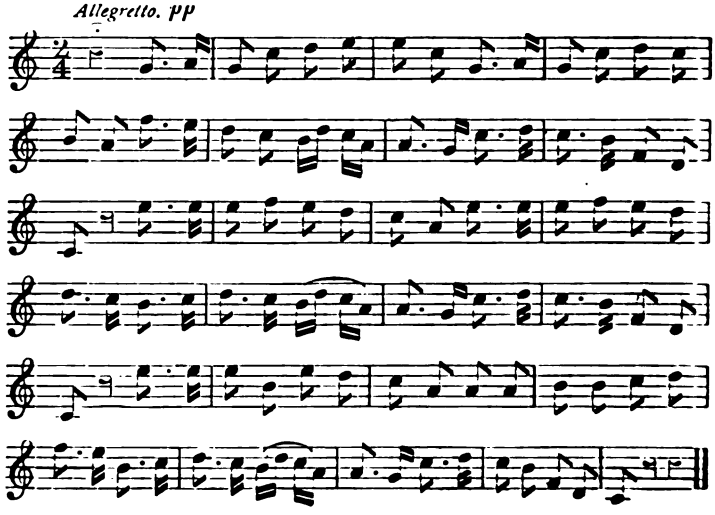
LA CAROLINA:

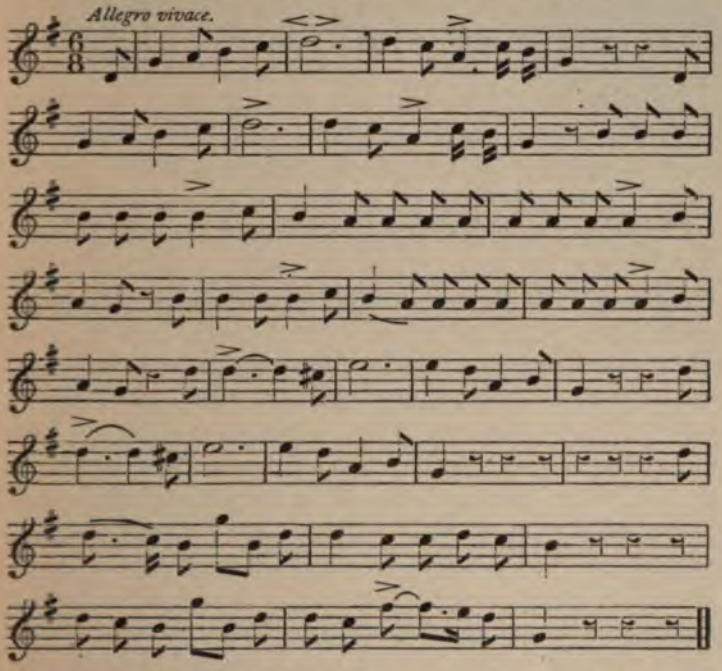
"La Carolina" or "Caroline" is a favourite with the Venetian gondoliers, as well as with the boatmen of Naples. The verses are so stupid that I feel tempted to suppress them, one verse may be perhaps enough to show the maudlin sentiment of them :—

ITALIAN VERSION.

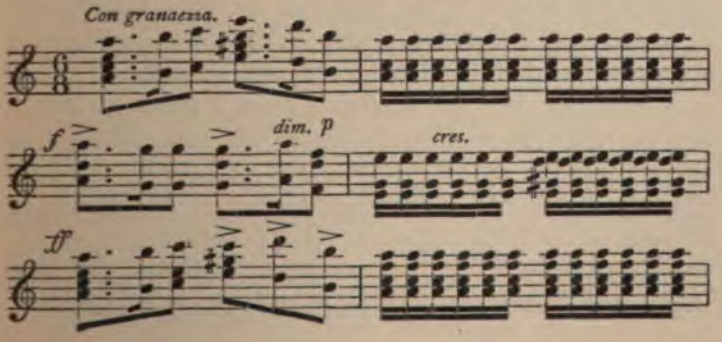
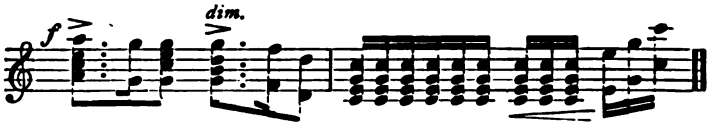
Aggio visto na figliola,
Bell' assaje e graziosa,
Tutt' acconcia e vrucculosa, Uh !
Che zuccaro che d' è ! Quant' è doce chella vocca,
Quant' è bello chillo riso !
Tu te cride mparadiso quanno sta vicino a te,
Quant' è bello chillo viso. Quant' è doce chillo riso !
Tu te cride mparadiso quanno sta vicino a tte !

ENGLISH VERSION.

I a girl have seen,
Very pretty and very graceful,
All neatness, and oh ! so kind,
A piece of sugar she is to my mind !
Oh, how sweet is that mouth !
Oh, how dear is that smile !
Thou wouldst think thyself in Paradise
Were she near thee but a while !

NEAPOLITAN FISHERMAN'S SONG.



The preceding song is the oldest Neapolitan fisherman's favourite. There are no words recorded for it; doubtless they have not been thought worthy of preservation.

POPULAR NEAPOLITAN SONG.

Perhaps the most extraordinary men that my work of collecting the sailors' songs has led me amongst are some specimens of Italian seamen who visited me at home. I had often found it a difficult matter, and always one requiring some little tact, to induce the sailors to accept any gratuity for their trouble in singing. Sometimes, in the case of their coming to me, all they would deign to accept was their railway-fare from the neighbouring port where they happened to be staying ; but on the occasion of the visit of the before-mentioned Italians the case was quite different. One of them, a ferocious, black-browed, olive-skinned individual, I had made acquaintance with in the Infirmary, where he had been for some weeks owing to an accident to his leg. He could speak a little English, and after a few inquiries as to his accident, &c., I asked him if he could sing? The answer being satisfactory, I then proceeded to question him as to the sailors' songs. He appeared to understand me perfectly, and it was arranged that he should come and see me and sing some of his chanties, as soon as he was able to leave the Infirmary; the chaplain, with his usual kindness, volunteered to direct him. Weeks passed, and I had almost forgotten him, when one afternoon, sitting writing at the open window, I was startled by hearing what appeared to be a very violent altercation at the front door. Very foreign-sounding tongues seemed taking part in the disturbance, and three very foreign-looking faces greeted me as I went forward, to find the maid vainly endeavouring to understand the reason of this strange invasion. I must add that she was a stranger, and therefore not accustomed, as she very soon became, to the heterogeneous style of visitors who, in the persons of the various nationalities of sailors, found their way to me. One of the three, my infirmary acquaintance,

on catching sight of me, instantly shouted, "*Missie! missie!*" and, evidently thinking all difficulties removed by this recognition, marched in, followed by two *dreadful* specimens of the most swarthy, oily, evil-looking men I ever saw—rings through their noses, as well as in their ears, adding an unnecessary touch of barbarism to their already horrible appearance. As far as I could learn from the excited manner and disjointed English of the Italian, I gathered that they were Mexicans, but why he had brought them, or where he had found them, I could not make out. They could not speak a word of any language that I ever remember having heard before; I conclude it must have been some sort of low Spanish. I tried by every means in my power to induce the Italian to sing, but with no avail, he utterly refused, without money were first given him. I, of course, refused this, and told him he should certainly have money after his singing. This did not please him, and he, in his turn, tried coaxing,—

"Missie, give me just ten shilling, and me sing long time!"

"Just ten shillings, and you'll be off like a shot," was my thought. "No, no," I said. "Missie give you no ten shillings, and if you won't sing now, you may go; I have no time to wait for you to make up your mind any longer."

Just at this moment I became aware of the two Mexicans nodding sagaciously at each other and touching their heads, whilst they stared fixedly at mine, and then shouted something in their alarming language at the Italian; he in his turn looked at my head, then laughed. I could stand it no longer, and, truth to tell, I was beginning to be rather afraid of my visitors, and feeling that I should hail their departure with relief. I turned to ask him what all these signs and laughing meant, and he told me it was only astonishment at my hair not being black. "They only arrived this day," he added, "and have always been amongst the darkest people in the world."

To my utter amazement one of the Mexicans here burst in with,—

"Ya, ya! Missie have white hair!" (my hair being a light brown).

They all three laughed at this speech; the suddenness of the man's breaking into English when I had supposed him utterly ignorant of it prevented me answering, and the next minute they surrounded me with more cries for money; this time the Mexicans joining in this "Backsheesh" chorus. They became so uproarious in their demands, that I was obliged to ring for some one to help me to silence and be rid of them.

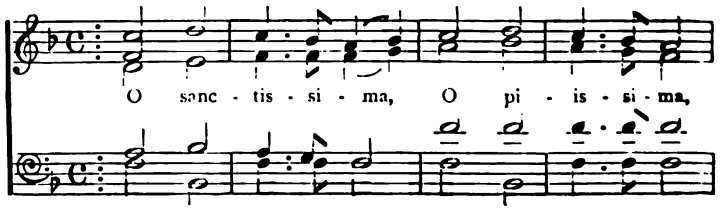
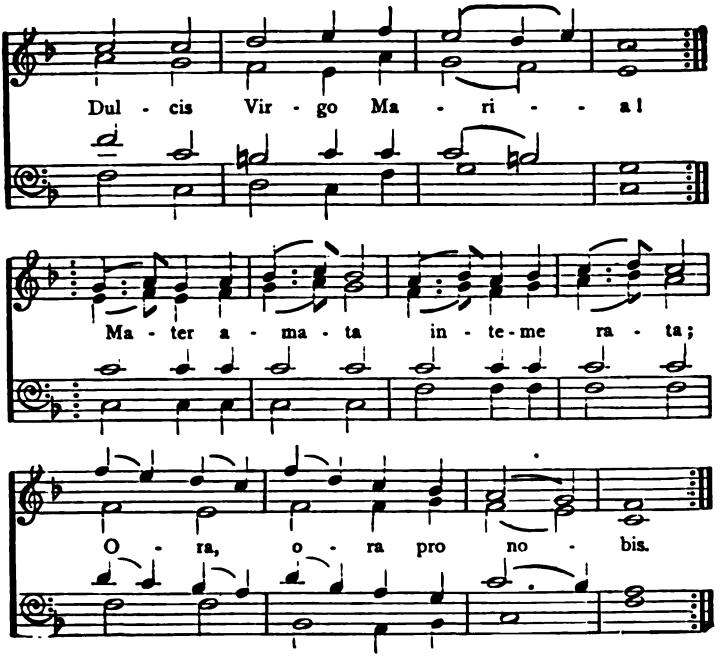
But this, as I before said, was quite an exception; as a rule, I had nothing whatever to complain of in the manners of any of my sailor-visitors. Sometimes the quaintest remarks and most droll compliments would slip out, and I have often had to refrain from smiling at the strangeness of attire some of them—such, for instance, as the Japanese—adopted; doubtless out of compliment to the English lady they came to see. I had often heard of the custom of oiling the face amongst semi-barbarous people, but I never expected to have this extra addition to the toilette made for my benefit, but I have even had that honour, and must admit I prefer good wholesome soap and water to the greasy compound employed in the ablutions of some of my visitors.

In a volume of the *Cornhill Magazine* (xlv. 1882) there is a charming description of the Venetian boatmen given in an article by Mr. J. A. Symonds, entitled "A Gondolier's Wedding." Mr. Symonds writes as one who is intimately acquainted with them, and refers several times during his account of the wedding festivities to the gondoliers' singing—"The great business of the evening began when the eating was over, and the decanters filled with new wine of Mirano circulated freely. . ." Antonio, who is a powerful young fellow, with bronzed cheeks and a perfect tempest of coal-black hair in flakes upon his

forehead, has a most extraordinary soprano, sound as a bell, strong as a trumpet, well-trained, and true to the least shade in intonation. Piero, whose rugged Neptunian features, sea-wrinkled, tell of a rough water-life, boasts a bass of resonant, almost pathetic quality. Francesco has a *mezza voce*, which might, by a stretch of politeness, be called baritone. . . . "Then they burst into full singing, Antonio leading with a metal note that thrilled one's ears, but still was musical. Complicated contrapuntal pieces, such as we should call madrigals, with ever reviving refrains of 'Venezia, gemma Triatica, sposa del mar,' descending probably from ancient days, followed each other in quick succession. Barcaroles, serenades, love-songs, and invitations to the water, were interwoven for relief. One of these romantic pieces had a beautiful burden, 'Dormi, o bella, o fingi di dormir,' of which the melody was fully worthy. But the most successful of all the tunes were two with a sad motive. The one repeated incessantly, 'Ohimé! Mia madre morì;' the other was a girl's love-lament, "Perchè tradirmi, perchè lasciarmi! prima d' amarmi non eri cosi!' All these were purely popular songs." Mr. Symonds then goes on to speak of the passionate love for operas, which exists amongst the Venetian watermen. "These operatic reminiscences had lost something of their theatrical formality, and assumed instead the serious gravity, the quaint movement, and marked emphasis which belong to popular music in Northern and Central Italy. An antique character was communicated even to the recitative of Verdi by slight, almost indefinable, changes of rhythm and accent." In conclusion, he says, "On all these occasions I have found these gondoliers the same sympathetic, industrious, cheery, affectionate folk. They live in many respects a hard and precarious life. The winter in particular is a time of anxiety and sometimes of privation, even to the well-to-do among them. Work then is scarce, and what there is, is rendered disagreeable to them by the cold. Yet they take

their chance with facile temper, and are not soured by hardships. The amenities of the Venetian sea and air, the healthiness of the lagoons, the cheerful bustle of the poorer quarters, the brilliancy of this southern sunlight, and the beauty which is everywhere apparent, must be reckoned as important factors in the formation of their character. And of that character, as I have said, the final note is playfulness. In spite of difficulties, their life has never been stern enough to sadden them. . . . On the other hand, their life has never been so lazy as to reduce them to the savagery of the traditional Neapolitan lazzaroni. They have had to work daily for small earnings, but under favourable conditions, and their labour has been lightened by much good fellowship among themselves, by the amusements of their *feste* and their singing clubs."

The fact of the Venetian boatmen chanting strophes of Tasso is mentioned again and again in books treating of the life on the lagoons. The gondoliers of Venice used to chant strophes of *Tasso* as they skimmed in and out of the lagoons; but that was in the days of Venice's historical prime, and the gondolier of the nineteenth century has come down to the level of other boatmen, and though still associated with all that is most romantic and poetical, he is content to ply his oars to the same inspiriting strains as his fellow-countrymen in Naples and elsewhere. On St. Mary's Day one may hear them chanting the well-known "Sicilian Mariners' Hymn":—

SICILIAN MARINERS' HYMN.

This is done in chorus, and very solemn it sounds, in the still, early morning, before the lazy stir, that is all Venice now knows of bustle, commences.

Perhaps of all strange water ceremonies the world has ever known, the strangest is (or rather was, for the year 1797 was the last in which it took place), that of the Doge of Venice marrying the Adriatic annually on Ascension Day, by dropping into it a ring from his *bucentaur*, or state barge, attended by all the nobility and ambassadors in gondolas.

The gondoliers improvise all kinds of songs on well-known arias and themes, to suit themselves. "One poor little creature," Mr. Chorley in his volume on "National Music" speaks of, "who was old enough to have seen something of better days in Venice, used to solace himself by piping out as he sculled along, or sat waiting on his steps for the passengers who so rarely

patronized him, a legend of the Virgin, which seemed to have no beginning or end, to a slow version of the valse movement closing the lovely concerted piece, 'O Guardaté,' from Rossini's 'Turco in Italia.' Many accidental sharps and flats were added to this, probably resulting from his extreme age and hunger; but, nevertheless, the monotonous repetition of this travestied melody seemed to afford him much comfort."

Byron in "Childe Harold's Pilgrimage" says:—

"In Venice, Tasso's echoes are no more;"

and in a note on this line in an early edition of Mr. Murray's, the following occurs: "The well-known song of gondoliers, of alternate stanzas from Tasso's 'Jerusalem,' has died with the independence of Venice. Editions of the poem, with the original on one column, and the Venetian variation on the other, as sung by the boatmen, were once common, and are still to be found; the following extract will serve to show the difference between the Tuscan epic and the *Canta alla Barcariola*:—

THE ORIGINAL.	VENETIAN VERSION.
Canto l' arme pietose, e 'l capitano	L' arme pietose de cantar gho vogia,
Che 'l gran Sepolcro libèro di Christo,	Ede goffredo la immortal braura
Molto edi oprò col senno, e con la mano,	Che al fin l' ha libera co strassia, e dogia
Molto soffri nel glorioso acquisto;	Del nostao buon Gesu la Sepoltura
E in van l' Inferno a lui s' oppose, e in vano	De mezo mondo unito, e de quel Bogia
L' Arno d' Asia, edi Libia il popol i Santi,	Missier Pluton no l' ha bu mai paura:
Segni ridusse i suoi compagni erranti.	Dio l' ha aginta, e i compagni sparpagnai
	Tutti 'l gh' i ha messi in si eme i di del Dai.

Some of the elder gondoliers will, however, take up and continue a stanza of their once familiar bard."

Lord Byron and another Englishman rowed once to the Lido; in the boat they had two singers, one a carpenter, the other a gondolier. They sang "The Death of Clorinda," and "The Palace of Armida," in Tuscan verse. The carpenter knew three hundred stanzas, and had a voice of

most extraordinary power; the gondolier assisted his already too shrill voice, by holding his hand to one side of his mouth. From the description, which is rather too lengthy to quote entirely, I should gather that this expedition and its vocal experiences were not entirely such as to arouse the admiration of the poet and his friend, although some water-songs heard during the time he spent in Venice must have charmed Byron into writing,—

"There be none of Beauty's daughters
With a magic like thee;
And like music on the waters
Is thy sweet voice to me."

Although Tasso is no longer heard, there is yet much music on the canals, and strangers often think the songs are still verses of Tasso. In the days when these were popular, two boatmen sang the strophes in turn, sometimes at a great distance; for instance, a gondolier would begin a strophe of "Ariosto" to Rousseau's melody, a second gondolier would then take it up, and so on. Sometimes the night, through many a weary hour of waiting, was thus spent by the Venetian boatmen. A writer in the "Curiosities of Literature," speaking of their singing, says: "The sleepy canals, the lofty buildings, the splendour of the moon, the deep shadows of the few gondolas that moved like spirits hither and thither, increased the striking peculiarity of the scene; and amidst all these circumstances it was easy to confess the character of this wonderful harmony." In this same book I read, that the fishermen's wives of the Lido spent their evenings sitting along the shore, while their husbands fished, singing stanzas from Tasso and other popular songs at the pitch of their voices, going on till each one could distinguish the responses of her own husband in the distance: a very pretty idea truly, but one I should fancy which would have to borrow all its enchantment, for the listener, from the necessary distance. It would scarcely prove a peaceful walk "by the sad sea

waves," if those waves echoed with every rise and fall the shrill voices of Italian women at their highest pitch.

Amongst the Venetian maidens, as amongst the Highland clans of Scotland, a sailor's calling is amongst those which are looked upon suspiciously.

"Sailor's trade at sea to die!"

and again,—

"I want no fisher with a fishy smell,
A market-gardener would not suit me well,
Nor yet a mariner who sails the sea;
A fine flour-merchant is the man for me."

By which it will be seen that this last singer's evident ideal is a corn-merchant for a husband—rather an exalted lot for a Venetian maid of the people. Fishermen are considered poor, penniless folk, and she who weds a sailor does so at her own peril.

"L' amour del mariner no dura un' ora,
La dove che lu el và, lu s' inamora."

And even if the sailor's troth can be trusted, is it not his trade "At sea to die"? But the young girl will not be persuaded. "All say to me, 'Beauty, do not take the mariner, for he will make thee die;' if he make me die, so it must be: I will wed him, for he is my soul." So the gondolier's Marietta is as true to him in her heart of hearts as Poll or Nancy to her Jack. The following is a verse from a Venetian bead-stringer's song:—

"My love is far and far away from me,
I am at home, and he has gone to sea;
He is at sea, and he has sails to spread,
I am at home, and I have beads to thread."

The gondolier's love, though, can afford to sing in a lighter strain, there is not the shadow of interminable voyages upon her. "I go out on the balcony; I see Venice,

and I see my joy, who starts. I go out on the balcony ; I see the sea, and I see my love, who rows."

There is a lovely little song well-known in Venice, "Song of a Mariner," which combines with the exquisite simplicity of the Tuscan the glow and fervour so characteristic of the Venetian ; though I must admit a glow and fervour which are born of the ever egotistical nature of their songs, and in which a blending of the Tuscan humility and sweetness would be an additional charm. Was it not Dante who so grieved for the character of these lyrics, and who spoke so contemptuously of the vulgarity of the language they were written in, as "The Jargon of the Lagunes" ?

SONG OF A MARINER.

" Fair art thou born, but love is not for me,
A sailor's calling sends me forth to sea.
I do desire to paint thee on my sail,
And o'er the briny deep I'd carry thee ;
They ask, what ensign ? when the boat they hail.
For woman's love, I bear this effigy,
For woman's love, for love of maiden fair ;
If her I may not love, I love forswear ! "

Probably the author of these picturesque and most truly nautical words was some Istriot fisherman, though but little credit is given to seafaring men in Italy for being poetical, and Dr. Pitré remarks that, "Sailors pick up foreign songs in their voyages, chiefly English and American, and come home inclined to look down upon the songs of their native land." Dr. Pitré perhaps does not know the contagious vigour of a good British hauling chanty, or has not been moved by the pathos of a score or more faithful sailor-husbands, trying to make the time pass in the far-away tropics with "Home, Dearie Home."

The story of a damsel who dropped a ring in the sea, and owed its rescue to a fisherman, who for sole reward

demanded a kiss, is well-known on the Adriatic and Mediterranean coasts—

"Oh! pescator dell' onda
Findeliu,
Vieni pescar in qua!
Colla bella sua barca,
Colla bella se ne va
Findeliu! liu! la!"

The charm of a gondolier's early morning cargo is well described in the following verse. All lovers and *habitués* of the City of Doges are familiar with the sight of the gondolas coming into Venice, in the early mornings, laden with fresh fruit and flowers.

"To-night their boats must seek the sea,
One night *his* boat will linger yet;
They bear a freight of wood, and he
A freight of rose and violet."

Amongst the curious articles on folk-lore which appeared in the pages of *The Gentleman's Magazine*, there is a very graphic account given in one of the ceremony known as "Wedding the Adriatic" on Ascension Day. It says, "The most ridiculous, though perhaps the most pompous show in the world, is that of the annual ceremony of the Doge's marrying the sea. It is said to have taken its rise from a grant of Pope Alexander III., who, as a reward for the zeal of the inhabitants in his restoration to the Papal chair, gave them power over the Adriatic, as a man hath power over his wife; in memory of which the chief magistrate annually throws a ring into it, with these words: 'Desponsamus te, mare, in signum perpetui dominii' ('We espouse thee, O sea, in testimony of our perpetual dominion over thee')."

Of the many authors who have given to the world their impressions of Venice and the Venetians, there is not one who has more truthfully and poetically (for they may be combined) represented them than Mr. Horatio F. Brown in

his "Life on the Lagoons." His book—inscribed by the way to his gondolier "Antonio Salin, my constant companion in Venice and Venetia"—has the salt and the freedom of the grey lagoon, and the light and shade, and laughter and tears of those whose life is passed on it, in all its pages. Long after I had laid it down, I was haunted by the visions it had conjured up for me—visions of Chioggian market-boats jostling each other; of bronzed Chiozzotti with their pipes between their teeth, reposing on top of their cabbage-piles; of an evening breeze springing up behind, and sail and prow being set for Venice, across the pearly-grey lagoon; I could hear the clash and the clamour of the evening bells, the splash of the oars, could see the piazza lights and the sunset glow, feel the clear pungent odour of the lagoons, "the breath of Venice," and the thrilling voice of the sea with its ceaseless strain, "Il mare mi chiama." Mr. Brown, in his inimitable fashion, analyzes the great charm of the "Queen of the Adriatic;" he says, "It is the people and the place, the union and interpenetration of the two, the sea-life of these dwellers in the city that is always 'just putting out to sea,' which constitutes for many the peculiar and enduring charm of Venice. The people and the place, so intimately intermingled through all their long history, have grown into a single life charged with the richness of sea-nature and the warmth of human emotion. From both together escapes this essence or soul of Venice which we would clasp with all the ardour of a lover. Venice, her lagoons, her seafaring folk, become the object of a passionate idolatry, which admits no other allegiance in the hearts that have known its power. To leave her is a sure regret, to return a certain joy.

"Farewell they may not who say farewell."

A few words as to the origin of the word "gondola" may not be out of place in a chapter bearing on the Venetian boatmen: again quoting the author of the "Life on the Lagoons." "The derivation of the name is still an open

question. But the view which has obtained most general acceptance is that which connects the word with the Latin *Cymba* and the Greek κυμβή, the light boat in which Charon ferried souls across the Styx. Charon's boat, as it is represented on gems and marbles, resembles the *barchetta*, and Charon himself uses a paddle to guide his boat behind. To this day, the passenger across a Venetian ferry, lays his obol on the gunwale of the gondola, much as Charon's ghostly fares were wont to do. On a moonless silent night the waters of the Grand Canal are no mean counterfeit of that nether-world river, Lethe, the waters of oblivion." [1]

The gondoliers are a deeply conservative race. Custom is their true religion—in its ordinary sense it is an affair of the women—church-going amongst them has now almost ceased to be a habit. Amongst the fishermen and sailors of the trading-ships, the case is different. Each boat has its patron saint somewhere on its bows, many with a prayer painted beneath; and in the captain's cabin you are sure to find a picture of the Madonna wreathed with offerings of olive-branches, lemons, and Indian corn: a small light in a glass globe usually burns before this little shrine. The captain of a trading-boat on its way out to sea would hardly pass the little chapels which are built here and there on the great piles, without repeating a "Salve Regina" or a "Pater Noster," as he stands bare-headed in the wind.

The fishermen of Chioggia as they row home on a summer night while away the time, as the gondoliers pass theirs in song, with endless tales of Angelica and Orlando, Astolfo and Ruggiero, and all the pageantry of the Carolingian myth, and the *Reali di Francia*.

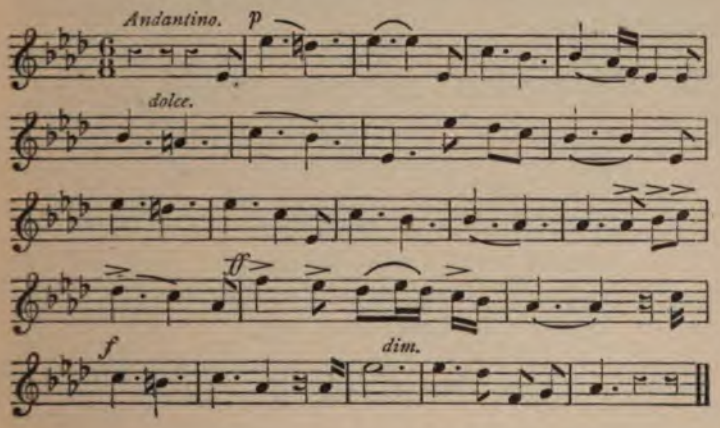
The stars are to the Venetians *bei segreti* (beautiful secrets); the pole star is the type of constancy and the sailors' hope.

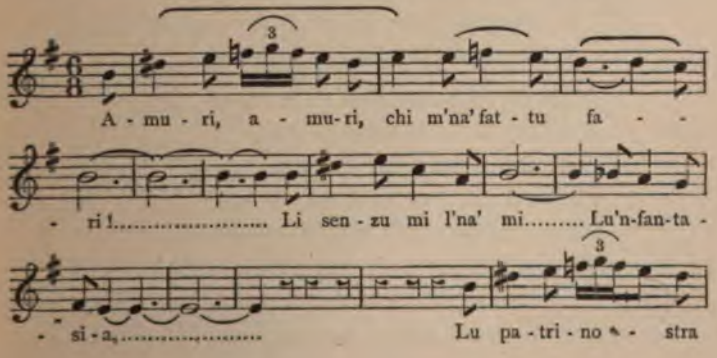
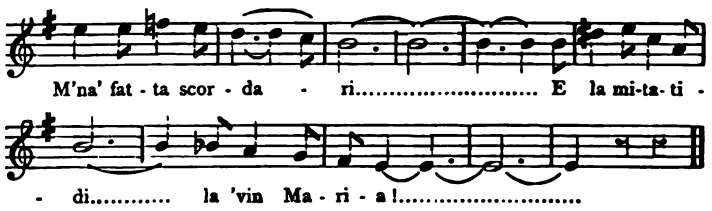
[1] See pages 107—116, "Life on the Lagoons," by Horatio F. Brown. Kegan Paul, Trench & Co.

Tutti le stele prende el so camino ;
La tramontana no se move mai,
E se la tramontana se movesse,
Bravo quel mariner che naveghesse.

Of all the stars, each single one
Doth take its wonted way ;
The northern star 'tis that alone
Burns steadfastly alway,
And if the northern star begins
To wander like its peers,
Brave mariner is he who wins
The port, and homeward steers.

HORATIO F. BROWN.

GONDOLIERS' CHORUS.

The above is one of the favourite choruses of the gondoliers ; and the following, a Sicilian boatman's song, "Love ! Love !" :—

SICILIAN BOAT-SONG. "AMURI, AMURI !"

With Clough's lovely poem, than which no more realistic description of the gondola exists, I close my remarks on the Italian watermen :—

IN A GONDOLA ON THE GRAND CANAL, VENICE.

"Afloat; we move—delicious! Ah,
What else is like the gondola?
This level floor of liquid glass
Begins beneath us swift to pass,
It goes as though it went alone
By some impulsion of its own.
How light it moves, how softly! Ah,
Were all things like the gondola!

"How light it moves, how softly! Ah,
Could life as does our gondola,
Unvexed with quarrels, aims, and cares,
And moral duties and affairs,
Unswaying, noiseless, swift, and strong,
For ever thus—thus glide along!
How light we move, how softly! Ah,
Were life but as the gondola.

"With no more motion than should bear
A freshness to the languid air;
With no more effort than expressed
The need and naturalness of rest,
Which we beneath a grateful shade
Should take on peaceful pillows laid!
How light we move, how softly! Ah,
Were life but as the gondola!

" In one unbroken passage borne
To closing night from opening morn,
Uplift at whiles slow eyes to mark
Some palace front, some passing bark;
Through windows catch the varying shore,
And hear the soft turns of the oar!
How light we move, how softly! Ah,
Were life but as the gondola!"

SCANDINAVIAN SEA-SONGS.

SWEDEN, NORWAY, AND DENMARK.

"With grand Sea-Songs upon the soul
Roll'd melody on melody."

THOSE who have not carefully studied the complex character of our English nationality are perhaps not aware how much we are indebted to the Scandinavian people; it is well known the Celts were the earliest ascertained people on the land, but I do not think that many have duly considered that the various manly qualities which we pride ourselves upon, have been inherited from that race which is known to us as the "hardy Norsemen." Mr. Chorley, in his "National Music," gives his impressions of that of the North in such wonderfully beautiful language, that I think I cannot do better than quote him as an introduction; he says: "In lands of mists and mountains, of long winters and short precious summers, the influences of scenery are more clearly to be discerned than in regions where Nature is uniformly favourable. Gay or grave, the music of the North is fresh; the sad is seldom blended with languor; the sweet has ever something in it to brace, even in minor keys, which predominate."

The Northern sea-songs are grand and stirring melodies, rarely if ever tinged with sadness; the spirit that animated the sea-kings of old seems to have been handed down to their marine descendants of to-day. Some of the superstition that was ever characteristic of Northern seafaring

people is still left, and in the far North it is as great as ever. Among the Kvans, one curious old woman, Anna by name, always spat and turned to the sea, mumbling some words as a charm against mermen whenever a boat came in. In her charms the word "Jumala" was often used; it is the name of the old god of the Bjarmers, whose worship in the far North is not so abolished as might be supposed. Dedicated to his cultus, high up in the mountains in Finmark, are two altars, from which it would appear even in civilized Europe, among the more ignorant, Christianity is made to shake hands with Paganism. The mermen of the north of Norway were not of the same species as the traditionary mermaids of our nursery rhymes, "Human above and fishy below," but had legs and feet like ordinary mortals; they were, in fact, a sort of ocean giant, always injuring in some way the poor Norse sailors.

The Swedes are eminently a musical people. One of their old sea laws, according to Chorley, was that the man on the watch should sing a hymn every night. Surely there is something very picturesque as well as devout in such an ordinance.

Mr. Ballantyne, in his "Norsemen in the West," puts the following song into Karlesefin's mouth. Karlesefin was the skipper of the ship that set out for Vinland about 986; he was himself a skald or poet, although he had no pretension to great attainments in that way. Seated beside the helm guiding the ship, he would interest the group of friends who stood, sat, or reclined on the deck and against the bulwarks of the high poop, with Sagas descriptive of the battles and adventures of their Viking forefathers. One can imagine the little party thus occupied on a fine moonlight night, a soft wind carrying them pleasantly over the rippling sea, and the skipper's voice singing probably in some weird monotonous tone the following :—

"Where western waves were all unknown
And western fields were all unsown,

When Iceland was the outmost bound
That roving Viking keels had found,
Gunbiorn then—Ulf Kraka's son—
Still farther west was forced to run
By furious gales, and there saw land
Stretching abroad on either hand.
Eric, of Iceland, called the Red,
Heard of the news and straightway said,
'This western land I'll go and see;
Three summers hence look out for me.'
He went, he landed, stayed awhile,
And wintered first on Eric's Isle,
Then searched the coast both far and wide,
Then back to Iceland o'er the tide.
'A wondrous land is this,' he said,
And called it Greenland of the Sea.
Twenty-and-five great ships sailed west
To claim this gem on ocean's breast;
With man and woman, horn and hoof,
And begging for the homestead roof,
Some turned back—in heart but mice—
Some sank amid the northern ice;
Half reached the land in much distress,
At Ericsford and Herulfness.
Next Biarne—Herulf's doughty son—
Sought to trace out the aged one (his father);
From Norway sailed, but missed his mark,
Passed snow-topped Greenland in the dark:
And then came to a New Found land—
But did not touch the tempting strand,
For winter winds oppressed him sore,
And kept him from his father's shore.
Then Leif—the son of Eric—rose
And straightway off to Biarne goes,
Buys up his ship, takes all his men,
Fares forth to seek that land again.
Leif found the land, discovered more,
And spent a winter on the shore,

Cut trees and grain to load the ship
And pay them for the lengthened trip ;
Named 'Hella-land' and 'Mark-land' too,
And saw an island sweet with dew !
And grapes with great abundance found,
So named it Vinland all around,—
But after that forsook the shore
And north again for Greenland bore.
And now we cross the moonlit seas
To search this land of grapes and trees ;
Biarne, Thorward, Karlsefin
Go forth this better land to win,
With men and cattle not a few,
And household gear and weapons too :
And, best of all, with women dear
To comfort, counsel, check, and cheer.
Thus far we've made a prosperous way,
God speed us onward every day !"

It was unanimously agreed that this was a true account of the discovery of Vinland (America), and of their own expedition as far as it had gone ; but one of the party, Biarne, insisted that the skipper had not done full justice to the subject of the latter, in omitting to mention a whale which had dived under the vessel, and substituted the following lines :—

"When Biarne, Thorward, Karlsefin
This famous voyage did begin,
They stood upon the deck one night
And there beheld a moving sight :
It made the very men grow pale,
Their shudder *almost rent the sail !*
For lo ! they saw a mighty whale.
It drew a shriek from Olaf brave,
Then plunged beneath the briny wave,
And while the women loudly shouted,
Up came its blundering nose and spouted ;

Then underneath our keel it went
And glared with savage fury pent,
And round about the ship it swum,
Striking each man and woman dumb.
Stay—one there was who found a tongue,
And still retained her strength of lung—
Fredessa, beauteous matron bold,
Resolved to give that whale a scold !
But little cared that monster fish
To gratify Fredessa's wish ;
He shook his tail, that naughty whale,
And flourished it like any flail,
And ho ! for Vinland he made sail ! "

Mr. Ballantyne further tells us that Biarne is not a poet of very high standing ; at least, one may judge from the rhyming of the two lines following, that he knew how to avail himself of one of the many privileges poets have, viz. *to take out his licence* :—

" And round about the ship it *swum*,
Striking each man and woman *dumb* ! "

In the same book, "The Norsemen in the West," we find another sea-song, which is set to a rattling tune :—

THE DANISH KINGS.

Solo.—" One night when one o' the Irish kings
Was sleeping in his bed,
Six Danish kings—so Sigvat sings—
Came an' cut off his head.
The Irish boys they heard the noise,
And flocked unto the shore ;
They caught the kings, and put out their eyes,
And left them in their gore.

Chorus.—Oh ! this is the way we served the kings
An' spoiled their pleasure—the dirty things—
When they came to harry and flap their wings

Upon the Irish shore—ore,
Upon the Irish shore.

Solo.—Next year the Danes took terrible pains
To wipe that stain away;
They came with a fleet their foes to meet
Across the stormy *say.*
Each Irish carl great stones did hurl
In such a mighty rain,
The Danes went down with a horrible *stoun,*
An' never came up again.

Chorus.—Oh! this is the way," &c.

In Mr. Samuel Laing's admirable translation of Snorro Sturleson's "Heimskringla" (Chronicle of the Kings of Norway), there are many famous sea-songs; indeed, the volumes are so interspersed with them that it would be a difficult matter to make a selection from so inexhaustible a mine. Many of the same expressions and even sentiments that may be found in the modern sailor's songs are introduced in these old Icelandic Sagas; for instance, in the following:—

"The hero who knows well to ride
The sea-horse o'er the foaming tide;
He who in boyhood wild rode o'er
The seaman's horse to Scandia's shore,
And showed the Danes his galley's bow,
Right nobly scours the ocean now."

The expression sea-horse (or sometimes ocean-steed) is commonly used for a ship, probably from many having had the figure-head of a horse on the bow. Mr. Laing seems to rate Snorro Sturleson's powers as a dramatic historian very highly, ranking him with Carlyle, Scott, and even with Shakespeare himself, and placing him very far above Joinville or Froissart. Therefore, we may venture to regard as authentic his account of the half-fabulous tales of the time of Odin, though it must, I think, be a

somewhat difficult matter to discriminate between the mythological and historical, so closely are they blended in the narratives of the Northern countries.

There is a curious tale about herrings mentioned in one, Saga Eyvind. Skaldespiller, a poet, composed a poem about the people of Iceland, for which they rewarded him by each peasant giving him three silver pennies of full weight. These pennies were purified and made into a row of silver clasps, and valued at fifty marks Eyvind on receiving these clasps (which, by the way, resembled the rows of buttons still used by the Friesland fishermen for ornaments on their jackets), was obliged to separate them and sell them to defray his household expenses; a proceeding which must have seemed the reverse of dignified. But the same spring a shoal of herrings set in upon the fishing-ground beyond the coast-side, and Eyvind manned a ship's boat with his house-servants and cotters, and rode to where the herrings were come, singing:—

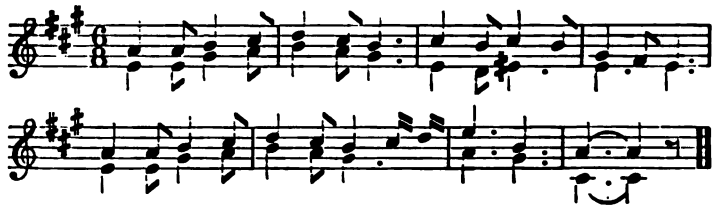
"Now let the steed of ocean bound
O'er the North Sea with dashing sound;
Let nimble bird and screaming gull
Fly round and round, our net is full.
Fain would I know if fortune sends
A like provision to my friends.
Welcome provision, it is, I wot,
That the whale drives to our cook's pot."

So entirely were his movable goods exhausted that he was obliged to sell his arrows to buy herrings, or other meat for his table:—

"Our arms and ornaments of gold
To buy us food we gladly sold;
The arrows of the bow gave we
For the bright arrows of the sea."

Herrings, from their swift darting along, are called the

SCANDINAVIAN SEA-SONGS.

into Southwark. Thereafter Southwark was stormed and taken. Now when the people in the castle saw that the river was mastered, and that they could not hinder the passage of ships up into the country, they became afraid, surrendered the Tower, and took Ethelred to be their king."

"London Bridge is broken down,
Gold is won, and bright renown.
Shields resounding,
War-horns sounding,
Hildur shouting in the din!
Arrows singing,
Mail-coats ringing—
Odin makes our Olaf win!

"King Ethelred has found a friend,
Brave Olaf will his throne defend—
In bloody fight
Maintain his right,
Win back his land
With blood-red hand,
And Edmund's son upon his throne replace—
Edmund, the star of every royal race!

"At London Bridge stout Olaf gave
Odin's law to his war-men brave—
'To win or die!'
And their foemen fly:
Some by the dyke-side refuge gain,
Some in their tents on Southwark plain.
This sixth attack
Brought victory back."

There is a Laplander's song by Sigurd, relative to their making boats, given also by Mr. Laing :—

"In the Lapland tent
Brave days we spent,
Under the grey birch-tree :
In bed or on bank,
We knew no rank,
And a merry crew were we.

"Good ale went round
As we sat on the ground,
Under the grey birch-tree ;
And up with the smoke
Flew laugh and joke,
And a merry crew were we."

These boats were so light that no ship could overtake them in the water, according to what was sung at the time :—

"Our skin-sewed Fin-boats lightly swim,
Over the sea like wind they skim.
Our ships are built without a nail ;
Few ships like ours can row or sail."

The following is from the pen of King Harald :—

"While wives of husbands fondly dream,
Here let us anchor in the stream,
In Godnarfiord ; we'll safely moor
Our sea-homes, and sleep quite secure."

There is no nation in the world prouder of its national ensign than is Denmark of its Dannébrog — not even England of her Union Jack. Of this Dannébrog there is a curious legend, or rather, I should say, history. During the Valdemarian period the Danes now turned propagandists of Christianity, and during the war they waged against the pagan countries on the south and east of the Baltic, in one of the battles fought near Reval, in Russia, in the year 1219, a great miracle is said to have occurred. They had

discarded the old pagan flag of the raven, a new one was vouchsafed them by Heaven and sent down to them—under this they became victorious. It was a red flag with a white cross, still the national ensign by sea and land.

Amongst the Danish national songs there is one commemorative of this :—

"The Dannébrog, 'tis known,
The Dannébrog, 'tis known,
It fell from Heaven down ;
Yes, it fell from Heaven down !
It floats upon the mast,
The soldier grasps it fast.
And no flag in the world besides, like ours,
From Heaven was ever cast."

Danish poetry lacks the polish of southern national song, both as to rhyme and rhythm. Indeed, it recalls the times of our own Chaucer and Gower. It is rough and romantic, and not at all wanting in vigour and expressiveness. Perhaps climate regulates poesy as it does the human constitution. All Scandinavian national songs abound in reiterations.

The Vikings (sea-rovers or pirates), who played so important a part during the Danish conquests, were not Vi-kings, but Vik-kings (Veekings), so called, says Mr. Worsaae in his account of the Danes and Norwegians, either from the Icelandic *Vik* (Danish *Vig*), a bay of the sea, or from *Vig*, battle or slaughter. The latter, I fancy, seems the more probable ; although many may place more reliance on Mr. Worsaae's first solution. There is much that remains shrouded in obscurity concerning these northern lands, and there is a terse saying very appropriate to Scandinavian researches :—

"What is hits is histories,
What is missed is mysteries."

The Danish people are not musical when compared with

such harmony-loving countries as Germany, France, Italy, and Sweden. Their sailors have but few songs, and those are certainly not to be classed under the heading of chanties.

The capstan song for the Danish Navy is, "Come, all ye jolly sailors bold":—

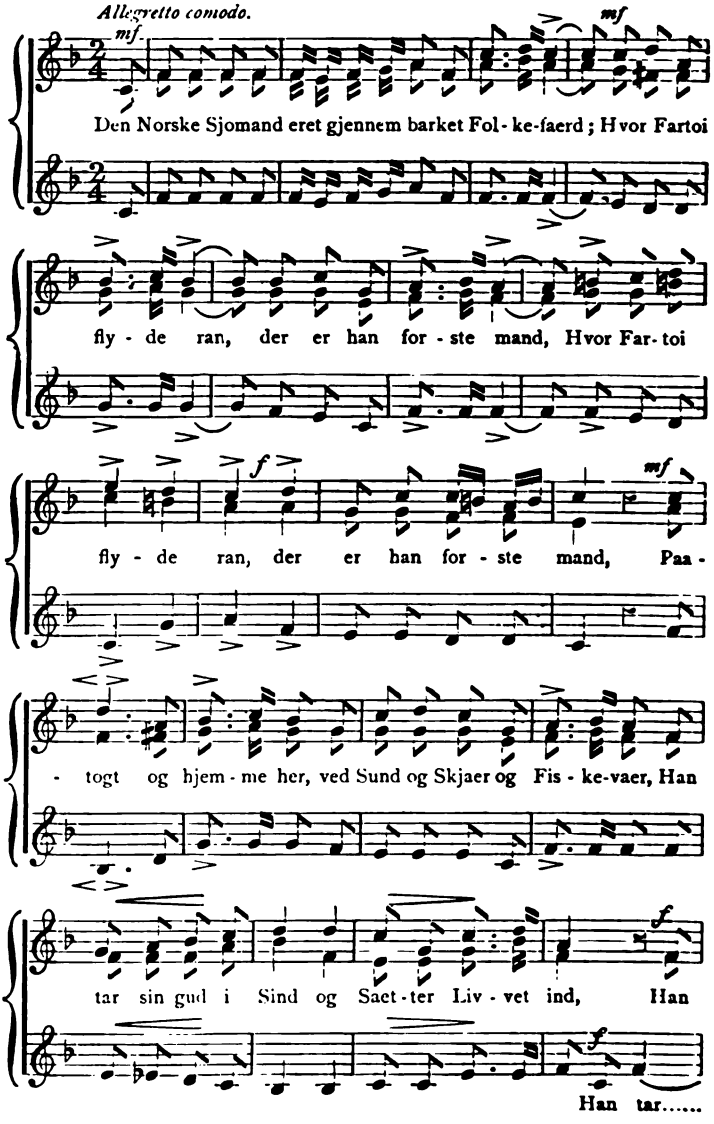
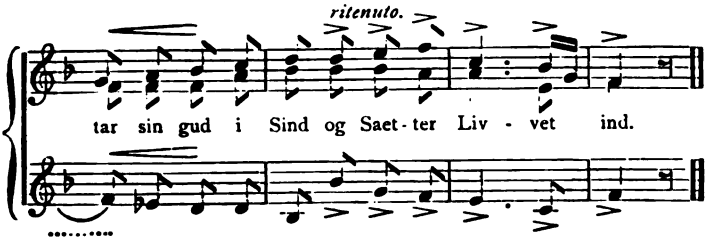
Solo.—"Come, all ye jolly sailors bold,
Chorus.—Heave and go, my Nancy O!
Solo.—Listen till my tale is told,
Chorus.—Heave and go, my Nancy O!

Solo.—The king trusts to his sailors bold,
And we shall find them as of old—
For father, mother, sisters, wives,
We're ready now to risk our lives.
For Danish girls, with eyes so blue,
We'll do all that can sailors do.
And Dannébrog upon our masts
Shall float as long as this world lasts;
And now for our brave captain, we,
Will give three cheers right heartily.

Solo.—Then up, mates, up, and blaze away,
Chorus.—Heave and go, my Nancy O!
Solo.—Listen till my tale is told,
Chorus.—Heave and go, my Nancy O!"

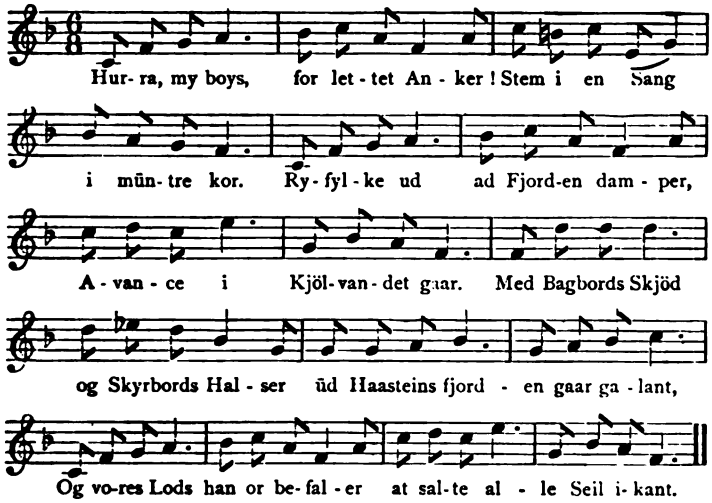
Modern Scandinavian "chanties" resemble our English ones very closely, many words being exactly the same; they are spirited tunes, characteristic of the fresh, hardy, brisk men who sing them. They have their capstan songs, their hauling "chanties," their outward and homeward-bound songs, and those of forecastle fame, descriptive of sailor's and sea life, and illustrative of their grand old Viking fathers. The following are both recognized forecastle favourites:—

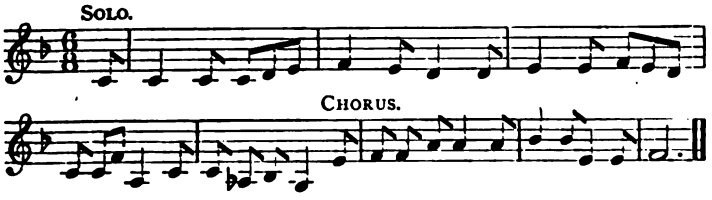
NORSK SJOMANDSSANG.

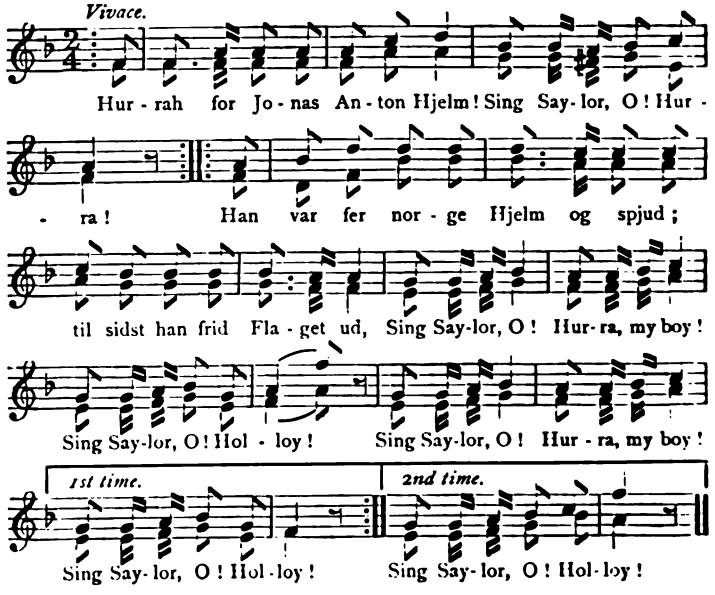
By F. A. REISSIGER.

Allegretto comodo.
mf
Den Norske Sjomand eret gjennem barket Fol - ke-faerd ; Hvor Fartoi
fly - de ran, der er han for - ste mand, Hvor Far- toi
f
mf
fly - de ran, der er han for - ste mand, Paa -
- togt og hjem - me her, ved Sund og Skjaer og Fis - ke-vaer, Han
tar sin gud i Sind og Saet - ter Liv - vet ind, Han
Han tar.....

This song is descriptive of sailors and sea-life.

To the next there is a most decidedly English beginning: "Hurra! my boys," very often used by Norwegian seamen.

RUFFEN.—*Forecastle Song.*

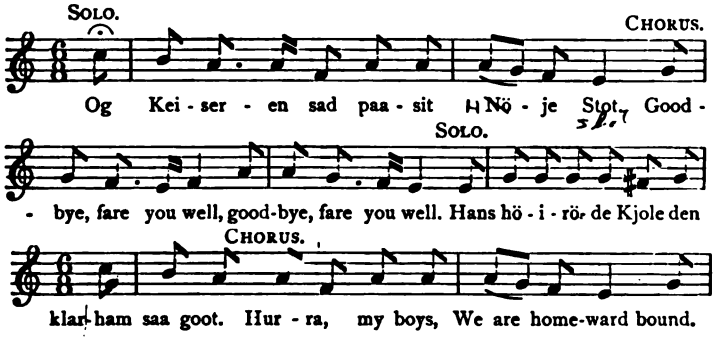

Hur - ra, my boys, for let - tet An - ker! Stem i en Sang
i mün - tre kor. Ry - fyl - ke ud ad Fjord-en dam - per,
A - van - ce i Kjöl - van - det gaar. Med Bagbords Skjöd
og Skyrbords Hal - ser üd Haasteins fjord - en gaar ga - lant,
Og vo-res Lods han or be - fal - er at sal - te al - le Seil i - kant.

NORWEGIAN CAPSTAN CHANTY.

To this last capstan tune no words were sent me. Some of the songs furnished with verses are of very little use, save to those who are acquainted with the Norwegian language as sung by the sailors; it is almost impossible to make any correct translation of the words. They mean but little to the singers of them, that is, judging them from a sensible point of view; but they mean decidedly less to us, who are not Norwegian. It has often struck me that there must be a very forcible freemasonry between sailors of all nations with regard to their language, even putting aside those technical terms which hold good all the world over, and which enables the Norwegian to understand as readily as the Italian, with whom they originate, the words "starboard" and "larboard," when the Dutchman and Englishman, the Frenchman and Russian exchange glances of sympathy over some thrilling yarn told in the strange forecastle vernacular of an English vessel.

OPSANG FOR JONAS ANTON HJELM.

Vivace.
Hur - rah for Jo - nas An - ton Hjelm! Sing Say - lor, O! Hur -
- ra! Han var fer nor - ge Hjelm og spjud;
til sidst han frid Fla - get ud, Sing Say-lor, O! Hur-ra, my boy!
Sing Say-lor, O! Hol - loy! Sing Say-lor, O! Hur - ra, my boy!
1st time.
2nd time.
Sing Say - lor, O! Hol - loy! Sing Say - lor, O! Hol - loy!

The song for Jonas Anton Hjelm is a well-known one on board Norwegian vessels, and though perhaps not known as any particular sort of working song, it is yet as often heard as any. "Hurrah for Jonas Anton Hjelm," and "Sing, saylor, hurra, my boy," seem to suggest that it is commemorative of some evidently noteworthy personage —Jonas Anton Hjelm by name.

VED ANKERHIONING.—*Heaving the Anchor.*

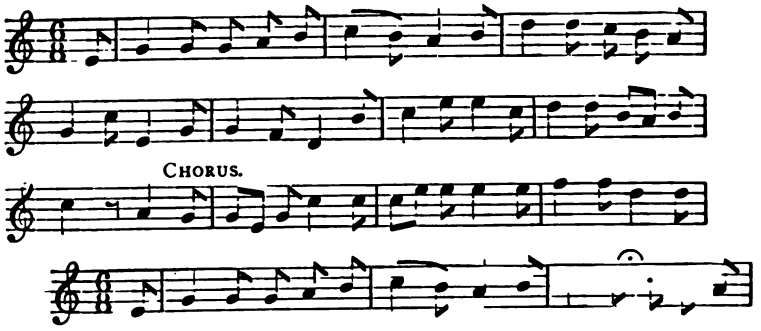

SOLO.
CHORUS.
Og Kei - ser - en sad paa - sit Hø - je Slot, Good -
SOLO.
- bye, fare you well, good-bye, fare you well. Hans hö - i - rö - de Kjole den
CHORUS.
klar - ham saa goot. Hur - ra, my boys, We are home-ward bound.

English Version.

Solo.—"And the Kaiser he sat in his castle so high.
Chorus.—Good-bye, fare you well; good-bye, fare you well.
Solo.—His crimson jersey suits him so well.
Chorus.—Hurra, my boys! we are homeward bound."

A translation of the foregoing seems scarcely necessary, considering that the chorus is English.

A song used when throwing ballast is the next one I give, and perhaps among all the songs I have heard sung by the blue-jackets of the world there is none so redolent of the freshness and vigour of the sea as this Norwegian chanty. I could understand any land-sick lad longing for a sea-life if he once heard this ballast-throwing song ringing from the decks of some Norwegian vessel; it has a swing and "go" about it that are most captivating:—

VED BALASTHIONING.—*Throwing Ballast.*

NORWEGIAN VERSION.

En Jager gik ud at Jage,
En Jager gik ud at Jage,
Att udi skoven grön ;
Ja, ja ! att udi skoven grön.

CHORUS.

Hali, halo, hali, halo !
Ni seile og in ro, ya, ya !
Hali, halo, hali, halo !
Ni seile og in ro.

ENGLISH VERSION.

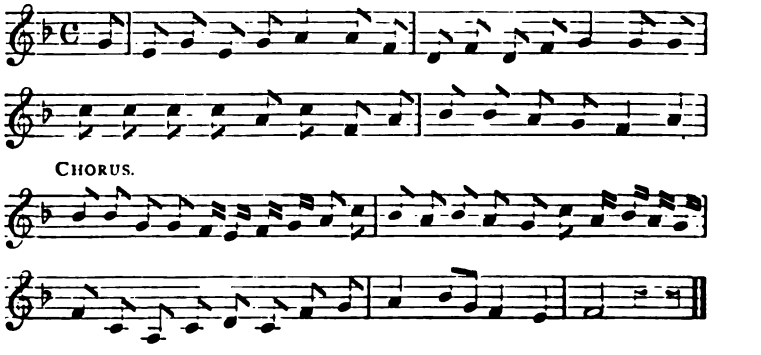
A hunter went out a-hunting,
A hunter went out a-hunting,
Out in the wood so green ;
Ja, ja ! out in the wood so green.

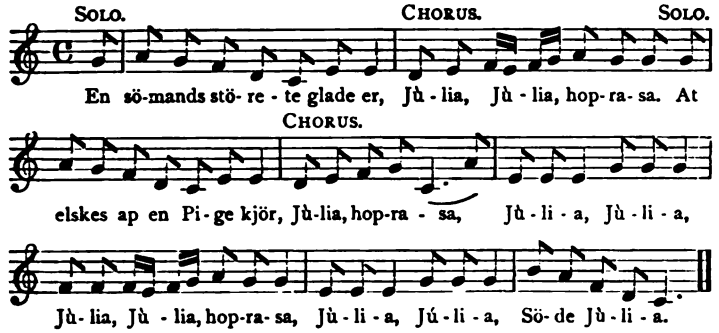
CHORUS.

Hali, halo, hali, halo !
We sail and we pull !
Ja, ja ! hali, halo, hali, halo !
We sail and we pull.

The same words are sung to this last tune as to the Ballast Chanty, except in the chorus, when "sing" replaces "sail"—

"We sing all tra la, la, la, la, hei !
We sail to America."

VED MERSEFALD.—*Topsail-halyards Chanty.*

BOWLINE CHANTY.


SOLO.
CHORUS.
SOLO.
En sö-mands stö- re - te glade er, Jù - lia, Jù - lia, hop-ra- sa. At
CHORUS.
elskes ap en Pi - ge kjör, Jù-lia, hop-ra - sa, Jù - li - a, Jù - li - a,
Jù- lia, Jù - lia, hop-ra- sa, Jù - li - a, Jú - li - a, Sö- de Jù - li - a.

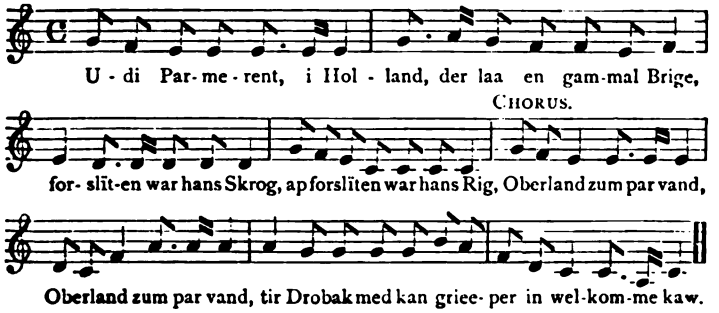
Translation.

Solo.—" A sailor's greatest pleasure
Chorus.—Is Julia, Julia *hops as a Jo.*
Solo.—Beloved of girls so dear.
Chorus.—Julia *hops as a Jo.*
Julia, Julia, Julia, Julia !
Julia, sweet Julia."

There are, I am told, a great many verses to this tune, but as they are all much in the same strain, I have just given the one.

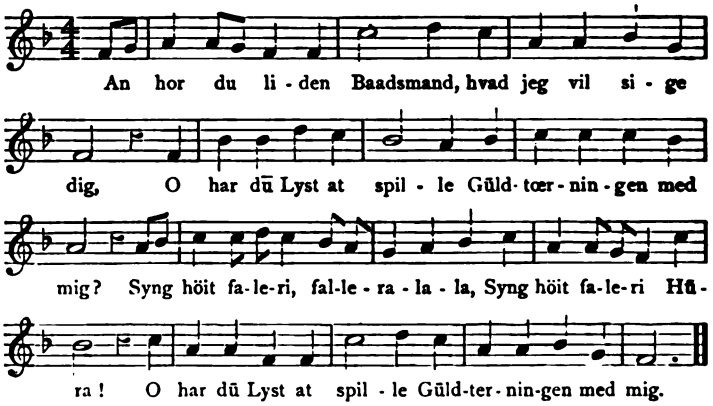
The pumping-song which follows is a great favourite with the sailors. The translation has one merit—it is very literal.

PUMPING CHANTY.


U - di Par- me - rent, i Hol - land, der laa en gam-mal Brige,
CHORUS.
for- slit-en war hans Skrog, ap forsliten war hans Rig, Oberland zum par vand,
Oberland zum par vand, tir Drobak med kan griee- per in wel-kom-me kaw.

English Version.

"Out in Pamerent in Holland
There lay a brig so old;
Worn out was her hull,
And worn out was her rig.
Overland as at sea,
Overland as at sea.
To Drobak[1] with the piggy,
We are able to come."

OPSANG.—*For Heaving the Anchor.*

An hor du li - den Baadsmand, hvad jeg vil si - ge
dig, O har dū Lyst at spil - le Gūld - tœr - nin - gen med
mig? Syng höit fa-le-ri, fal-le - ra - la - la, Syng höit fa-le-ri Hū -
ra! O har dū Lyst at spil - le Gūld-ter - nin-gen med mig.

In a letter I received from an English author who writes of the sea and sailors, he says that there are not many sea-songs in vogue in Northern Europe, and that almost all the "chanties" that belong to our seamen are of Spanish origin. Amongst the hundreds of letters I have had from different parts of the world on the subject of the sailors' songs, there is not one that so emphatically contradicts my experience in collecting them. Thanks to the very kind and unwearying assistance of Mr. Conradi, the Scandinavian Consul for Newcastle-upon-Tyne, I have been able to procure more specimens of genuine "chanties" than perhaps have been found amongst any other nation, and I fear I

[1] A port in Norway.

must add that it is due to the evident inability or disinclination of those members of the Spanish community whom I have addressed in the matter that I have not been favoured with any information or even replies to my inquiries, that I cannot include amongst the accounts of the "Sailors' Songs of all Nations" a chapter devoted to those of the country whose maritime importance once took precedence of all other.

I cannot close my remarks on the Scandinavian sea-songs without a regret, although one that is not occasioned by the kindly people of those Northern lands, rather, I must acknowledge the pleasure the task of collecting their songs has afforded me, encouraged and aided as I have been in the undertaking, but only regretting that anything commemorative of so noble a country should be so imperfectly done.

GERMAN SAILORS' SONGS.

"The fiddler in his tavern,
The long-drawn sailor-song."

"Crown the deck the festive sailors
Of the broad and German Rhine.

"Der Rhein! Der Rhein!
I know the song, the jovial singers too, I know."

GERMAN SAILORS' SONGS.

"Liebchen, Ade!
Scheiden thut Weh.
Morgen geht's in die wogende See."

THERE are in North Germany, according to the late Captain Goodenough, about 80,000 seafaring men. As a characteristic, most of the German ships are manned by entirely German crews, perhaps mixed now and then with a few Scandinavians and Dutch. Frequently German ships in foreign ports make up their number by men sent from home, as every able-bodied man in Germany has to serve three years either in the army or navy. The seafaring population receive a good training, and it is on account of their discipline and sobriety that German sailors frequently are employed in foreign ships. There are, of course, cases of desertion, but hardly as many as in other countries, as in most of them the German Consuls have the power to imprison deserting sailors. Frequently hard-earned money may also be squandered in a reckless way, but on the whole the German seaman must be called thrifty. The German sailors being almost entirely drawn from the coasts of the Baltic and the North Sea, most of their songs are in the North German dialect, and as such rather difficult to translate.

To the well-known tune of "In Berlin sagt' Er," the following truly sailor-like verses are sung :—

GERMAN VERSION.	ENGLISH VERSION.
Juche, lustig, seggt he,	Hurrah! jolly! says he,
Ich bin Kock, seggt he.	I am cook, says he.
Drink recht geern, seggt he,	Drink right well, says he,
En Glas Grogh, seggt he.	A glass of grog, says he.

Fahr to Sen, seggt he,
Zwintig Jahr, seggt he,
Heff ook immer, seggt he,
Glücklich Fahren, seggt he.

Go to sea, says he,
Twenty years, says he,
And have always, says he,
Mighty luck, says he.

Gäle Arfen, seggt he,
Kack ick mör,
Röhr se immer,
Düchtig dör.
En Stück Scheik,
Sämlich grot,
Smecht och sen,
Würklich good.

Cook for me, says he,
Yellow peas,
Keep them stirred,
Right away through ;
A piece of lard,
Jolly big ;
Taste and see,
Mighty good.

Back ick Klüten, seggt he,
Wi bekannt,
Spee ick erst,
In die Hand,
Denn rull ick se,
Zirkel rund,
De smeckt good,
Sund gesund.

Baking dumplings, says he,
As well known,
I spit first
In the hand,
Then I roll them,
Make them round.
That tastes well,
And is sound.

Wenn ick back, seggt he,
Form Captein
Mak ich alles,
Sauber rein,
Mit en Strump,
Wisch ick ut,
Erst dat Schottel
Un den Putt.

When I cook, says he,
For the captain,
I make all
Neat and clean ;
I dry out,
With a sock,
First the basin,
Then the board.

Doch een Dehl, seggt he,
Is darbei,
Dat ick sorg,
Ook for my,
For myn Möh,
For myn Fli-t,
Stöck ick etwas,
An de Siet.

But one part, says he,
That is there,
For myself,
I take care,
For my worry
And my trouble.
Always something
Put aside.

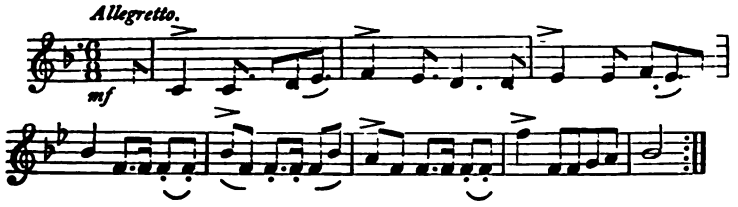
Fort Logis, seggt he,
Sorg ick ook,
Denn ick bin
Lannig klook,
Goodes Futter,
Un ook satt,
Un den Rest,
Kriggt de Kaff.

For my lodging, says he,
Care is taken,
For I am
Mighty cute,
Splendid grub,
Mighty much,
And the rest
Gets the cat.

Dock ick at, seggt he,
Geern Alleen,
Jeder brukt,
Richt to sehn,
Wenn ick heff,
Etwas goodes,
Dat smeckt my
Ganz famos.

Better feed, says he,
By myself,
No man need
Ought to see,
When I have
Something good,
I like that
Vastly much.

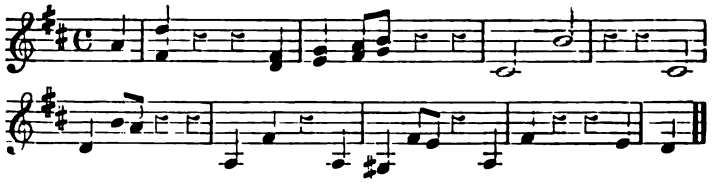
Myn Kambüs, seggt he,	Neat and clean, says he,
Is hübsch rein,	Is my cabin,
Alles is,	Trim and fine
Pük un fein,	All there looks,
Wer di rin kummt,	Who looks in,
Ward gliek rufft,	At once is stopped,
Und ick sett em	And I kick him
An de Luft.	Out of it.
So fahr ick, seggt he,	So I sail, says he,
Immer so,	Always on,
Kam ick mal,	When I come
Bi myn Fro,	To my wife,
Denn wies ick der,	Then I show her
Wie man kaalt,	How to cook,
Un wie Seelüd,	And how sailors
Sünst et makt.	Always do.

IN BERLIN SAGT' ER.

Like most of the German sailors' songs, this one is written in Low German. It is not easy to render quite accurately or rhythmically in English the peculiarities of this droll piece. It is supposed to be sung by one voice, save the inevitable "says he," at the end of each line, which is given by the whole company present. The Germans have no organized set of chanties, belonging to their different kinds of work, as our men have on board ship. Their songs are mostly, like "The Jolly Cook," set to some well-known popular tune, though the words are often as sailor-like as any I have come across. A love of good music seems to be implanted in the heart of every son of the great "Vaterland," be he prince or be he common sailor. And the blue-jackets of Germany heave their anchors and haul their ropes to some *Lied* of Mendelssohn or chorus of Handel, as the British tar heaves and hauls to some quaint yo-ho-ing of his own composing.

The following is a translation of another humorous song,

well known to German seamen ; it has no title, but is sung to an exceedingly pretty air, which I have noted down as it was given me :—

GERMAN VERSION.	ENGLISH VERSION.
Wenn das Atlantische Meer Lauter Champagner wär ; Möcht ich ein Haifisch sein, Schlürfte nur Wellen ein.	If the Atlantic Sea Could only champagne be, I'd wish to be a shark, And swallow its waves for a lark.
Wenn das Atlantische Meer Lauter Champagner wär, Wär ich viel lieber doch Ein Schiff mit groszem Loch.	If the Atlantic Sea Could only champagne be, I'd wish with all my soul, To be a ship with a hole.
Ging ich dann zu Grund ; Schlürft, in der letzten Stund, In deinen Schaum noch ein, Glüh'n der Champagner Wein.	When to the bottom I go, Then in that hour of woe, Still then thy foam I'd suck, O sparkling champagne cup !

Slightly suggestive of thirst, the idea of the Atlantic and its foam-crested breakers being turned into champagne! The tragic tone of the last verse is strangely mock-solemn.

The following song is, though nameless, a well-known one to the German seamen. The tune was just sung over to me, as it has never been in print.

GERMAN VERSION.	ENGLISH VERSION.
Hamburg ist ein schönes Städtchen, (*All*) Siehst du wohl ! Welches an der Elbe liegt, (*All*) Siehst du wohl ! Drinnen giebt es hübsche Mädchen, (*All*) Mädchen, Aber sprode sind sie nicht, (*All*) Siehst du wohl !	(*Solo*) Hamburg is a jolly city, (*All*) Don't you know ! (*Solo*) Which is lying on the Elbe, (*All*) Don't you know ! (*Solo*) And the lasses, they are pretty. (*All*) Pretty, (*Solo*) But you cannot call them prim. (*All*) Don't you know !

CHORUS.

Ach ! es hält ja so schwer,
Aus einander zu gehn,
Wenn die Hoffnung nicht wär,
Auf ein Wieder Wiedersehn :
Lebe wohl, lebe wohl, lebe wohl,
Auf Wiedersehn.

Eine Schwalbe macht kein Sommer,
(*All*) Siehst du wohl !
Wenn es auch die erste ist,
(*All*) Siehst du wohl !
Und mein Liebchen mir kein Kummer,
(*All*) Kummer,
Wenn sie auch die schönste ist.
(*All*) Siehst du wohl !

CHORUS.

Ach ! es hält ja so schwer, &c.

Sassen einst zwei Turteltäuben,
(*All*) Siehst du wohl !
Sassen beid' auf einem Ast,
(*All*) Siehst du wohl !
Ach, wo zwei Verliebte scheiden,
(*All*) Trocknet alles Laub und Grass.

CHORUS.

Ach ! es hält ja so schwer, &c.

CHORUS.

Oh ! but it does grieve the heart,
When some friends have thus to part,
But the hope softens the pain,
That we'll see each other again.
So farewell, so farewell, so farewell,
We shall meet again.

And one swallow makes no summer,
(*All*) Don't you know !
Even if the first she be,
(*All*) Don't you know !
And no lust disturbs my slumber,
(*All*) Slumber,
If the prettiest she be,
(*All*) Don't you know !

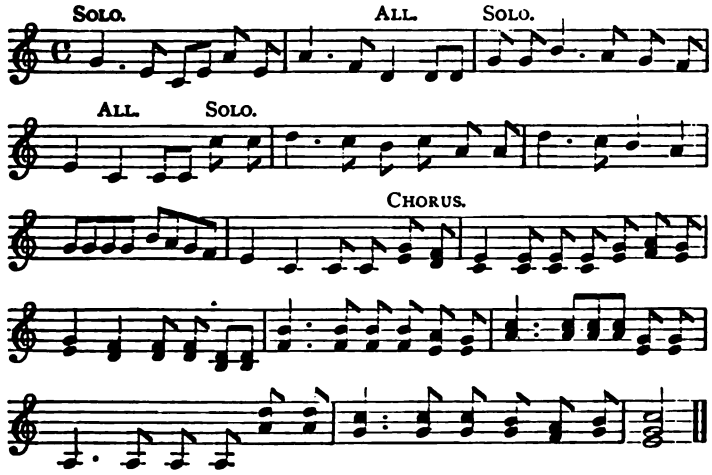
CHORUS.

Oh ! but it does, &c.

Once I saw two turtle-doves,
(*All*) Don't you know !
Both were sitting on one spray,
(*All*) Don't you know !
And where two true lovers parted,
(*All*) Grass and leaves they wither away.

CHORUS.

Oh ! but it does, &c.

The tune follows :—

The song known as "Ankunft in Hamburg," or "Arrival in Hamburg," is well and widely known amongst German tars. It is sung to a melody known as "Holl dy jo nich op," which title gives the chorus to the song.

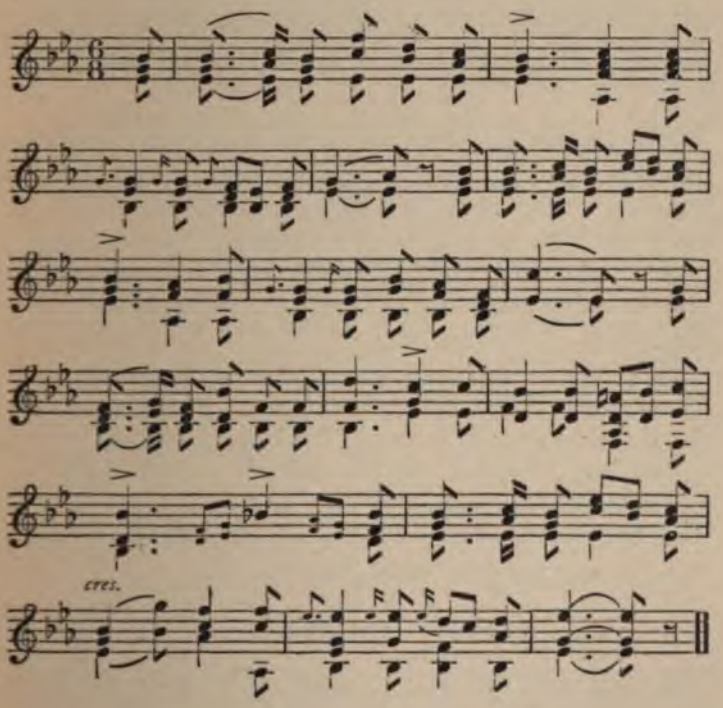
ANKUNFT IN HAMBURG.

GERMAN VERSION.	ENGLISH VERSION.
Immer seine Bries, Dat is Seemans Wies, Dammi, Jungs ick kann Eurhaben sehn! Köck, sy nicht so dumm, Rohr de Arfen um, Wenn se anbrennt deem Schmerkt se nicht schön. Jung, den Buddel her, Schenk Mal rund umher, Giffen jeden Mann en fixen Sluk. Holl dy jo nich op! Holl dy jo nich op! Holl dy jo, un yo! un yo nich op!	Always a jolly breeze, That is the way of the sailor. Damn you, boys! haven't you seen Cuxhaven? Don't look so silly. Stir the yellow peas; Burnt they don't taste nice. Boy, reach me the bottle. Give each one a drink— Every one in turn. Now then, don't you stop! Now then, don't you stop! Now then, don't you stop! Now then, don't you stop!
Dar op Bankbord Sied Is en lütjen Stried. Jan de Quast dar mit dem langen, Fritz, Blos um en lütt Deern, Is de Röh nich werth Wat do ick mit so en dummen Witz. Seth, wi hefft bald Band, Deern's geft uns de Hand; Wenn se uns nich mögt, socht my jem so; Holl dy jo nich op! Holl dy jo nich op! Holl dy jo nich op! Holl dy jo nich op!	There on the starboard side There's a little row. Yarn mop with a fall, Fred, For a little girl. It's not worth the while. What do I with such a daft joke? Look! we soon have land. Girls, reach us a hand. If they don't like us, then we'll shout at them, "Now then, don't you stop! Now then, don't you stop! Now then, don't you stop! Now then, don't you stop!"
Recht wergnögten Muth, Nu geiht mit de Floth, Op de Elfen Hamborgs Haben to. Smiet den Anker ut, Sett de Sluhinut, De Captein geiht erstmal na syn Fro: Achen de grose Luk, Langssied liggt de Schutt: So, Lud, fat de Winsch mal kräft'g an! Holl dy jo nich op! Holl dy jo nich op! Holl dy jo nich op! Holl dy jo nich op!	Now with jolly mind, We go with the tide Up the Elbe to Hamburg's Haven. Heave the anchor there: The Captain first goes to his wife: Open the big hatchway, The keel is alongside. "Now, boys, fast to the windlass. Now then, don't you stop! now then, don't you stop! Now then, don't you stop! now then, don't you stop!"
Wenn't Schlapp leddig is, Gifftet bannig Kies, Junge, denn, musst dat Wergnögen sehn, Moje Pankje an,	When we have discharged, There's a lump of cash. Now, boys, you must see that spree. Now, boys, you must see that spree. Now, boys, you must see that spree.

Ziert den Fahrensmann,
Blanke Taschen, dat is Wunner schön;
Jede lütje Deern
Tüt uns bannig geern,
Un wer uns nich ehrt, dem racht my to:
Holl dy jo nich op, holl dy jo nich op.
Holl dy jo nich op, holl dy jo nich op!

Well-lined pockets are awfully nice,
With every little girl
Mighty welcome are we,
And we shout at him who doesn't care for us,
"Now then, don't you stop! now then, don't you stop!
Now then, don't you stop! now then, don't you stop!"

Though, perhaps, not strictly admissible in a collection of sailors' songs, I cannot bring this short account of the German ones to a close without including that most beautiful of all beautiful water-legends, "The Lorelei:"—



GERMAN VERSION.

Ich weisz nicht, was soll es bedeuten,
Dasz ich so traurig bin;
Ein Märchen aus alten Zeiten,
Das kommt mir nicht aus dem Sinn.

ENGLISH VERSION.

I know not what it meaneth,
That I'm so sad to-day;
Of olden times a legend
Haunts me for ever and aye.

Die Luft ist kühl und es dunkelt,
Und ruhig fliesst der Rhein;
Der Gipfel des Berges funkelt
Im Abend-Sonnenschein.

Die schönste Jungfrau sitzet
Dort oben wunderbar,
Ihr goldnes Geschmeide blitzet,
Sie kämmt ihr goldnes Haar;

Sie kämmt es mit goldenen Kamme
Und singt ein Lied dabei;
Das hat eine wundersame
Gewaltige Melodie.

Den Schiffer im kleinen Schiffe,
Ergreift es mit wildem Weh;
Er sieht nicht die Felsenriffe,
Er schaut nur hinauf in die Höh'!

Ich glaube, die Wellen verschlingen
Am Ende Schiffer und Kahn;
Und das hat mit ihrem Singen
Die Lorelei gethan.

The air is cool, and it darkens,
And calmly flows the Rhine;
The mountain summit glimmers
In the evening sunshine.

Above, in wondrous beauty,
There sits a maiden fair;
Her brilliant jewels glitter,
She combs her golden hair.

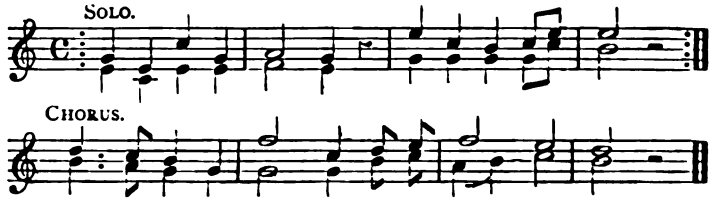
Combing her golden tresses,
A song the while she sings,
A song so weird, alluring,
That through my heart it rings.

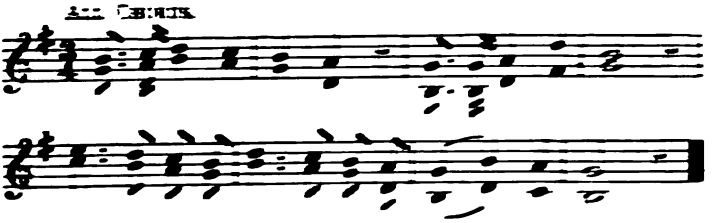
Bewitched with woe and longing,
The boatman is looking on high,
Not heeding the threatening danger,
That hovers round him so nigh.

Methinks that the bark and boatman
The treacherous waves have won;
And that, with her beautiful singing,
The Lorelei has done.

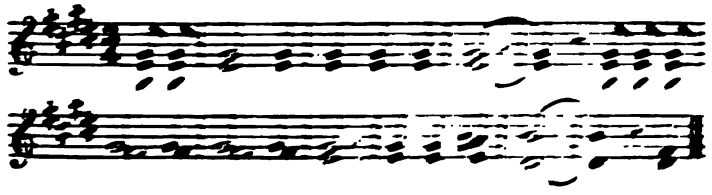
I have purposely given this translation of the beautiful poem, as so many English versions are published totally regardless of the music, and to my idea it seems scarcely worth while to translate any song-verses without having regard to the song itself. I have found many English versions of this legend, all more or less inaccurate as a true description of the thrilling effect of the original words. Some of them even speak of the "fury of the sea, the rock-bound coast," &c., and surely if ever a legend were associated with a river, it is that of the Lorelei with the Rhine.

The song "Freiheit, die Ich Meine," is often heard on board German vessels. The words are to be found in most books of German "Lieder," so I will content myself with giving a few bars of the melody.

FREIHEIT, DIE ICH MEINE.

"Goldne Abendsonne," or "Golden Evening Sun," is too well-known a song for there to be any necessity to give the words or their English meaning: it is often sung by the sailors in chorus at the end of their day's work.



"Auf Ihr Brüder lasst uns Wallen" is also a sailors favourite, and when they meet on shore and grow as land-folk also do, carnival over their pipes and lager then may be heard from some tavern or public-house the strains of the "Auf Ihr Brüder." I before remarked that German sailors as well as the other sons of the old Vaterland have a deeply-rooted love of good music and nothing brought a very remarkably spirit music-book full of songs strongly redolent of Bacchus which was written for me by a Hamburg sailor during a period of convalescence in Newcastle Infirmary. I find the following pieces mentioned as being favourites on board German vessels—Mendelssohn's exquisite "Schilflied," "Herzog," which they use as an outward-bound song, also the "Abschied vom Walde," or "Leaving the Forest," and Schubert's perfect "Wanderer's Nacht-Lied," with Goethe's words.



WANDRER'S NACHT-LIED.

GERMAN VERSION.

Ueber allen Gipfeln ist Ruh,
In allen Wipfeln spürest du
Kaum einen Hauch;
Die Vöglein schweigen im Walde.

CHORUS.

Warte nur, balde
Ruhest du auch.

THE WANDERER'S NIGHT SONG.

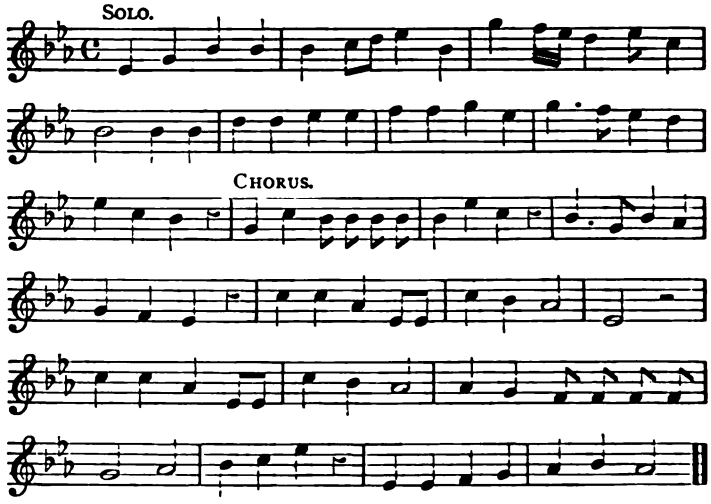
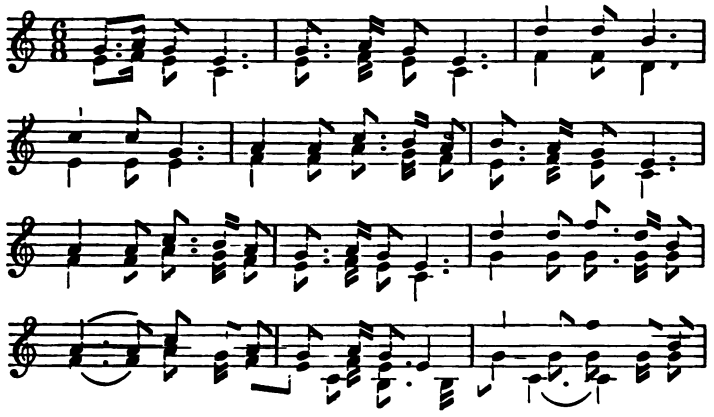
ENGLISH VERSION.

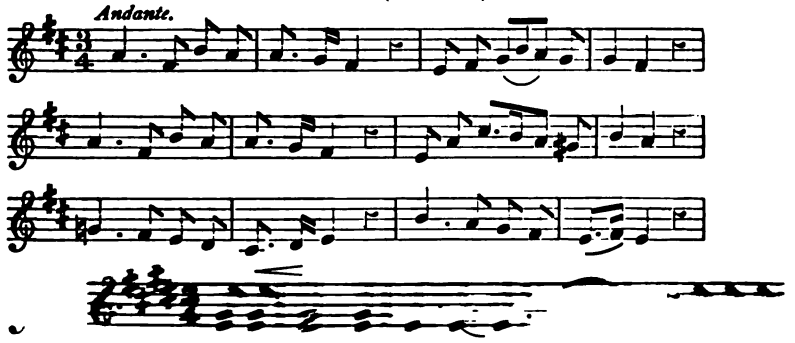
Over each mountain is peace,
On each summit stirs there
Scarce a breeze;
The birds are silent in the wood.

CHORUS.

There only wants, there only wants,
That thou, too, shouldst rest.

The effect of this beautiful song chanted—for it is more like some grand sacred piece than a song—on the open sea, must be very pleasing. Imagine our Jack tars singing anything even one-half as classical as Schubert's "Wandrer's Nacht-Lied."

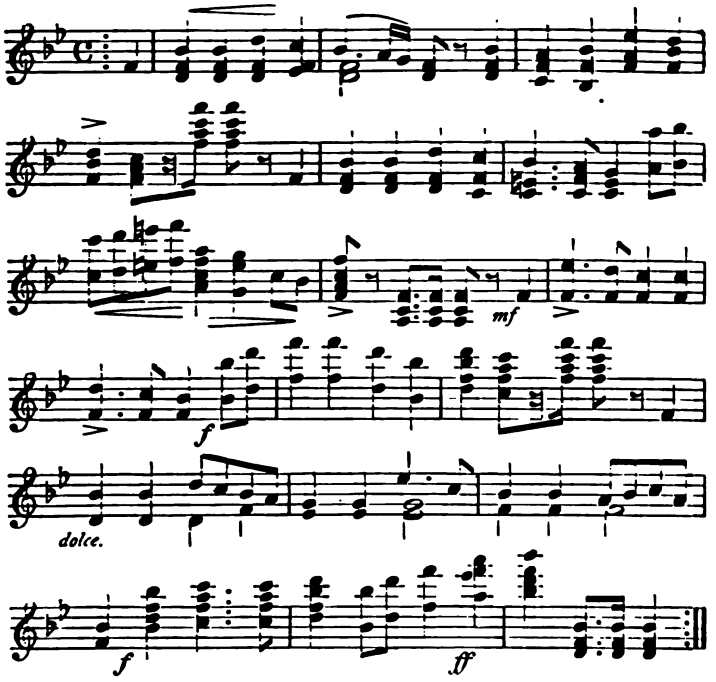
AUF, IHR BRÜDER, LASZT UNS WALLEN.

The following is the tune of the "Weinachts-Lied," or "Christmas Carol," that is sung by the German sailors for that festival. It is to be found, amongst many other well-known German songs, in a book published in Hamburg and collected by Dr. Wichern, under the title of "Unsere Lieder."

GERMAN VERSION.	ENGLISH VERSION.
Morgen muss ich fort von hier,	I to-morrow, love, must go,
Und muss Abschied nehmen ;	Farewell, I must leave thee ;
O du aller schönste Zier,	Thus to part, thou lovely one,
Scheiden, das bringt Grämen.	Bitterly doth grieve me.
Da ich dich so treu geliebt,	I so truly have loved thee,
Ueber alle Maassen,	Far beyond all measure,
Soll ich dich verlassen,	How can I then leave thee,
Soll ich dich verlassen ?	Who art all my treasure ?

LEBEWOHL (*Farewell*).

With this favourite "outward bound" song of the German seamen I bring this small collection of their songs to a close. Lebewohl, adieu, adio, farewell—all sad, all telling of separation, perhaps for years, perhaps for ever, but never so sad, never so real, as when the last glimpse of land fades from the eyes of those watching it from an "outward bound" vessel.

DUTCH SAILORS' AND HERRING-FISHERS' SONGS.

"This will prove a brave kingdom to me,
Where I shall have my music for nothing."

DUTCH SAILORS' AND HERRING-FISHERS' SONGS.

DUTCH NATIONAL SONG.

JUST across the North Sea, over the low sand-dykes of Holland, scarce higher than a ship's bulwarks, looked a race whom the spleeny wits of other nations declared to

be born web-footed. Yet their sails were found in every sea, and, like resolute merchants as they were, they left to others the glory whilst they did the world's carrying. Their impress upon the sea-language was neither faint nor slight. They were true mariners, and from Manhattan Island to utmost Japan, the brown bright sides, full bows, and bulwarks of the Dutchman tumbling home were as familiar as the sea-gulls. Many words of daily use on shipboard are of Dutch origin; for instance, "bowsprit" is a compound of English and Dutch. The word "boom" is also due to the low land of dykes, as is "camboose." For all their clumsy appearance, their vessels are laid on lines that are both true and sharp; and the hardy Norsemen Vikings, and stately patrician Romans (who, by-the-bye, were at best but sea-soldiers and marines), learnt to their cost in the days when the rulers of the sea had yet to be proved, that in the squat, solid Dutchman they had a formidable rival.

And the Dutch are still to the fore in all matters maritime; their thriving, busy ports are ample proof of that; take, for instance, Amsterdam—that most beautiful city on the Amstel: "The seamen seated on the quays, their legs hanging down, or leaning against the black balustrades, having a grave and solemn appearance. All are smoking, seemingly reflecting, but not thinking; silent, but not dreaming. Fishermen from Marken returning to their island; fishermen of Amsterdam who fish for the anchovy; barrel-formed *Tjalks* loaded with merchandise; the little steamboat which carries the passengers and letters for Harlengen; all waiting at the sluices for the great gates which allow five ships to enter abreast, to open."

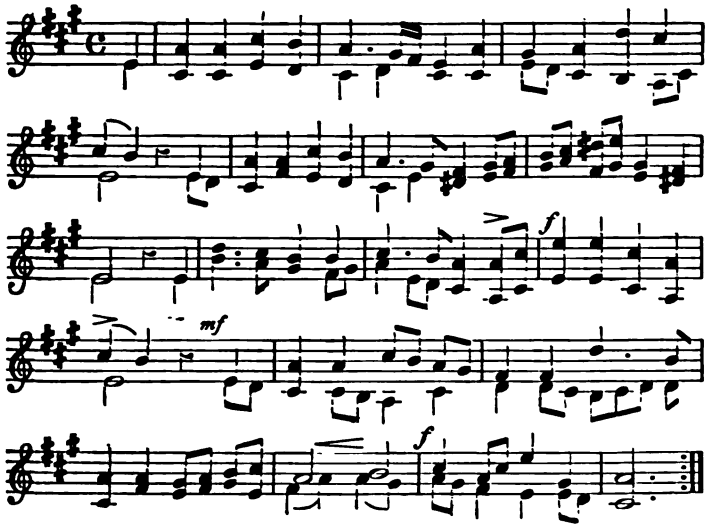
I have quoted this passage from Henri Havard's delightful "Dead Cities of the Zuyder Zee." He says, "In the distance the ironclad frigates were seen, and we could hear the sailors singing their old sea-songs, nearly the same in all countries amongst mariners." Monsieur Havard's remark is peculiarly applicable to the Dutch. They have

for so long been a thorough-going sea people that many expressions and terms now used in sailors' parlance may be traced to them. It is not at all surprising to meet with a Dutch sailor who will tell you he knows the German, French, and English sea-songs thoroughly; indeed, some of the Low German songs I give in the pages devoted to Germany are almost as much Dutch as German. The song, "The Jolly Cook," which is written in such a strange dialect, is well known to the sailors of Holland, and the same may be said of many of our chanties. Any day in Rotterdam, that most quaint old-world town, with its thronged busy quays, where are found a cosmopolitan lot of seamen, you may hear snatches of English song, as the men are busy with their work:—

"For there will come the sailors,
Their voices I shall hear,
And at the casting of the anchor,
The yo-ho loud and clear;
And at hauling of the anchor,
The yo-ho and the cheer."

There is one phase of sea life, though, in which the Dutch are a people *par excellence*, namely, the fisheries; it seems almost incredible to read of the amount of barrels of fish daily exported from Holland; in fact, as some one wisely remarks, "The history of the country might be written in the fishing-nets," for there are dozens and dozens of little villages where the life of the inhabitants is simply herrings. Inside the dwellings, nets that are needing repair, tackle of all sorts, boat appliances, barrels for the salted fish, and women knitting their husbands', fathers', sons', or brothers' coarse warm jerseys: outside, signs of ships over the doorways, lines of boats on the rugged and dangerous coast, herrings being salted and packed as fast as the busy hands of the brave daring fishermen can pack them, and over all a calm, satisfied cheerful contentment that is almost sad to witness when one thinks of the rude dispelling it must

often have, when the angry sea turns on the men who spend their lives in wresting their daily bread from the tempest. These herring-fishers on the lonely Dutch coast live a strange life. A life of great hardship, earnest and unflagging industry, and small profit. A life that is spent, like that of most of the people of Holland, in constant warfare with the sea, striving with works that have gone on for years, and that must go on as eternally as the tide, if the imperious monarch is to be kept back from the peaceful home-like land that his hungry billows would so fain ravage. There is something so noble in a people that are content to go on year after year combating so grand a foe, that one cannot wonder that the indomitable patience and perseverance displayed by the Dutch, in the very minutest details, has won them such rewards.

Water plays such an important part in the life of the Dutch, and so much time has to be spent on it, that the people, who are characteristically chary of time, carry on all their usual occupations, and the women travelling in the *tzekschuyten* or gondolas reckon that from one town to another they can knit so much of a stocking. The Dutch boatmen who man these water omnibuses, and who by the way are among the most amiable watermen of the world, seem to find the water so evidently their sphere, that they never appear to be anxious to reach their journey's end. Water-boats, milk-boats, everything that is in daily use in Holland comes by canal, and it is a strange fact, that where there is so much water, there is yet a difficulty in finding any to drink, and it has often to be brought a great distance by boat to the towns; it has been said "that in Holland wherever nature has failed to supply the sea or a river, the Dutch have made a canal." By this means most of their traffic is carried on all day with activity and some bustle, and in the evenings with a little relaxation and often to the strains of some popular song, sung in chorus, such as:—

In a book entitled "The Dutch at Home," by Monsieur Alphonse Esquiros, published by Chapman and Hall, Piccadilly, which describes most graphically the life and character of the fishermen and sea-people generally of Holland, there is an account of the fishermen of Vlaardingen. The author says that "up to recent years the departure of the boats for the great herring fishery was fixed for St. John's Day (June 24th). This departure was preceded by fêtes, and a book of old Dutch songs still exists, sung by the fishermen as they put to sea. Toasts were proposed to the success of a fishery, and prayers offered up. At last sail was set, and the peaceful flotilla started for the herring conquest. At the present day the doggers start at the beginning of June, and can open the fishery at once; but faithful to tradition, or, if you will so, prejudice, the fishermen take advantage of this new liberty very reluctantly. The "herring," they say in their simple language, "does not like to be caught before St. John's Day." I have unsuccessfully attempted to find this old book of songs. Monsieur Esquiros has been dead some years, and his book (published in 1863) seems

but little known now. I have never read anything more generous than his opinion of the Dutch people, or an account so picturesque and interesting of their country.

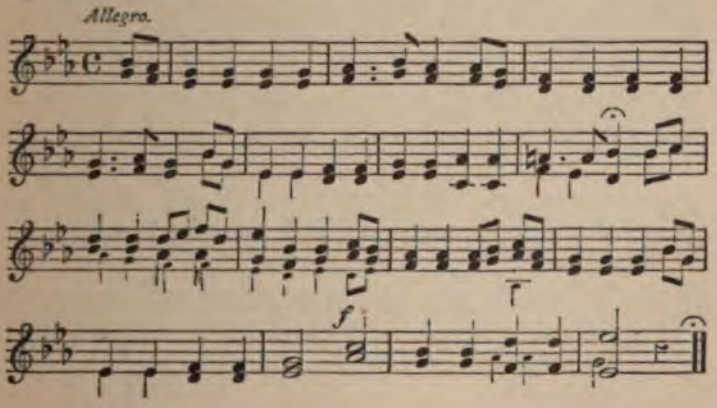
He also speaks of the lonely island of Marken. "The women," he says, "hardly ever quit the island; the men, on the contrary, inhale the breath and life of the sea. The flounder-catchers enter their boats at midnight each Sunday; they pass the week in the Gulf, and only return home on Saturday night. The only day they spend ashore is employed in repairing nets, sacks, and tackle. Great dangers menace these indefatigable voyagers; the wave of the Zuyder Zee is shorter and less tumultuous than that of the ocean, but it is perfidious. Their coolness amid dangers and storms equals their humanity; ever ready to help imperilled vessels, they have furnished proofs innumerable of their courage and presence of mind. The sea is the visible conscience of the fisherman of the Zuyder Zee, and he is ever anxious to prove himself honest and pure in its sight. They are remarkably temperate men—the cause, probably, of their longevity. You meet many old men on the island, and at the sight of their faces, calm as the sea on a fine summer night, you grow to love this humble mediocrity, these poor people, rich in things they are ignorant of, and this family of fishermen who are so closely connected by a uniformity of labour, inclinations, and dangers." The house belongs to the wife; but the fly-boat, the external house, to the husband. He displays the same coquetry and zeal in adorning this floating abode as his wife does in cleaning the cottage; and on Sundays and holidays the fishing-boats collected in port seem rather a squadron of yachts arranged for the pleasure of the eye, than a fleet of toil and utility. But the wives of the fishermen of Marken have other duties besides that of cleaning the cottage to attend to. The first consists in the education of her children, which entirely devolves upon the mother—sometimes the family numbers twelve children; add to this the making of all their clothing, including the hus-

band's: they also till the soil, make the hay, spin the hemp for the rigging, and bleach the linen. In these varied and complicated duties the housewife has no servant to assist her, all has to be done by one pair of hands. Truly the women of Marken must be deserving of that often misquoted title of "housewife;" the making and not the marring of a happy home surely lies in the sturdy, industrious helpmeets of the Marken fishermen.

Mr. Robinson, the British Consul at Amsterdam, has very kindly interested himself in trying to obtain some of the Dutch sailors' songs for me, but, in a letter I have from him, he says that, "After having made many inquiries, he finds that there are no well-known sailors' songs now in existence. The ditties in vogue among the sailors are those generally current amongst the lower classes, and are principally of a character which would unfit them for publication."

I give one, however, of the herring fishery, with the translation of the words:—

DIE NIEUWE HARING.—*The New (Fresh) Herring.*



DUTCH VERSION.	ENGLISH VERSION.
Triomf, de vreugde stij-ge in top; Hijsch, Holland! vlag en wimpels op,	Triumph! let gladness ascend on high, Hoist, Holland! your flags and pennant up,

En doe den jubeltoon nu davren langs
uw strand !
Daar komt de kiel met goud belaên,
Zig brengt ons d'eersten haring aan !
'T is feest in Nederland, 't is feest in
Nederland.

Verhef u, wakkre zeevaardij !
U, pronk van Hollands Maat-
schappij !
U, koningin van 't feest, u biên wij
d'eerewijn :
Sprei, handel, Hollands gullen disch !
Nu zal de Vanderlandsche visch,
We er d'eerste schotel zijn, weer
d'eerste schotel zijn.

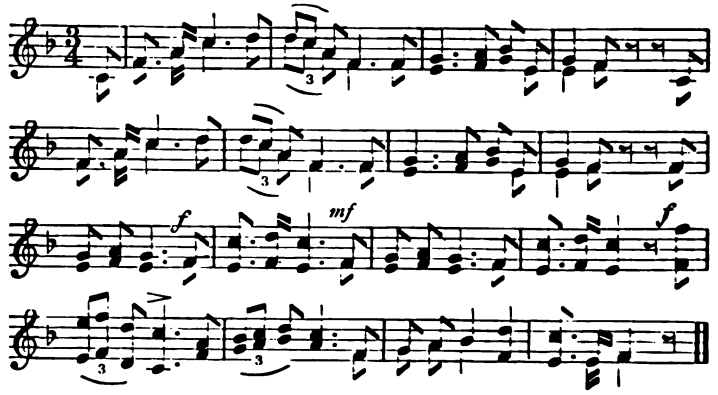
Wie in dit kostlijk zeebanket
Voor 't eerst de grage tanden zet,
De volle flesch ontkurkt tot vreugd
van zin en geest,
Met fonkelende glazen klinkt,
Ze op Neerlands welzijn ledig drinkt,
Die houdt een heerlijk feest, die houdt
een heerlijk feest.

And let the joyful sound now re-echo
along your strand,
Here comes, laden with gold, the boat,
Bringing us the first fresh herring !
It is a feast in Netherland, it is a feast
in Netherland.

Exalt ye ! cunning craft ! Pride of the
Dutch fleet.
To thee, queen of the feast, we offer
the wine of honour :
Let commerce spread Holland's liberal
board !
Now shall the Fatherland's fish
Again be the choicest dish,
Again be the choicest dish.

He who partakes of this precious sea-
banquet for the first time,
And uncorks the full bottle to the joy
of sense and mind,
Ringing the sparkling glass, and
drinks it dry
To " Netherland's Prosperity,"
He keeps a glorious feast, he keeps a
glorious feast.

A well-known song amongst Dutch sailors is the following :—

DE KABELS LOS. (*Matrozenlied.*)

Matrozenlied.

DUTCH VERSION.

De kabels los, de zeilen op,
Dat gaat er op een varen ;
Al waren wij Sinjeurs aan wal,
Ons hart lei in de baren ;

Sailors' Song.

ENGLISH VERSION.

Let go the ropes, unfurl the sails,
And let us be off to sea,
Were we even lords ashore
Our hearts would lie with thee ;

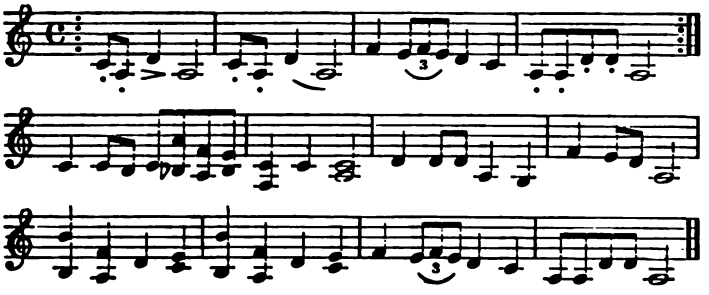
Een Hollandsch kind, dat is bekend, Die vindt in Zee zijn element, Jo-ho, jo-ho, jo-ho, jo-ho ! Die vindt in Zee zijn element.	For a Hollander-born, you all must know, Finds in the sea his element, Yo-ho, yo-ho, yo-ho, yo-ho ! Finds in the sea his element.
En zijn wij zoo geen banjers meer Als in verleden dagen, Toen ieder voor Jan-Compânie Een flikker had geslagen : Toch zeilen wij op iedre Zee Zoo goed nog als de beste mee, Jo-ho, jo-ho, jo-ho, jo-ho ! Zoo goed nog als de beste mee !	And if we cannot do the mighty deeds They did in the days gone by, When for the honour of the Dutch Company Every man in his heart did try. Yet still we sail in every sea As good as the best of them, Yo-ho, yo-ho, yo-ho, yo-ho ! As good as the best of them !
Hoezee dan jongens in het want ! De handen uit de mouwen, Laat Duitscher, Noor of Engelschman Neit klimmen in je touwen. Dàn kan je varen zonder peil, Al blies de Nikker in het zeil, Jo-ho, jo-ho, jo-ho, jo-ho ! Al blies de Nikker in het zeil !	Hurrah ! then, boys, up aloft, Up with your sleeves (look like work); Let neither German, Norwegian, nor Englishman Climb your rigging. Then you may sail without a care, Supposing the Devil should blow in your sail, Yo-ho, yo-ho, yo-ho, yo-ho ! Supposing the Devil should blow in your sail !

I cannot say much in favour of these words. Such a boasting spirit pervades them that it has been a most difficult matter to obtain a translation, and to find adequate expression for some of the nautical phrases. The Dutch Company mentioned in the second verse evidently refers to the Dutch East India Company and its naval exploits. The last verse is perhaps the most difficult to render into English ; into English rhyme it neither can nor will go. The deficiencies of the words are, however, amply condoned by the extreme beauty of the music.

RUSSIAN SAILORS' SONGS.

"With God go over the sea,
Without God go not over the threshold."

Russian Proverb.

RUSSIAN BOAT-SONG.

RUSSIAN SAILORS' SONGS.

LIKE the army, the Russian Navy was the creation of Peter the Great. In coming to the throne he found his empire without any port save Archangel: at his death he left a fleet of the line in the Baltic, and his name feared as a naval hero in the Black Sea and the Caspian; and that clause in his will in which he states, "that Russia, which I found a brook and left a river, must, under my successors, grow to a mighty sea, destined to fertilize worn-out Europe, and advance its waves over all obstacles, if my successors are only capable of guiding the stream," shows in what direction the great man's thoughts for the welfare of Russia ran, and how merely supplementary to it he regarded the army.

From the earliest times there has been a slight halo of maritime glory around the Russian name. The half fabulous Varangians, Northmen, or Normans, who conquered Russia as they did France and England, and from whom the Russian nobility still boast their descent, were victorious by sea as well as by land, and the glories of Ruric and Vladimir belong to the Russian nation as much as the victories of Alfred and the Plantagenets belong to us.

But after the fall of Novgorod, when the Baltic provinces fell into the power of the Swedes, the Poles, and the Germans, and Archangel was the only outlet left her, the maritime importance of Russia decreased, the Russians occupied themselves entirely with internal commerce, and the spirit of the Varangians disappeared, or only lingered among the Cossacks of the Dnieper and the Don.

In the beginning, the Russian Navy was formed entirely of foreigners, and principally of Englishmen, whilst the sailors and officers in the Black Sea were principally Greeks, and although the commerce of Russia is considerable, there is not, or at any rate up to the year 1844 there was not a single merchantman manned and sent out by Russians proper; that is, by the Sclavonic population, which forms the real strength of the Russian Navy. Admirals Crown, Hamilton, Elphinstone, Dugdale, and Greig, and many of their own seamen who rose to positions of importance, were brought up in the English Navy. The Greek influence until about 1840 was paramount in the Crimea, the languages most in vogue throughout the country were French and German. Small wonder, I think, that the Russian Navy should have so few characteristics, seeing of what cosmopolitan traits it is formed, and that its sailors should be of such little national individuality, since so few real Russians are included amongst them.

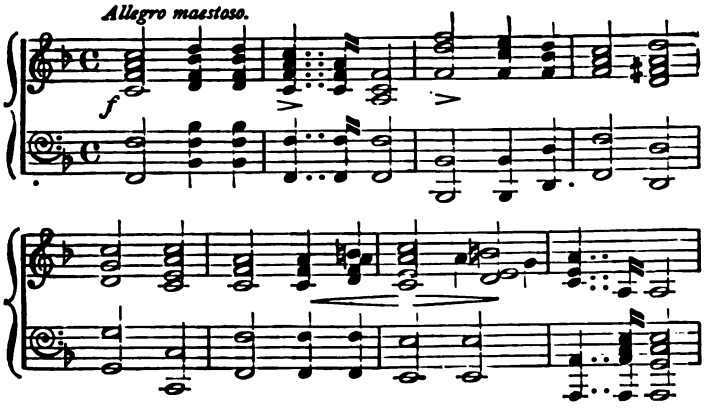
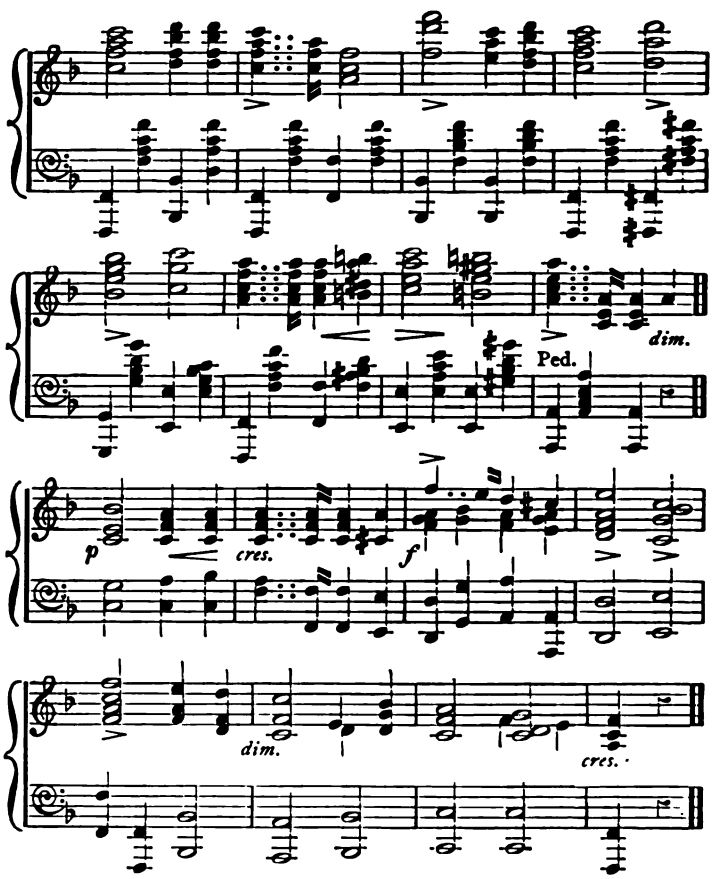
With regard to the small portion of maritime affairs in which I am at present interested, namely, "Sailors' Songs," I have not been able to make so varied or comprehensive a collection as I should have liked, seeing what a truly musical country Russia is, but several reasons have prevented my doing as much as I should have wished—the chief being doubtless the cosmopolitanism that excludes anything partaking of a national character; another, I fancy, being that the Russian Navy is almost too young to have any history, and as I have before remarked, historical naval facts have invariably been the original theme of sailors' songs; and a third is perhaps due to the fact that the "Russian sailors are all landsmen." The fleet is manned from the common conscription, with very little ethnologic distinction, excepting perhaps, that in the north preference is given to the Finns, and in the south to the Jew conscripts; not on account of the aptitude displayed by these latter for naval service, but because as

soldiers they are considered worthless. In the case of the Finns it is different, seeing they are numbered amongst the best seamen in Russia.

The crew, or "equipage," as the Russians call it, generally includes twenty-five musicians, who supply the music that is necessary on some occasions, for there is, I am told, a good deal of ceremony observed in the Russian Navy. For instance, on setting out on a voyage, or on the return from a long one, the band will play the National Anthem, the sailors singing it bareheaded :—

"God protect the Czar,
The right believing Czar;
His reign lead us to glory—
To glory, us!
Let him reign and confound his foes,
The right believing Czar;
God, O God, protect the Czar!"

I have given the words quite literally, and without attempting to set them to the music, which, no doubt, adapts itself very suitably to the Russian syllables.

THE RUSSIAN NATIONAL ANTHEM.

This is also performed at a launch, or indeed on any grand occasion. It is the great song of the Russian Navy, and its majestic chords and inspiriting martial style are very familiar on Russian shipboard. The effect of this song of praise on the water must be very grand; for the Russian chanting is of great repute, and the sublimity of the sacred music of this country exceeds that of almost any other.

The singular peculiarities of the double-bass voice which supports the chords of the chants of the national worship, together with the players of the horn-bands' automatons of

one note in Russia, are attributed by many to the state of serfdom, of no more real value in regard to art than so many organ pipes, since the singers or players can be little more than machines, comprising each a few select notes, whose owners are fit for small other service. However this may be, the Russian voice, be it free or slave, is universally allowed to be most melodious, and, like most northern countries, it would be impossible to overrate the freshness and vigour of its song melody. The sadness of it is seldom tinctured with languor; the sweetness has something in it that braces as well as charms the sense. This may even be remarked when the minor key predominates, as it does so largely in Russian music.

I have dwelt somewhat at length on the national qualities of Russian music, since its music of the sea is largely composed of those popular "lieder" sung on shore. Thus the Russian sailor at his work will sing, not some quaint verses set to still quainter melody, as our blue-jackets do; but the very songs that at that time are the most in vogue in his own country. These songs are used, as all sea-songs are, to give encouragement to the men, and to promote unity of labour. I asked a very intelligent Russian sailor if complaints of their food on ships or captain were not often sung in rhymed verse on board their ships, as is the case with our men, and he said, "No, they don't do it, but they might." They have rye, or black bread—which, however, they prefer to wheaten bread. They drink "quass," a fermented drink made from the rye flour, and vodka, and they have meat twice a week.

In fact, the chanty as we understand it is not known amongst Russian tars, they have their songs (Pesni, they call them) and their musicians on board, but of the impromptu verses, *à propos* of so little, set to the original tunes, that so delight the hearts of most sailors, they know but little. The few that would come under the heading of "chanties," that I have heard, are so immeasurably superior to these as a rule, that they are worthy of a better

title and rank in musical parlance. The Baltic, with its many different divisions, has numbers of sea-songs, that is, songs of the sea, some being of the same type as Dibdin's. The Gulf of Finland is also rich in song-lore, the outcome, doubtless, of the famous Finnish mythology, and many of them probably will be legends of those pirates of old whose invasions were so dreaded. The Black Sea, chosen by all the ancient poets as the theatre of their hero's exploits, the scene of Ulysses' wanderings amongst the Laestrigons or Tauri, must also, one would think, have preserved many curiosities of rhyme. The fabled daughters of Achelous and Calliope had charmed all navigators until Ulysses approached the coast:—

"And lo! the siren shores like mists arise;
Sunk were at once the winds; the air above
And waves below at once forgot to move;
Some demon calmed the air and smoothed the deep,
Hush'd the loud winds and charmed the waves to sleep."
POPE'S *Odyssey*, Book iv.

"The oracle condemned them to die when a man should pass without stopping. Ulysses, warned of the danger, stopped his ears with wax, and safely passed them, bound to the mast. So they were changed into rocks, off Sorrento, where they still exist, a terror to mariners. Another legend says they became rocks because Orpheus surpassed them in singing."[1]

Lapland, it is said, has no sea-songs now, though I should fancy there must be at least a few handed down, from those old legends of the Laps driving a thriving trade by selling winds to the sailors, who, as Longfellow says, whistled for them:—

"Only a little hour ago
I was whistling to St. Antonio,
For a capful of wind to fill our sail,
And instead of a breeze he has sent a gale."

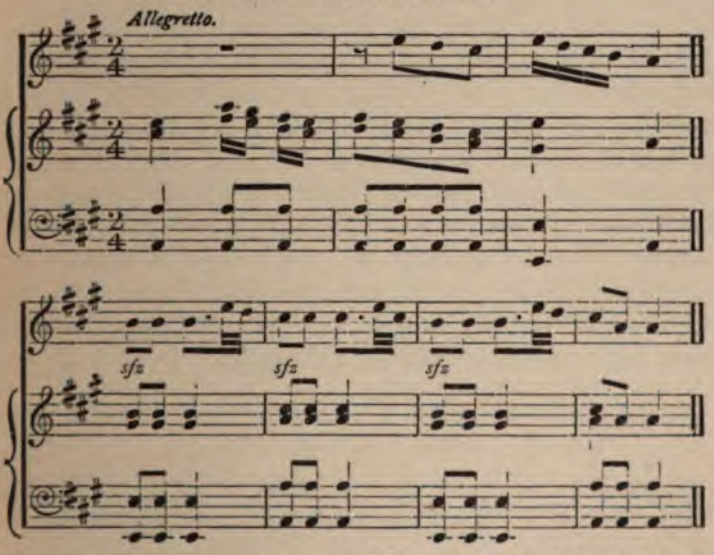
[1] Cox's "Aryan Mythology."

Sir Walter Scott, in his "Rokeby," also alludes to this custom :—

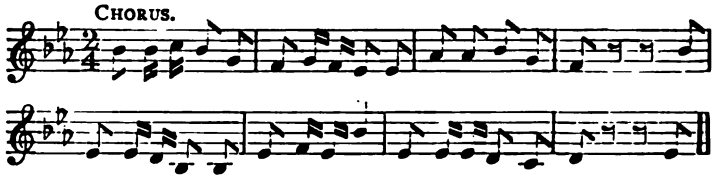
"What gales are sold on Lapland's shore,
How whistle rash bids tempests roar."

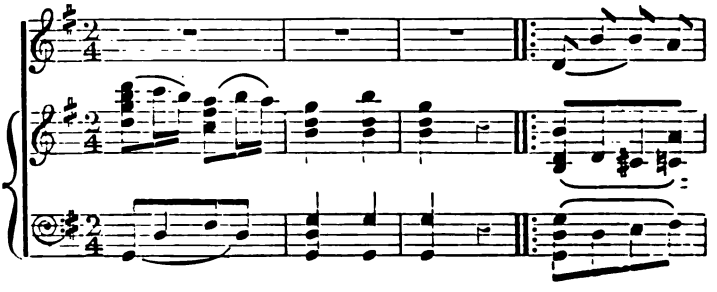
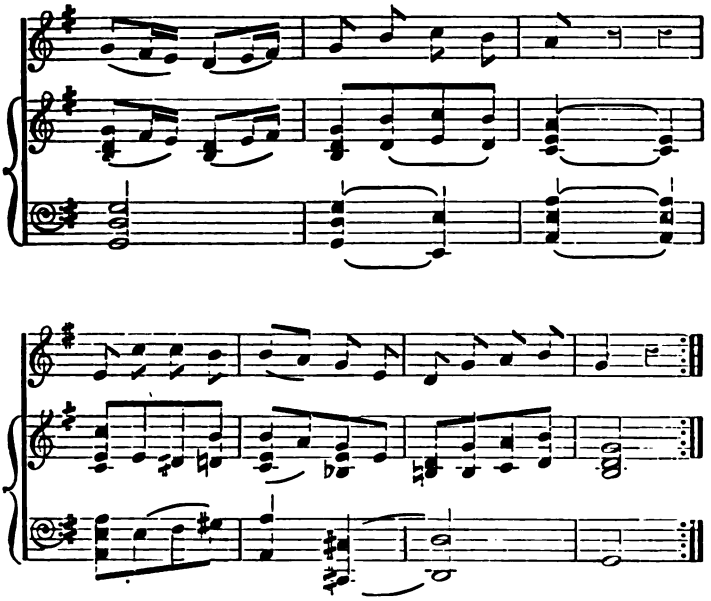
It has been said that "the genuine expression of popular feeling is always forcible, not seldom poetic;" it certainly does seem that the truth of this is amply verified, as regards it being forcible, on board of a Russian man-o'-war, where a captain, if he be popular, will be tossed in the air, between a double line of sailors, in time with the following tune :—

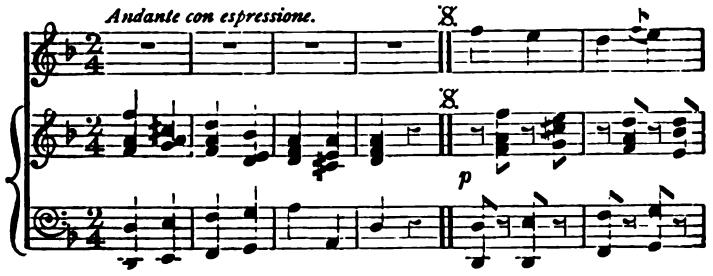
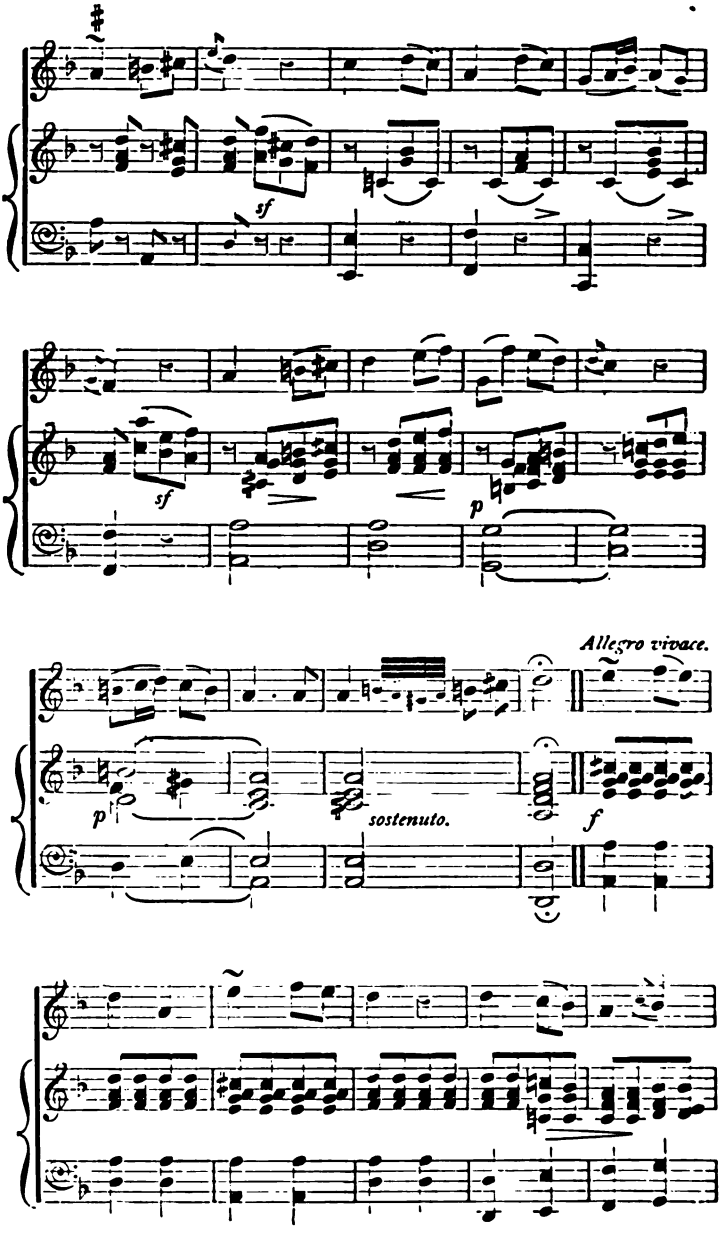
FAVOURITE AIR ON BOARD OF A RUSSIAN MAN-O'-WAR.

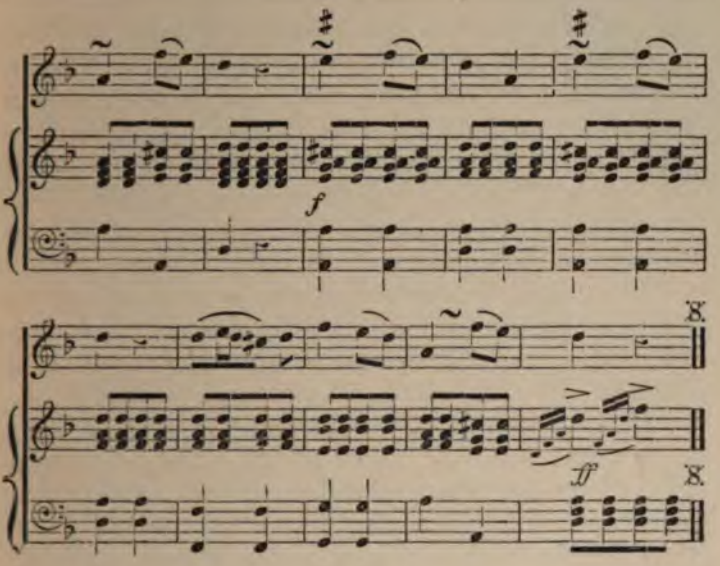
(No words are recorded for this.)

It seems a strange custom, and I should think the implied compliment would scarcely be one to cause unmitigated pleasure to the recipient. Those songs that are used on board are mostly sung in alternate soli and chorus, and at the same time and in the same place as our chanties are used. The same song seems to serve for holystoning the

decks and loading with grain. This is a descriptive kind of song; I give the notes here:—

SONG USED WHEN HOLYSTONING THE DECKS OR LOADING WITH GRAIN.

One feature of Russian ship singing is certainly quite peculiar to itself, namely, that of the women singing in chorus while crushing the oats previous to their being shipped; this they do close to the vessel. The songs are usually of a sad nature, in slow measure, but they evidently help the work on, as regularity and unison are needed. I have given one of these songs, though really it can scarcely be quite in place in a collection of sailors' chanties; but the extreme beauty of it, and the originality of its purpose, have tempted me to do so. There is something very original, and one might almost add pathetic in the idea of this plaintive melody accompanying the words of these women on the wharf. The effect of it sung in chorus must be very pleasing. Another great favourite for this work is "The Nightingale," a very well-known Russian song, and one often used in seafaring life. I give it also.

SONG USED BY THE WOMEN WHEN CRUSHING THE GRAIN ON THE WHARF.

The English version of the following song is:—

"Nightingale, O nightingale,
Thou of richest song,
Say, whither thou fliest now,
Where to-morrow thou'lt belong."
Nightingale, O nightingale, &c.

sf
sf
p
Allegro vivace.
p
sostenuto.
f



For heaving the anchor I have found two songs, one of which I give in the printed form as it was sent me from Odessa ; the other, of the genuine chanty style, as I took it down from a Russian sailor, of whom I feel a few words of praise are necessary. His knowledge of the national music of his country was extraordinary in a man of his position, and in literature he was not far behind. Mr. Ralston would, I am sure, have felt interested, if not flattered, by the encomiums passed on his book of Russian songs.[1]

In spite of his very evident taste for study and the amount of cultivation he possessed, my Russian tar was as quaint a specimen of that everywhere extraordinary species—the genuine salt—as I ever encountered. I had some opportunity for studying his character, for he was obliged while waiting for a certain ship to reside for some time near Newcastle-upon-Tyne. My father, in his capacity

[1] "Songs of the Russian People." By W. Ralston.

of Consul having been able to render him some assistance, he was very glad to be of use to the Consul's daughter; and besides giving me the specimens of the Russian water-songs, he entertained me with many a comical story of sea-life, and some strangely cute remarks on the seamen of various nations. I happened to say how difficult I had often found it to induce the sailors to sing for me; "I suppose it is because of their proverbial shyness," I added. "Your English sailors may be shy, miss, not that I have found them so," was the quick reply, "but I know the greatest amount of *cheek*—that's how you call assurance, I believe—in all Russia, is to be found in the navy."

He had spent all his life at sea, that is, from a very tender age, and like many of my other sailor-guests, appeared to find great pleasure in examining the ordinary objects of an English drawing-room. "This is prettier than most cabins I have been in," he remarked, and then apparently thinking he had displeased me by such a candid opinion, he added, "In fact, it's about the best I've seen."

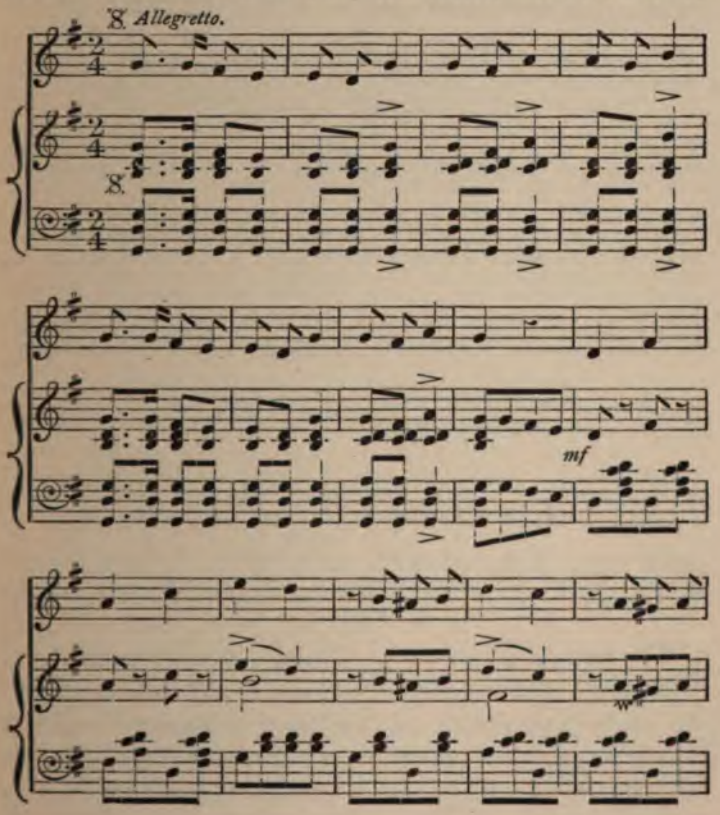
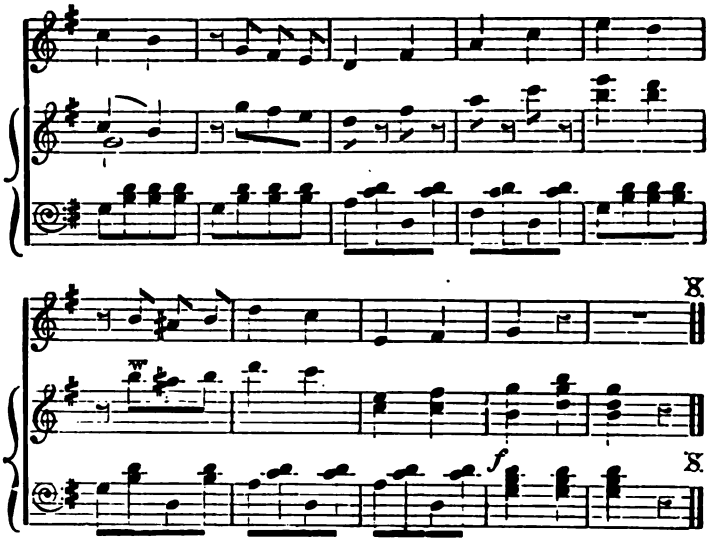
Some one had evidently told him that it was the proper thing to shake hands with any one who entered a room while he was in it, for a lady coming in while he was singing one day, was evidently as much startled as I was, at having her hand most cordially gripped by a rough sailor. I ventured to point out to him, after she left, that this ceremony could be dispensed with, and indeed might not at all times be considered agreeable; he took my hints in very good part, and the next time we were interrupted, contented himself with a profound bow.

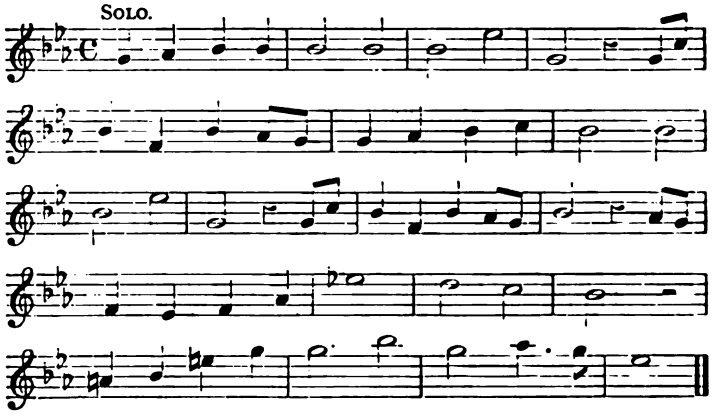
He told me that Russian sailors have a great love for birds, and that many of them, going on long voyages, ask permission to take some favourite caged songster with them. It was from this man I learnt of the popularity of the Russian National Anthem in the navy, and I have rarely heard more enthusiasm in any performance than he put into his Russian version of it when I played the anthem

for him to sing to. The following is a translation of the words of the chanty he sang for heaving the anchor:—

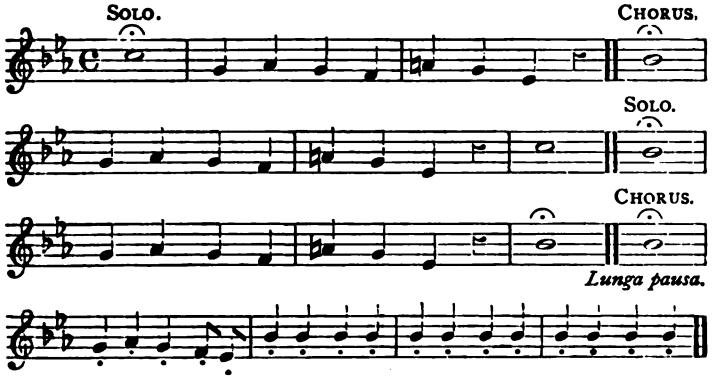
Solo.—"As we lay on an afternoon,
Chorus.—On board of our jolly ship,
Solo.—In the shade made by our sails,
Chorus.—On board our jolly ship.
And we sing jolly songs,
And will sing them together,
And go through the world as light as a feather,
And go through the world as light as a feather."

RUSSIAN SONG USED FOR HEAVING THE ANCHOR.



RUSSIAN CHANTY FOR HEAVING THE ANCHOR.

The best-known, perhaps, of all the Russian sailors' songs is the one used for hauling. It is a national air, and a favourite everywhere. A translation of the words would be something to the same effect as one of our English hauling chanties :—

"Let us pull away together, boys,
All together. It goes—it goes,
Pull away—away—together."

NATIONAL SONG USED FOR HAULING.

Mr. Ralston, in his book, "Songs of the Russian People," says of the Cossack songs that "they are generally about the Don or the Volga; along the banks of those rivers ride the Cossack horse, or on their waters float the Cossack boats." He quotes one very well-known boatman's favourite, "The Address to the River Don":—

ADDRESS TO THE RIVER DON.

"Father of ours! famous, quiet Don,
Don Ivanovich, our nourisher!
Great praise of thee is spoken,
Great praise and words of honour:
That thou didst swiftly run,
Swiftly; but in olden days
All clearly didst thou run,—
But now, our nourisher, all
Troubled dost thou flow;
Troubled unto thy depths art thou, O Don!
Then glorious, quiet Don thus made reply,
'How otherwise than troubled can I be?

I have sent forth my falcons bright,
My falcons bright, the Don Kazaks;
Deprived of them my steep banks crumble down,
Deprived of them my shoals are thick with sand.'"

"The traditions of the Russian peasants people the waters with spiritual inhabitants. Their songs and stories often speak of the *Tsar Morskoi*, the marine or water-king, who dwells in the depths of the sea, or the lake, or the pool, and who rules over the subaqueous world. To this Slavonic Neptune a family of daughters is frequently attributed, maidens of exceeding beauty, who, when they don their feather dresses, become the swan maidens who figure in the popular literature of so many nations. The graceful creatures, however, as well as their royal parent, belong to the realm of the peasant's imagination rather than to that of his belief." (Ralston.)

The *Vodyany*, or water-sprite of Russia, inhabits the depths of rivers, lakes, or pools, but sometimes he dwells in swamps (not necessarily dismal), and he is especially fond of taking up his quarters in a mill-stream, close to the wheel. Every mill is supposed to have a Vodyany attached to it, or several Vodyani—I believe this to be the correct way of speaking of these gentlemen in the plural—if it have more than one wheel. Consequently, millers are generally obliged to be well-versed in the black art, for if they do not understand how to treat the water-spirits all will go ill with them. The Vodyany is also a patron of bee-keeping, and it is customary to enclose the first swarm of the year in a bag, and to throw it, weighted with a stone, into the nearest river, as an offering to his august subaqueous Majesty. He who does this will assuredly flourish as a bee-master, especially if he takes a honeycomb from a hive on St. Zosima's Day, and flings it at midnight into a mill-stream. The Vodyany is not prepossessingly represented by the people, and is supposed to be much given to drinking and card-playing and other vices, which

one would not expect to find in a monarch of the waters.

The water-sprite's wives are popularly supposed to be women who have been drowned, or whom a parent's curse has placed within the power of the evil one. They have great influence over the weal or woe of fishermen and sailors, ofttimes luring them to death and destruction.

The Russian peasants sign a cross on the water with a knife or scythe before bathing, and they never go into the water without a cross round their neck, or after sunset. It is considered especially dangerous to bathe during the week in which falls the feast of the prophet Ilya (Elijah, formerly Perun, the Thunderer), for then the Vodyany is on the look-out for victims. The bodies of his victims he allows to float ashore, but their souls he keeps in his watery kingdom, making them his servants. Bohemian fishermen are afraid of assisting a drowning man, as they think the Vodyany will drive away the fish from their nets. In the Ukraine they have a tradition that, when the sea is rough, such half-fishy "marine people" appear on the surface of the water and sing songs. The *Chumaki* (local carriers) go down at such times to the sea-side, and there hear those wonderful songs, which they afterwards sing in the towns and villages. In other places these "sea-people" are called "Pharaohs," being supposed, like the seals of Iceland, to be the remains of that host of Pharaoh which perished in the Red Sea. The water-nymphs of Russia are known as *Rusalkas.*

GREEK SONGS.

"Hear I not
The Æolian music of our sea-green plumes?"

SHELLEY.

"The low lispings of the silvery seas."

P. J. BAILEY.

GREEK WATER-SONGS.

I HAD hoped to have had at least a small collection of Greek songs to add to the others, but I have been disappointed. The modern Greek evidently *heaves* and *hauls* and rows almost in silence, at least so far as vocal music is concerned. I applied to Sir George Macfarren on the subject of ancient Greek water-songs, and his answer was as follows—

"DEAR MADAM,—But three vestiges of ancient Greek music are known to exist. These are a hymn to Apollo, one to Nemesis, and to Calliope; and even they date from within the Christian era. The music originally sung in the plays of Sophocles or any other of the dramatic poets is lost, and its reproduction in any form totally impossible.

"Faithfully yours,

"G. A. MACFARREN.

"*February 5th*, 1886."

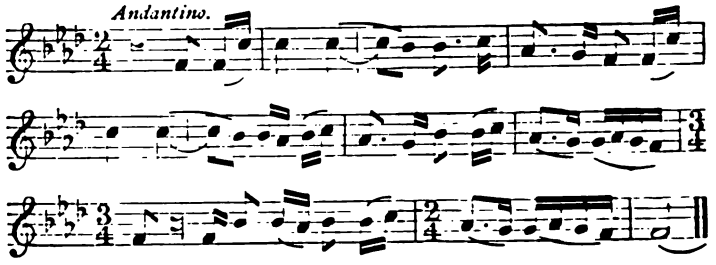
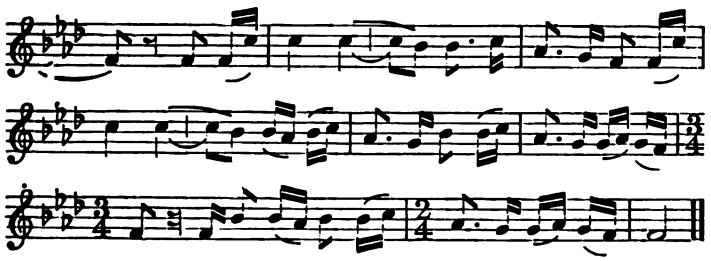
I have not been able either to learn anything through the Consuls or any other authorities on the Greek language, literature, and music of the day. Miss Lucy M. J. Garnett has made a collection of folk-songs in Greece, but there is little mention of anything like water-songs; the one there is, however, I quote by the kind permission of the authoress. I have also found one Greek sailors' song and a boat-song which follow, but there were no words given to either of them.

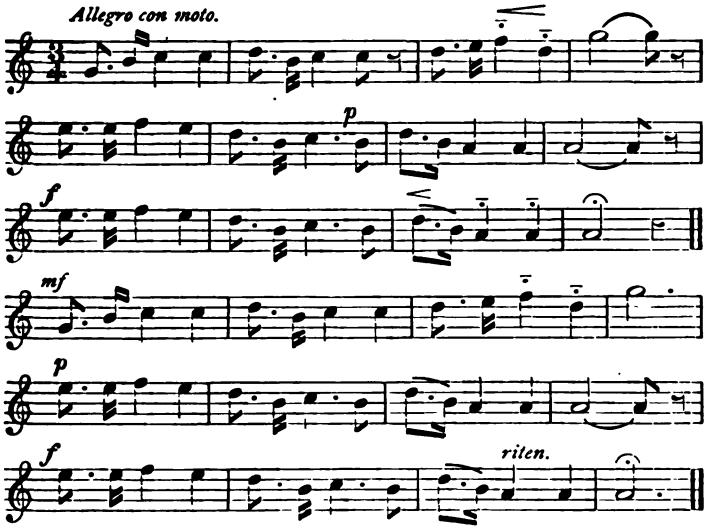
The following is a translation of a mythological folk-song of modern Greece, reproduced by kind permission of

the authoress, Lucy M. J. Garnett, from her collection of "Greek Folk-Songs":[1]—

THE SIREN AND THE SEAMEN.

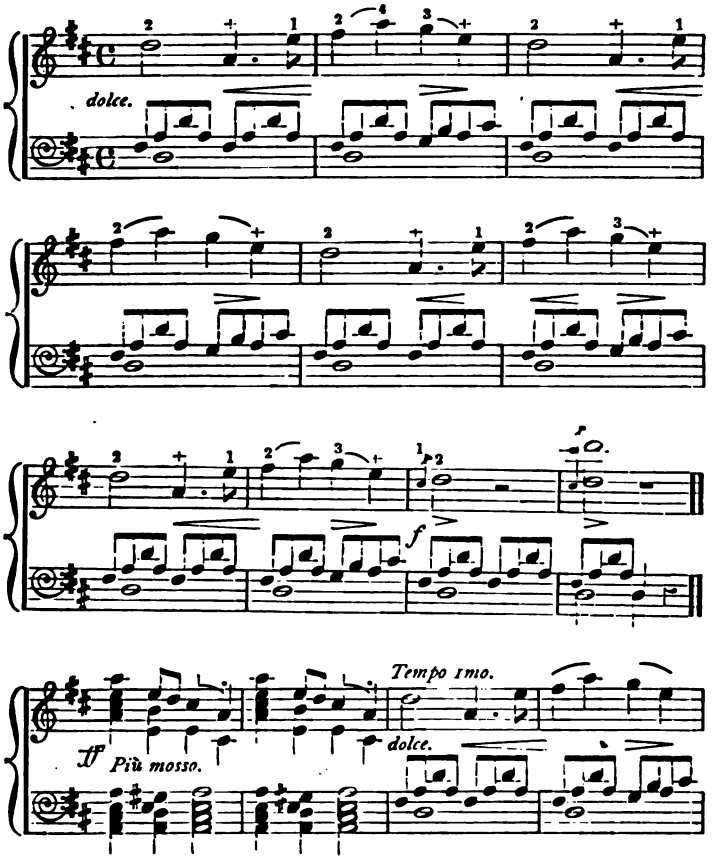
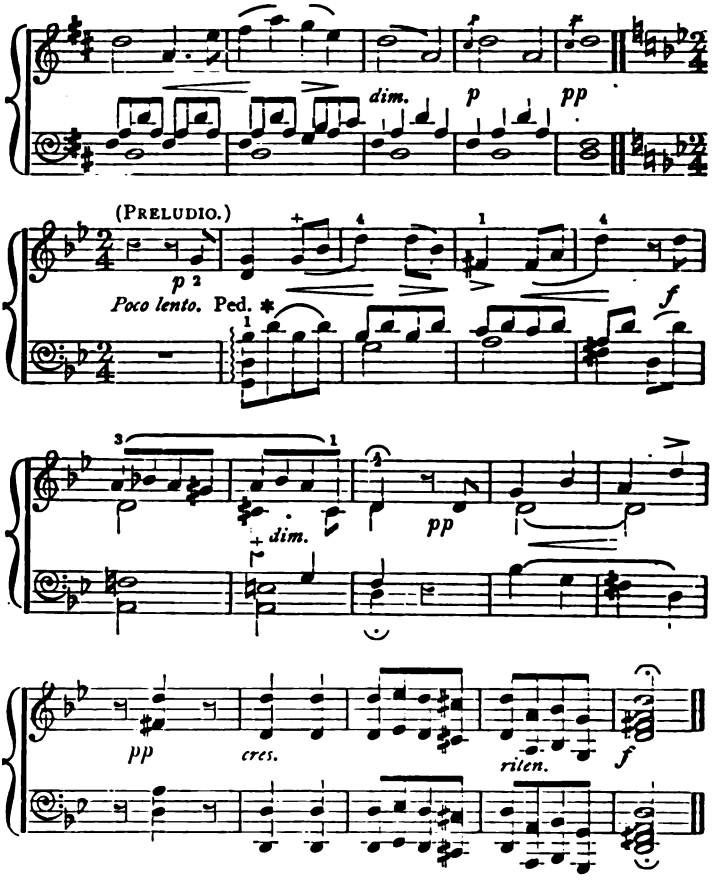
"A maid was singing as she sat, within a splendid window;
Her song was on the breezes borne, borne down unto the ocean—
As many ships as heard her lay, moored, and made fast their anchors.
A tartan from the Frankish land that was of love the frigate,
Furled not her sails by breezes filled, nor yet along was sailing.
Then to his men the captain called, astern where he was standing:
'Ho, sailors! furl the sails at once, and climb ye up the rigging,
That to this charmer we may list, list how she's sweetly singing,—
Hear what's the melody to which she her sweet song is singing!'
But so sweet was the melody, so passing sweet her warbling,
The skipper turned him once again, and to the shore it drew him,
And to the masts the mariners kept hanging in the rigging."

GREEK SAILORS' SONG.

[1] Elliot Stock, 62, Paternoster Row, E.C.

I believe the following to be a very favourite song in Greece :—

BOAT-SONG USED BY THE ATHENIANS.

Isaac D'Israeli, in his "Curiosities of Literature," mentions the numerous labour-songs used by the ancient Greeks, threshing-songs, those for encouraging the fine arts, builders' songs, weavers', dairy songs, and amongst others the sailors' singing is alluded to, so that we may suppose they had some tunes equivalent to the modern chanty ; but these have not been preserved, so I am, however, unwillingly obliged to content myself with these short remarks on the water-songs of this most classic land.

JAPANESE SAILORS' SONGS.

JAPAN.

POPULAR JAPANESE BARCAROLLE.

A GULF not to be spanned divides the harmonies of the east from those of the west. The Japanese seem to dislike our music, and to find it as wanting (according to their ideas) in harmony, as we find theirs mysterious and discordant.

The music of the "Empire of the Rising Sun," like most of its arts and sciences, is mainly Chinese and Corean, and its theory has, therefore, the usual spirit of mystical Chinese speculation, which, basing the forces and phenomena of nature upon the number 5, declares that, as sounds belong

to such phenomena, there must be five tones ; but in stringed instruments, which are all they have in Japan, they make use of chromatic divisions, although the five tones alone are recognized officially.

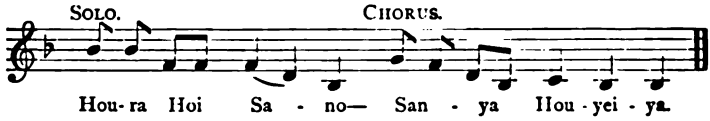
Seeing what an important place Japan now takes amongst the maritime countries of the world, it may not be uninteresting to attempt some study of the songs used by its sailors. From the little I have been able to gather, I should conclude that they very much resemble those used by our own blue-jackets, or rather the occasions on which they are used are similar, their object—namely, unity and regularity in work—is the same, and the variety of subject ; but there the likeness ceases, for, as I have said, the gulf is not to be spanned that divides our and Eastern music.

It is only on board of their merchant-vessels that singing is allowed, the Japanese Navy not permitting the practice on the men-of-war, a band taking the place of the chanty. This probably consists of the "shô," which seems to correspond to our organ, but only in so far as it has pipes. A "koto" also will be found, an instrument not unlike the violin, and probably a "fuyé," which is a Japanese flute. Of course there are many varieties of these three, but I believe they will always be found in a Japanese orchestra. The "shô" and the "fuyé" have tremendous power, and if it be true that silence is a characteristic of nature in Japan (singing-birds being very rare, and only the deep, troubled tones of the crows being heard), what an extraordinary effect this most penetrating orchestra must produce in the stillness that reigns in the waters round the empire. Like most sailors, the Japanese seem to take great pride in handing down to posterity the noble deeds of their countrymen, and the bravery of the chieftains who held sway in feudal times forms the theme of many of their sea-songs.

Almost all these songs are in very slow time, and nearly all are set in a minor key. I think I am not far wrong in stating that this is the case in every kind of Japanese

music (at least, in all that I have heard). The sailors' songs are mostly chromatic passages with but little variation. An occasional lowering or raising of a tone is sometimes unexpectedly introduced, in some a continued series of shakes produces an extraordinarily weird effect, especially as the minor key is here, as elsewhere, adopted.

To my idea their rowing-songs are decidedly the most pleasing of all; they have really a very charming effect. Musically speaking, they may not be very pretentious, but they may be taken as an indication of the style and character of the nation they belong to. They are sung on the "sampans," partially triangular-shaped boats, something like the salmon-fisher's punt used on certain British rivers. They are sculled, not what we should call rowed, by two or four men with very heavy oars, and they stand up, using their thighs to rest the oars upon. I give the notes of one of these as accurately as I can, the words I am unable to translate. A very distinguished member of the Japanese naval college, perfectly acquainted with our language, assures me they have no meaning, that is, none that can be translated :—

JAPANESE ROWING SONG.

The chorus is to give emphasis to certain strokes, and is repeated alternately with the solo without any change of either words or tune.

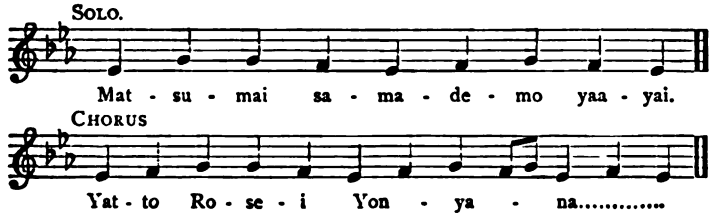
Dice seem to play a very important part on board Japanese vessels. The dice-box is regarded as an essential. Perhaps I am wrong in giving the word as dice; it may be rather the game of "gô," which Miss Bird, in her book, "Unbeaten Tracks in Japan," refers to as being such a great resource in the country. It is played with 180 white discs cut from a species of cockle-shell, and 181 black ones

made from a black pebble ; the board is divided into 361 squares, and the game consists in trying to enclose a certain space and preventing the opponent from doing the same. In days gone by, some horrible legend about instant death to the vanquished in this game was current. To think of this fatal gambling at sea, brings to one's mind that horrible phantom ship in Coleridge's "Ancient Mariner" :—

> "The naked hulk alongside came,
> And the twain were casting dice ;
> The game is done : 'I've won ! I've won ! '
> Quoth she, and whistles thrice."

Many harbours, as in our country, claim for their own certain chanties. Some of these become popular, and are soon heard all over Japan or wherever the Japanese flag is hoisted, but in some harbours the prerogative of singing them is retained. There is one sung when lifting heavy cargo, peculiar to the harbour of Matsumai, although its popularity amongst the sailors of other ports has led to its becoming an established Japanese sea-song. Matsumai is also the name of a great chieftain who lived in feudal times, and was a man of such renowned bravery that no one could beat him. He seems to have had no rival in strength, and has been handed down to posterity as a naval Samson. It is also sung when pulling the ropes, though more generally when lifting any heavy weight. While the solo is being sung, the rest hold themselves in readiness either to pull or to heave, as the case may be.

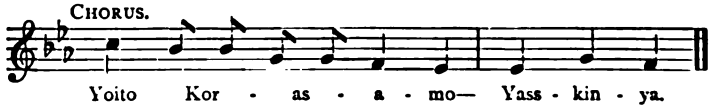
MATSUMAI. (JAPANESE SAILORS' SONG.)



Leader.—" Matsumai, sama, demo,
Nindzu—niya Kanawanu yoitana.
Chorus.—Ariya, ariya, yoitoko, yoitokona, riya, riya, riya.
Leader.—Medeta, medetano, yo-a-yei.
Chorus.—Yatukosei, yomyamà!
Leader.—Medeta, medetano, wakamatù.
Chorus.—Ariya, ariya, riya, riya, riya."

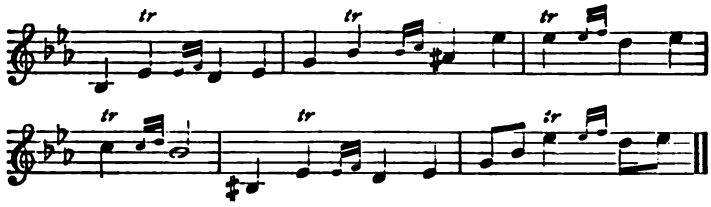
The same notes serve throughout the song, which is a recital and sort of chant of praise of the chieftain Matsumai.

Then there is a short song for when they are scrubbing or, as we say, holystoning the decks. It is sung in chorus, and has, at least to us, no meaning. It seems to help them, however, in their work, and, as far as I have been able to learn, is the only one they use for this purpose.

JAPANESE CHORUS USED WHEN SCRUBBING THE DECKS.

Another song that Japanese sailors sing, and one that I believe is quite peculiar to themselves, is the song sung during a calm at sea, when work is for the time being suspended. A favourite one is about Nagareyama, a place celebrated, in Japan, for its wine, and the song is descriptive of the sailors taking this wine away to distant countries and exchanging it for the gold and treasures thereof. It appears that they have a curious custom of placing near the masts, when a ship is launched, some maidenhair-fern and rice. The maidenhair is looked upon as something almost sacred in Japan; and rice, as is well known, is to the Japanese what fish is to the Esquimaux, or oatmeal to the Scotchman—therefore, I suppose, they are chosen as omens of good luck, to be, as they call them, "the gods of the ship." This custom is also alluded to in the song

Nagareyama; it is sung throughout in chorus, only the songs that accompany heavy work being in the form of alternate soli and chorus.

I give a few of the notes which will show the style of the music; it is to our ideas monotonous, as there are many verses and only these few tones to set them to:—

NAGAREYMNA. (SONG SUNG DURING A CALM AT SEA.)

The first and third lines and second and fourth of this song are sung by the same men, not as soli but in chorus:—

"Nagareyma, naggarete ritaka,
Nagareyma nagaretewo ronai,
Murano nadesoya
Medetaimonowa ofunadama
Asa, oroshi banniwa, koganeo
Isumifuruiso."

In the Gulf of Yedo, the populous coast is very impressive—thousands of fishing-boats skimming here and there, sampans being sculled in all directions—the general appearance is colourless, the sea is pale, the coast grey, the boats are pale (their hulls being unpainted wood, and their sails pure white duck), whilst overhead, 13,080 feet above the sea, gleams in its dazzling pallor the wondrous truncated cone of snow, the sacred mountain of "Fujisan," so dear to the Japanese. The air and water seem motionless, the mist hangs still and ghost-like, grey clouds rest on a bluish sky, the reflections of the white sails of the fishing-boats scarcely seem to quiver; it is all (says Miss Bird, in her

poetical description) [1] "so pale and wan and peaceful, that the very turbulence of crumpled foam which we leave behind us, and our noisy throbbing progress, seem a boisterous intrusion upon sleeping Asia." It is with a scene like this before one on the silence of nature reigning around, that one can imagine the song "Nagareyama" rising from some of the idle becalmed vessels around; if anything had been wanting to complete the weird effect, it would be found in this mournful, monotonous dirge-like tune, so suggestive of the calm that gave birth to it. A Japanese vessel at a time like this resembles Shelley's exquisite description of the "Boat on the Serchio":—

> "Our boat is asleep in Serchio's stream,
> Its sails are folded like thoughts in a dream,
> The helm sways idly, hither and thither."

Japanese sailors and fishermen, like those of every other nation, are great believers in the supernatural, and many strange customs, curious legends, and beliefs of sailor-lore are rife amongst them. Miss Bird says a fisherman never considers it lucky to meet a priest (*bonze*) on his way to his boat; it is considered lucky to dream of sailing in a ship. The Japanese have a tradition that their ancestors came from the skies in a boat, and another to the effect that fish are the embodiment of the souls of naval officers. Both Japanese and Chinese sailors consider it a good omen to cross the bows of a foreign vessel, and frequently give great trouble in crowded channels, and incur considerable danger from this cause.

Speaking of mermaids, Mr. Bassett, in his recently published book of "Legends and Superstitions of the Sea and of Sailors," says: "Japan is, however, the headquarters of these coy maidens." Here an old Dutch navigator obtained the first "veritable" mermaid, and they may still be procured of ingenious natives; numbers have been

[1] "Unbeaten Tracks in Japan."

shown in museums, &c., deftly made by uniting a child's head to a fish's body.

At Bartholomew fair, in 1825, there was exhibited a mermaid obtained by a Dutch ship from Japan, and the Ottoman minister to Paris, in 1840, related that he had seen a veritable sea-woman brought from Eastern seas. They have a legend relating that a mermaid prophesied an epidemic.

I must not close these few remarks on Japanese seamen without some mention of the Ainos, that tribe of simple, indolent savages, whose life is so made up of the sea that one can hardly disassociate them in one's mind. The Ainos are the aborigines of the Yezo; the race is gradually becoming extinct, scarcely to the sorrow of the Japanese, who regard them with feelings of great contempt. They live only on the coasts, and subsist solely on what they reap from the harvest of the sea. As they are without written characters, minus any literature, and apparently most unwilling to give any information concerning themselves—even to those who can understand them—it is almost impossible to learn anything of their music, or even if they have any; but from an account given, in a description of them, of a musical instrument they use, something like a guitar, made of three or six strings formed of whales' sinews cast upon the shore, we may infer that they do sing and probably use this most original instrument to accompany their crooning ditties. That these will be wild, unintelligible performances to us I doubt not, but that they can offer more extraordinary phases of musical history than the general music of Japan I can scarcely believe. It may be that the lonely Aino's song, with only nature for audience, may partake more of the true sweetness which marks all her melodies, for the very boom of the surf, the strange cries of the sea-birds, the hoarse notes of the audacious crows, are all in themselves complete and perfect studies of harmony, for nature when left to herself never produces discords, either in sound or colour.

And now I must close my remarks on the blue-jackets of the "Empire of the Rising Sun." Incomplete and it may be inaccurate they are, but the distance that separates our world from theirs, the scanty communication that up till a few years ago existed between us, and the general ignorance shown in their country, government, and social life, may suffice to explain the difficulty of obtaining facts concerning so small a portion of the history of a people as their sailors' songs. With the impetus given to matters maritime at home and abroad, the undoubted zeal and ability displayed by its enterprising engineers, the magnitude and importance of its naval college, we may expect ere long to see Japan in the front rank, if not foremost, of the maritime nations of the world.

NILE BOATMEN'S CHANTS.

THE BOATMEN'S SONGS ON THE NILE.

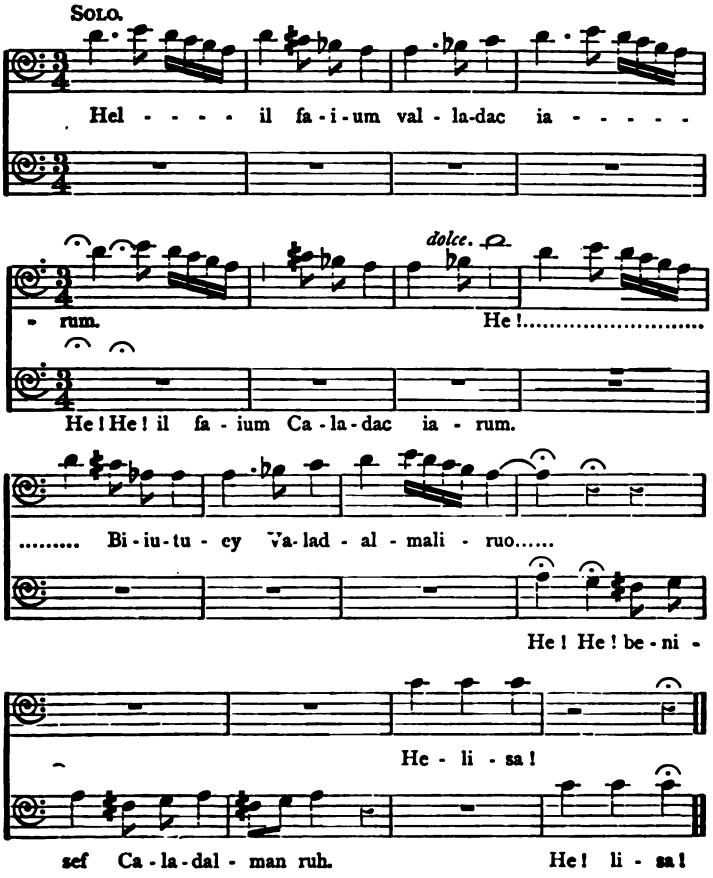
"THE main streets crossed each other at right angles, from wall to wall with beautiful breadth, and to the length, if it may be credited, of nearly nine miles. At their extremities the gates looked out on the gilded barges of the hill of fleets at sea, under full sail, on a harbour that sheltered navies, and a lighthouse that was the mariner's star, and the wonder of the world." Such is Campbell's description of Alexandria in Mehemet Ali's time. A long line of windmills on a sandy ridge, the new lighthouse and palace built by the present pasha, and the tall column of Diocletian, the only visible wreck of the ancient city, are the few prominent objects which rise above the dead level of the sea.

"The entrance to the harbour is difficult, but its spacious area is thronged with ships of war, steamers, merchantmen, and all the smaller craft incident to extended traffic. Yet the first view of Alexandria, full as it is of historical reminiscences, is, in all other respects, more unimposing than that of any other city on the Mediterranean." This is the description given of it by Mr. Bartlett, in 1845, in his "Nile Boat."

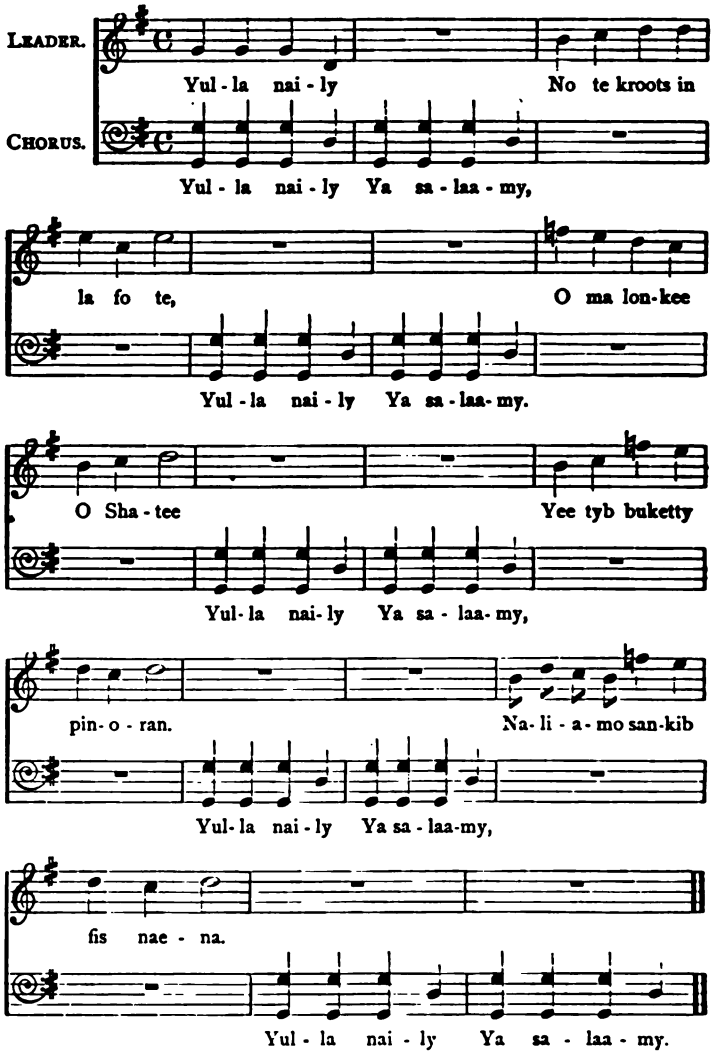
The boatmen of the Nile are not less pious in their way than the rest of the Egyptian Arabs, or less accustomed to the use of those religious forms so characteristic of Mahomedan intercourse. Their mutual salutations are all prayers, like those of Boaz and his reapers: "Peace be upon you"

—"God be with you"—"May God receive you into Paradise," are common expressions interchanged between passing crews, and they never pass, even at a distance, without saluting one another. The songs with which they encourage one another at the labour of the oar are in a similar strain of invocation, and often have a very beautiful effect. The *Reis* leads the air, and the boatmen sing in chorus, increasing the fervour of their chant and the vigour of their labours almost to frenzy, with the difficulty to be surmounted. Nothing can be done with them without frequent presents of meat or money. Dr. Olin says that "Gratuities of all sorts, in money, food, or any other form, are denominated 'bucksheesh.' This is the first word in the language which a traveller is likely to learn, and the least tenacious memory is in no danger of forgetting it. If you speak kindly to the Reis or sailors, or even look upon them with an unclouded brow, they demand this species of tribute. If the wind proves favourable or we succeed in driving them to their work a little earlier than usual, or in keeping under sail till the sun is fairly out of sight, it is sure to be hailed as an auspicious occasion when we may testify our approbation by a gratuity. In all their narratives they have no other standard of excellence than the amount of bucksheesh bestowed upon them. The man who has given them liberal bucksheesh, no matter if he has flogged them every day, is always excellent. All others are evil in their sight."

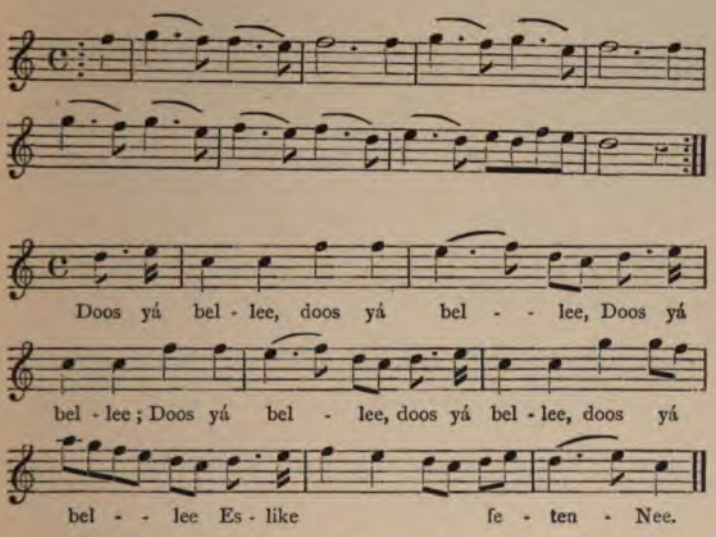
The singing of the sailors on the Nile has frequently been noticed and described. This usually consists of alternate solo and chorus in short phrases, and varies with the nature of the occupation in which the men happen to be engaged. Thus one particular air is sung when they shift the sails; another when the boat strikes on a sandy bank, and they are working to set it afloat again; a third when the wind is favourable and they give themselves up to singing *con amore*, a fourth when approaching a village, and so on. Several efforts have been made to pro-

cure more specimens of these Nile choruses, but unsuccessfully; I have met with one or two, however, which I give. The following is a sample of the songs used when approaching a village :—

Solo.
Hel - - - - il fa - i - um val - la-dac ia - - - - -
dolce.
- rum. He !.....
He ! He ! il fa - ium Ca - la - dac ia - rum.
..... Bi - iu - tu - cy Va - lad - al - mali - ruo.....
He ! He ! be - ni -
He - li - sa !
sef Ca - la - dal - man ruh. He ! li - sa !

The next specimen is, I believe, one of those songs used when the wind is favourable, and good temper prevails with the crew. It is taken from Mr. McGregor's "Collection of Eastern Music."


LEADER.
Yul - la nai - ly
No te kroots in
CHORUS.
Yul - la nai - ly Ya sa - laa - my,
la fo te,
O ma lon-kee
Yul - la nai - ly Ya sa - laa - my.
O Sha - tee
Yee tyb buketty
Yul - la nai - ly Ya sa - laa - my,
pin - o - ran.
Na - li - a - mo san-kib
Yul - la nai - ly Ya sa - laa-my,
fis nae - na.
Yul - la nai - ly Ya sa - laa - my.

I can only give the words of one of the modern Egyptian love-songs, which follow, and which are both recognized favourites with the boatmen of the stately river :—



At the head of the pleasure-boats of the Nile a man usually stood, with a long pole in his hand, to sound every now and then, and to prevent the boat running upon any of the numerous sand-banks in the river (which, from their often changing at the time of the inundation, are not always known to the most skilful pilot); a precaution adopted sometimes too late by the modern boatmen of the Nile. The same weird sort of chant or plumbing song is used for this as by the Lascars on the Brahmaputra.

The papyrus boats, mentioned by Pliny, must have been the same as the "Vessels of bulrushes," spoken of in Isaiah; indeed they are frequently alluded to by ancient writers. Plutarch describes Isis as going in search of the body of Osiris "through the fenny country, in a bark made of the papyrus, whence it is supposed that persons using boats of this description are never attacked by crocodiles, out of fear and respect for the goddess." There is a song mentioned in connection with the building of these same boats, but it does not appear to have been put on record, as far as I have been able to ascertain.

INDIAN WATER-SONGS.

INDIAN WATER-SONGS.

IN the Rig-Veda, or the sacred books of the Brahmans, several hymns are addressed to the waters (Ap), some to Nâdi (the rivers), and some to Maruts (the storms); so the connection between Indian music and the world of waters is one of great antiquity and classical association.

In Mr. W. D. Whitney's article on the *Veda*,[1] he gives amongst other portions of the work a few of the hymns to the great rivers: one, an account of the propitiation of the two branches of the Indus—the modern Beas and Sutlej—by songs and praises from the Saint *Viçvâmitra*, chief priest of the *Bharatas*.

VIÇVÂMITRA AND THE RIVERS.

Rig-Veda, III. 33.

VIÇVÂMITRA.

1. "Eager, from out the bosom of the mountains,
A pair of courses like, let loose and running,
Like two bright mother-kine their offspring fondling,
Vipâç and Çutudrî haste with their waters.

3. "I've come to this most mother-like of rivers;
We stand beside the broad, auspicious Vipâç,
Like mother-kine fondling their calves together,
Unto a common home they're moving onward."

THE RIVERS.

4. "Thus move we onward, swelling with our waters,
To find a home that's by the gods appointed;

[1] *The Century Magazine*, April, 1887.

Our headlong, forward rush no man can hinder.
What seeks the sage, calling upon us rivers?"

The hymn is a long one; the verses alternately attributed to the saint and the rivers.

INDIAN ROWING AND BOAT-SONGS.

The sailors of the province of Sinde, in Hindustan, have their peculiar songs, as seafaring men generally have. They are Mohammedans, and the songs used by them when they are pulling their ropes and sails often contain expressions of reverence to their saints. The translator of the following specimen of these songs praises its simplicity and beauty of expression in its original language:—

"Pull, oh! pull!
Raise your shoulders,
Press your feet.
The boat will sail,
The steersman's a warrior.
The mast is tall:
Beat the drum;
The port is attained.
Use your strength;
By the favour of God,
By the saints' assistance,
She is a pretty boat:
The water is deep,
She will harbour in safety.
Of King Acbar,
By the favour of God."[1]

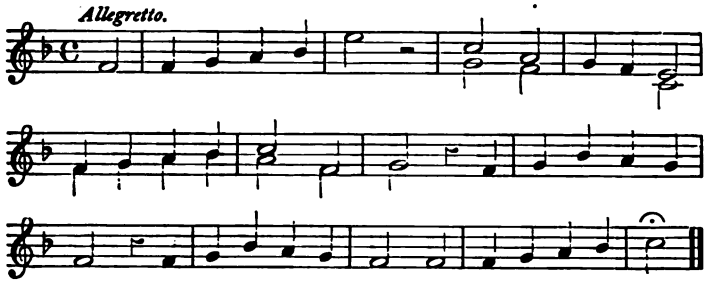
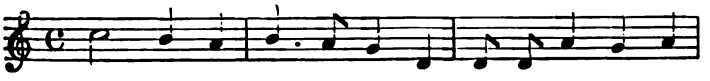
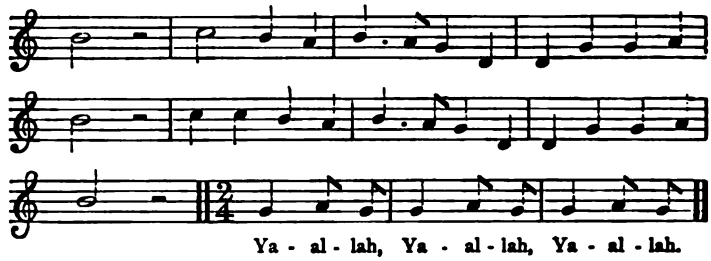
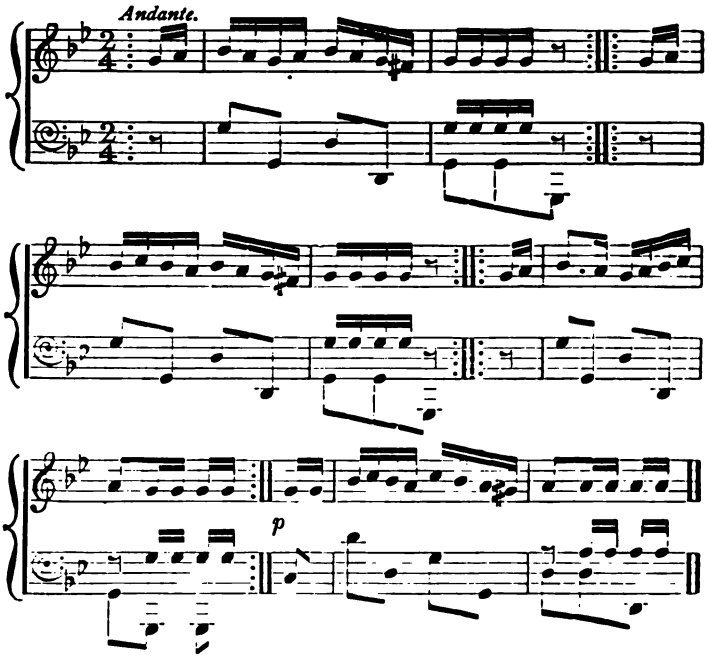
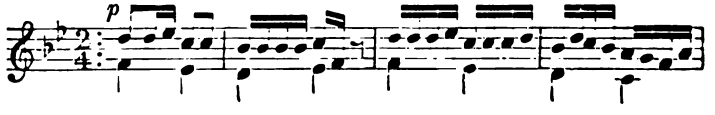
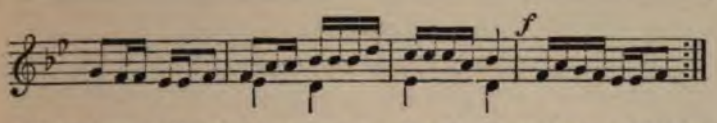
Sirens existed in Indian waters and lulled mariners to sleep by their songs. In speaking of them, in his "Legends and Superstitions of the Sea and of Sailors," Mr. Bassett

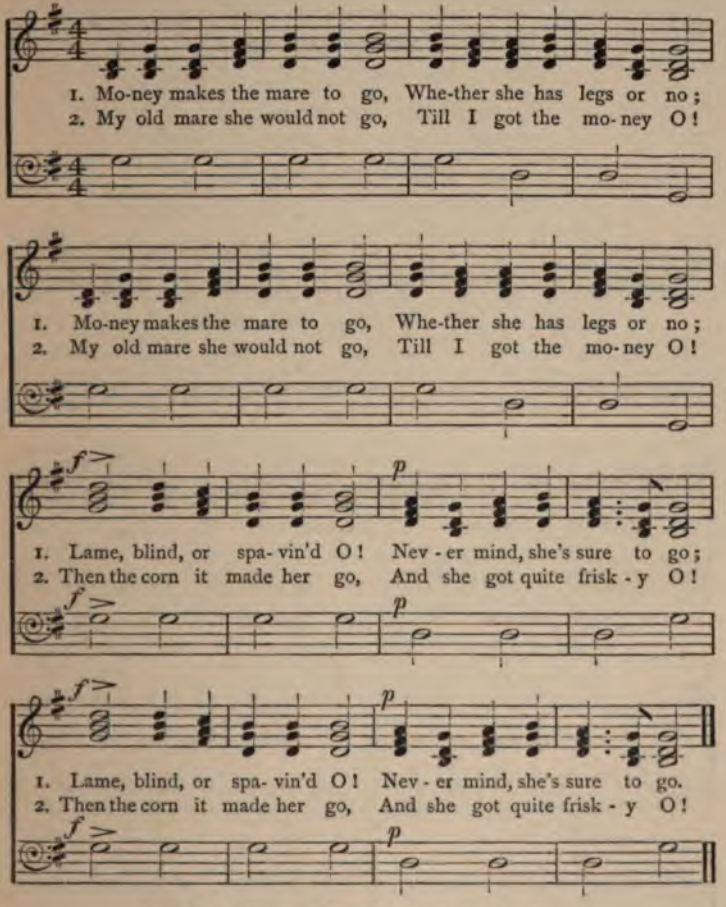
[1] From Engel's "Music of the Most Ancient Nations."

says, "They represent the white and shining surf, whose harmonious murmurs and seductive brightness allures, but destroys the mariner who attempts to land."

"Sometimes upon the diamond rocks they leant,
Sometimes they sat upon the flowery lea
That sloped toward the wave, and ever sent
Shrill music o'er the sea.

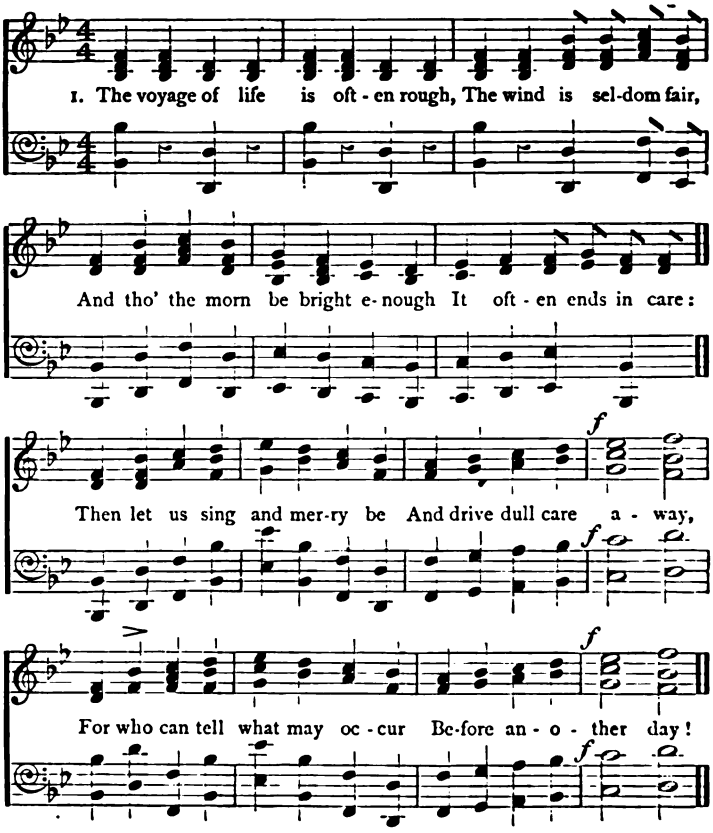
"One piped, one sang, one swept the golden lyre,
And thus to forge and ring a threefold chain
Of linked harmony, the three conspire,
O'er land and hoary main."

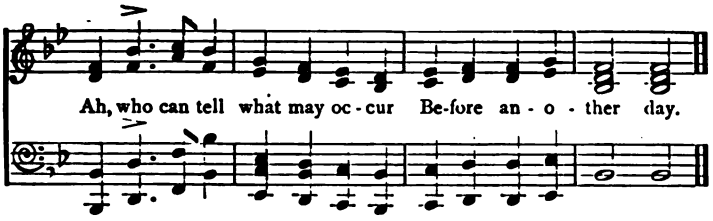
The following is a specimen of the Indian rowing-songs used on the "Rio Negro" in South America:—

The following song is a sort of labour-song or chant of the Madras boatmen. The grain-ships are unloaded at Madras, and the cargo taken by Musulah boats; these are pushed through the surf, and it is then that this song or chant may be heard; when they near the ship again, the surf being deeper and more force being required, they break into the Ya-Allah, Ya-Allah, Ya-Allah, in sharp, almost spasmodic tones, and continue till they are through it.

The Madras boat-song I give next I obtained from Dr. Crotch's "Specimens" (No. 326). It is sung by the steersman and crew :—

DANDEE SONG. (BENGALESE BOATMEN.)



The two following songs are both favourites with the Indian boatmen:—

1. Mo-ney makes the mare to go, Whe-ther she has legs or no;
2. My old mare she would not go, Till I got the mo-ney O!
1. Mo-ney makes the mare to go, Whe-ther she has legs or no;
2. My old mare she would not go, Till I got the mo-ney O!
f
p
1. Lame, blind, or spa-vin'd O! Nev-er mind, she's sure to go;
2. Then the corn it made her go, And she got quite frisk-y O!
f
p
f
p
1. Lame, blind, or spa-vin'd O! Nev-er mind, she's sure to go.
2. Then the corn it made her go, And she got quite frisk-y O!
f
p

3. "Money makes the mare to go,
Whether she has legs or no;
Money makes the mare to go,
Whether she has legs or no.

Broken-winded, old and slow,
Give her corn and plenty, O!
Broken-winded, old, and slow,
Give her corn and plenty, O!

4. "Without money here below,
We must look for toil and woe;
Without money here below,
We must look for toil and woe.
Such is life at present, O!
What it may be, who can know?
Such is life at present, O!
What it may be, who can know?"

1. The voyage of life is oft - en rough, The wind is sel-dom fair,
And tho' the morn be bright e-nough It oft - en ends in care:
Then let us sing and mer-ry be And drive dull care a - way,
For who can tell what may oc - cur Be-fore an - o - ther day!



2. "Why should we not this life enjoy?
It cannot be for long;
It's time enough when pleasures cloy,
To give up mirth and song.
Then let us sing and merry be,
And drive dull care away—
For who can tell what may occur
Before another day?
Ah! who can tell what may occur
Before another day?

3. "This world they say is a world of woe,
Yet no one wants to leave;
And if grim death his face should show,
We'd beg for a reprieve.
Then let us sing and merry be,
And drive dull care away.
For who can tell what may occur
Before another day?
Ah! who can tell what may occur
Before another day?"

The *Taza b-Taza* is one of the most popular songs sung by the Indian boatmen, although it is of Persian origin, written by the poet Hafiz, and will be found in the Goolistân "Rose Garden."

INDIAN WATER-SONGS.

FROM CHINA TO PERU.

FISHERMEN'S, BOATMEN'S, AND SAILORS' CHANTS AND SONGS.

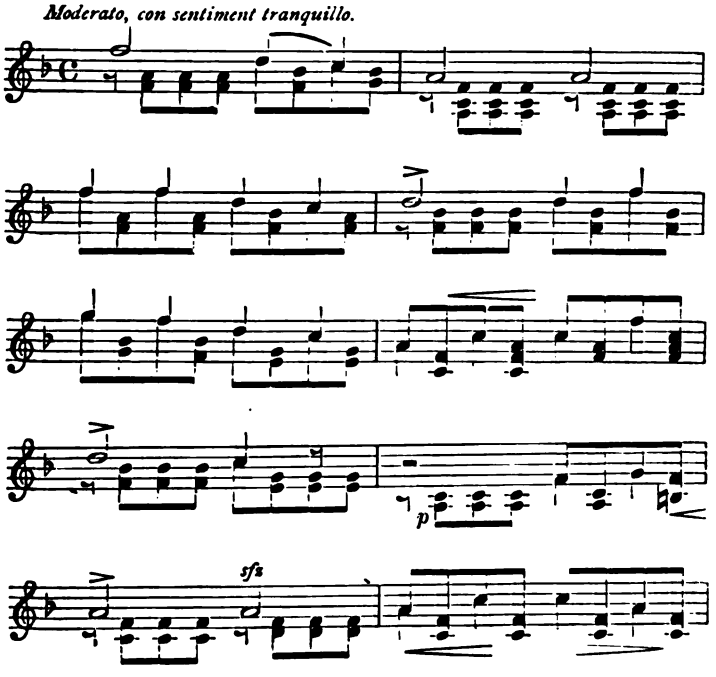
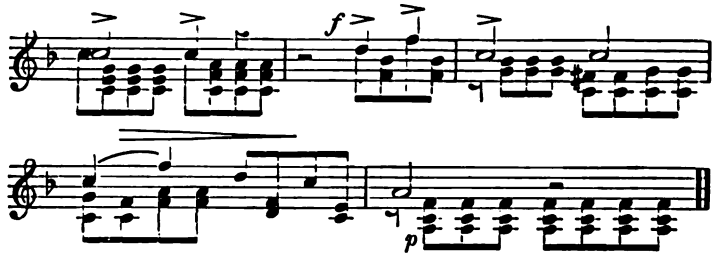
"The deeps have music soft and low
When winds awake the airy spry,
It lures, lures me on to go
And see the land where corals lie."

FROM CHINA TO PERU.

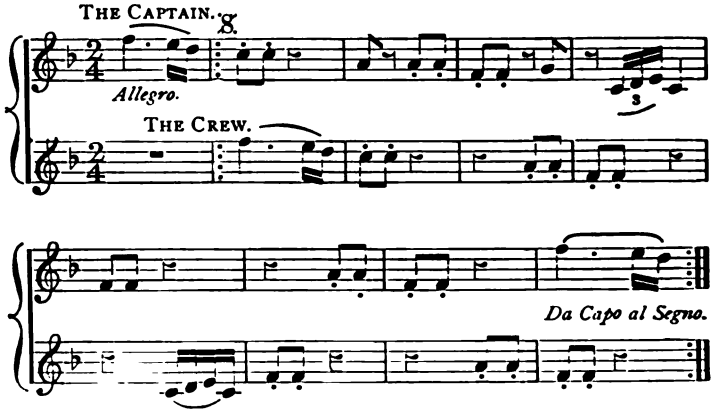
"All human race, from China to Peru,
Pleasure, howe'er disguised by art, pursue."

. . . . . .

"Let observation with extensive view
Survey mankind from China to Peru."

CHINESE SONG.



CHINESE BOATMAN'S SONG.



"A LARGE portion of that which has passed, and is still passing with the Chinese for music to be enjoyed, distances barbarian sympathies and defies barbarian analysis. Their ideas of music are so at variance with every one of our feelings, fancies, practices in art, or ideas of beauty, that one can only wonder at them while listening to them ; for wonderful it is, that a people so rich and ancient as the Chinese, one so advanced in the knowledge of secrets of colour, refinement of texture, peculiarity of form ; so skilled in exquisite caligraphy—a people to boot who possess a philosophy, a fiction, and a drama of their own, all indicating a separate civilization, should be so utterly savage and repulsive in their musical tendencies. What we know of Chinese melody is in every respect

more rude and shapeless than that of far more savage peoples."[1]

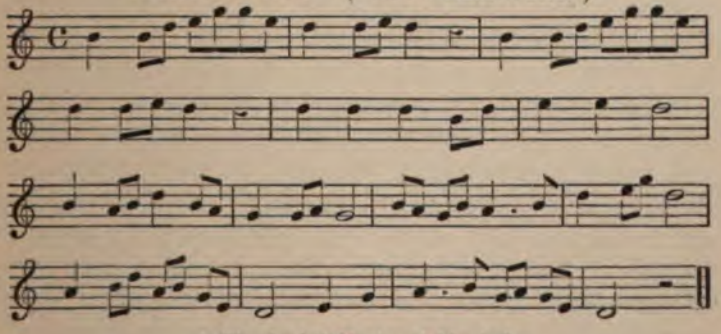
Mr. Chorley's remark is scarcely encouraging as to the amount of pleasure we may expect to derive from a perusal of some of the musical efforts of the Chinese; however, such specimens of their water melody as are to be had I must include in a collection that has for object, not so much beauty of style, as peculiarity of conception.

In all Asiatic nations, the songs are generally of a nature which renders it almost impossible to write them down divided into bars of equal duration.

Whatever our opinion of Chinese music may be, it cannot be less flattering than theirs of ours. A very intelligent Chinese on hearing some music of Rameau's and other French composers, hinted politely that it was sadly devoid of meaning and expression, while the music of his own country penetrated to the innermost soul.

The common scale of the Chinese consists of only five different intervals, though I should add this is also the case with the music of many other Asiatic countries, and even in other parts of the globe. The number five appears to be an especially mysterious one with the Chinese. I give this almost national tune a place amongst the water melodies, as it is a great favourite on sea as well as on land, and it is a fair specimen of Chinese song.

CHINESE AIR. ("MOO-LEE-WHA.")



[1] Chorley's "National Music."

Sir John Barrow gives an English translation of the words of the song "Moo-lee-wha;" it is in praise of the flower Moo-lee:—

"How delightful this branch of fresh flowers!
One morning, one day, it was dropped in my house.
I, the owner, will wear it not out of doors,
But I will hold the fresh flower and be happy.
How delightful this branch of the Moo-lee flower!
In the full plot of flowers blooming none excels it;
I, the owner, will wear this gathered branch,
Wear it, yet fear, the flower seen, men will envy."

As the gondoliers of Venice while away their long midnight hours on the waters with strophes of Tasso, the Greek sailors of the Archipelago with fragments of Homer, so the trackers in China accompany their severe labour with a song. Mr. Ellis, in his book of travels in that country, mentions that the sight of the lofty pagoda of Tong-chow, served as a great topic of incitement in the trackers' song.

A traveller in China has remarked that "A Chinaman rehearsing a song looks and gives utterance to such goat-like bleats, that it is impossible to avoid the conclusion that he is labouring under a violent attack of chronic whooping-cough, combined with intermittent seizures of hiccough—the dying falls of the inhuman falsetto at the end of each verse finishing in the most confounding hysterical perturbations of the vocal chords."

The Chinese are excellent sailors, and in many points not at all unworthy of comparison with our own. A great number of them were for some time on the Tyne, awaiting the completion of one of their vessels at Elswick. They seemed to be very general favourites, and usually walked about with an attendant crowd of admirers. They were very polite; indeed, one of the officers was so gallant on one occasion, when he was out spending the evening with some friends, that he cut all

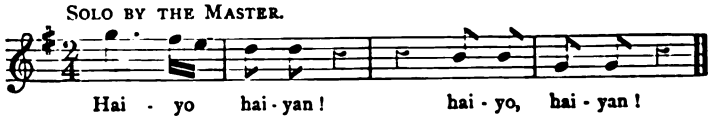
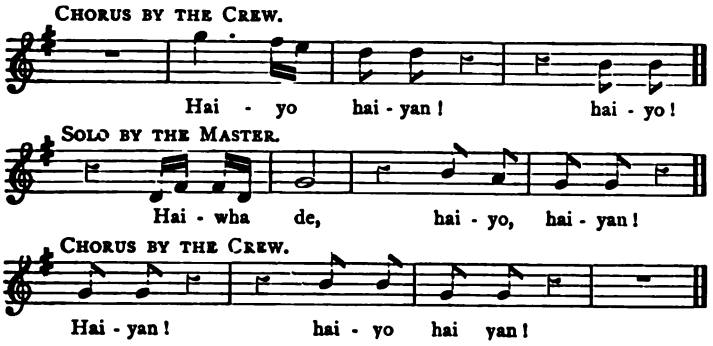
the buttons off his uniform and presented them to the ladies present, because one of them had admired the workmanship of them.

A party of six of the sailors finding themselves one day at some little distance from the town, hailed a four-wheeled cab and, in spite of the remonstrances of the driver, insisted upon all getting in; when they reached their destination the man demanded his fare—six shillings. "No, no," said one of the Chinamen, "big car, two pennies, little car, one penny;" and to the extreme disgust of the cab-driver and the keen delight of some passers-by, he proceeded to dole out six coppers. It took some persuasion on the part of some Englishmen, who interested themselves in the proceedings, and a great many remarks not complimentary to the sons of the Celestial Empire from the driver, to induce the sailors to give the proper amount. They had been accustomed to daily rides in the tram-cars, for which they paid twopence, and appeared to resent as an injustice the additional fare for "the small car."

I was walking one day in the old part of Newcastle, when I was accosted by one of them with, "Please, will you tell me where is the *boot hill?*" For a minute or two I was puzzled; then it dawned upon me he meant the *shoe stairs*, a quaint flight of steps bordered with antique-looking boot and shoe shops that is one of the curiosities of old Newcastle. I directed him—we were only about two minutes' walk from the place—and after he had gone I followed him to see what he was doing; and on my arrival I beheld him seated outside one of the shops, the centre of an admiring crowd of men, women, and children, the latter amusing themselves with his pigtail, whilst the proud owner of the shop knelt in front of him making strenuous efforts to fit the Chinese Jack with a pair of his best hob-nailed boots. Remembering the story of the cab, I wondered whether, when it came to paying, there would be any difficulty. Presently the fit of a pair seemed

to be agreed upon, they were wrapped up in a piece of newspaper, and the price evidently named; Jack appeared quite willing to pay it. After some little further talk, he resumed his seat and took off his own boots; he must be going to leave them for repairs, I thought, and the shop-keeper must have thought the same, for he received them smilingly, and was just beginning to examine them and see what they required, when Jack, who had meanwhile been lacing on his new purchases, suddenly sprang on to his feet and bounded down the long flight of irregular steps with the agility of a cat. As soon as he recovered his surprise the boot-maker went after him, and likewise all the denizens of the stairs. I have no doubt a regular fight would have ensued at the bottom, if the wily customer had not out-distanced him.

The following description of the singing of Chinese river boatmen is given by a well-known English traveller in China :—"On board the yachts constant mirth and good humour prevailed among the seamen. When the weather was calm the vessels were generally pushed on by means of two large sculls or oars turning upon pivots placed in projecting pieces of wood near the bow of the vessel, and not the stern, as is the practice of most other nations. From six to ten men are required to work one of these oars, which, instead of being taken out of the water, as in the act of rowing, are moved backwards and forwards under the surface in a manner similar to what in England is understood by sculling. To lighten their labours and assist in keeping time with the strokes, the following rude air was generally sung by the master, the whole crew joining in chorus :—

SONG OF CHINESE ROWERS.



"On many a still evening, when a dead silence reigned upon the water, we have listened with pleasure to the artless and unpolished air, which was sung with little alteration through the whole fleet. Extraordinary exertions of bodily strength, depending in a certain degree on the willingness of the mind, are frequently accompanied with exhilarating exclamations among the most savage peoples; but the Chinese song could not be considered in this point of view. Like the exclamations of our seamen in hauling the ropes, or the oar-song of the Hebridians, which, as Dr. Johnson has observed, resembles the proceleusmatic verse by which the rowers of Grecian galleys were animated, the chief object of the Chinese chorus seemed to be that of combining cheerfulness with regularity."

NEW ZEALAND.—THE MAORIES.

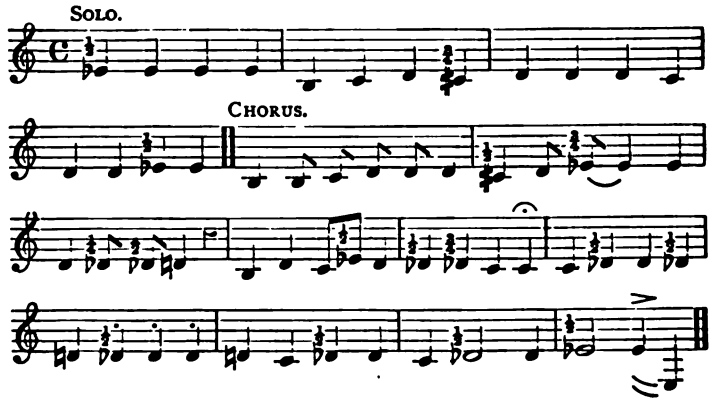
It is said of the Maories, in New Zealand, that they are so much attached to singing as often to spend the entire night in its gratification, and all work is prosecuted with the aid of song.

Mr. Shortland has collected the words of several of the songs—or, more properly speaking, chants—which are used by the Maories when they are hauling heavy logs of wood or canoes overland, in order to ensure a simultaneous

effort of the men engaged in the work. The five lines at the commencement, called *Puwha* or *Hari*, are sung by a single voice, to prepare the labourers for pulling, and the lines which follow the *Puwha* are sung alternately, solo and tutti, the labourers always responding in chorus to the singing of the leader, and hauling the boat at the same instant all together :—

Solo.—" Pull, Tainui, pull the Arawa,
To launch them on the ocean.
Surely glanced the bolt
Of thunder, falling hitherward,
On my sacred day.
The Kiwi cries
Chorus.—Kiwi.
Solo.—The Moho cries
Chorus.—Moho.
Solo.—The Tieke cries
Chorus.—Tieke.
Solo.—A belly only,
Chorus.—Fork it out, fork it out !
Solo.—Keep in the path,
Chorus.—Fork it out !
It's the second year to-day,
Cheerily, men !
It's the man-catcher,
Cheerily, men !
Give this way, and carry it,
Cheerily, men !
But whither carry it ?
Cheerily, men !
Ah ! to the root,
Root of Tu.
Solo.—O wind,
Chorus.—Pull away.
Solo.—Pull onwards the root,
Chorus.—Root of Tu."

Kiwi, Moho, and Tieke are names of birds.

The Maories also possess a similar kind of song to the natives of the Paumotu group, Polynesia, and those of the Sandwich Islands, namely, the Song of Welcome. The turtle-fishers of the Fiji Islands have also this Song of Welcome when they return from the fisheries. If they have been successful, they come shouting songs of triumph, and the women come down to the shore to meet them also singing, and sometimes as an additional mark of joy they pelt a quantity of bitter oranges at their respective husbands, sons, and brothers. On the contrary, if they have not met with success, they have a sort of chant of the most solemn nature which is used.

Respecting the signs employed in the notation of this song, which I am quoting from Carl Engel's most valuable work on "National Music," it must be observed that $\frac{1}{4}\sharp$ is meant to raise a note a quarter-tone; $\frac{1}{2}\sharp$ raises it a semitone, as does our single sharp; $\frac{3}{4}\sharp$ raises it three quarter-tones. The same with flats: $\frac{1}{4}\flat$ is meant to lower a note a quarter-tone; and so on. The sign $\smile$ is used to indicate that the voice is to glide from one interval to another, much as when the finger is drawn over the violin string to a certain distance. Mr. Davies, who is responsible for the foregoing notation, has made a study of the Maories for some twenty years, and may therefore, I think, be re-

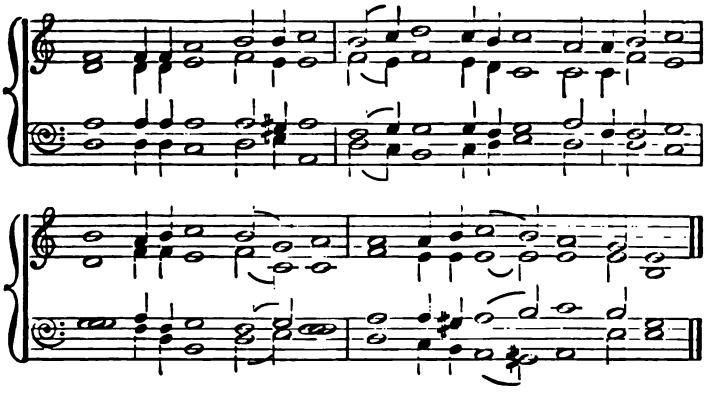
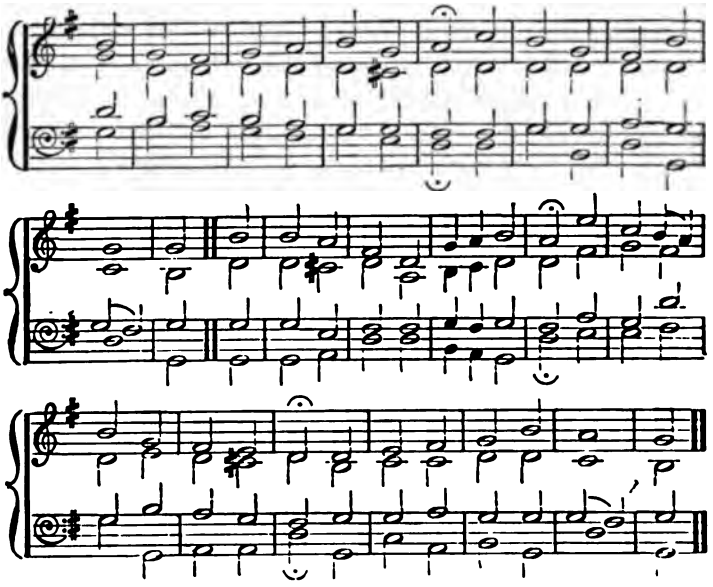
lied upon for authentic information concerning them. He pronounces them to be gifted with a remarkably fine ear for distinguishing quarter-tones; they are to be congratulated on the intelligence, that one would think must be characteristic of them, to enable them to become familiar with what seems to us such a difficult style of notation; and yet the Maories are as much addicted to cannibalism as the natives of the Marquesas Archipelago, with the exception, of course, of those who have come under the influence of European civilization and Christianity.

Every circumstance in the life of a native of New Zealand has a song dedicated to the season; thus in fishing, canoe and house-building, planting, sowing, reaping, felling timber, paddling canoes, births, marriages, and deaths, peace and war, each has its characteristic chant, accompanied by a chorus. The chants are simple, and the musical subjects few, but the words embodying the scanty musical scores are innumerable. Poetical composition is not practised, detached sentences in prose forming the groundwork for the music, which are compositions without the attempt at finish as among Europeans, yet a step nearer to a musical piece than the chant of a recitative can be pronounced.

Many complaints are made of the ill-conduct of the American, French, and English seamen at the Bay of Islands, but, says Mr. J. S. Polack, in his "Manners and Customs of the New Zealanders," "we would inquire of those seeming philanthropists, are our ports in Great Britain kept wholly immaculate? And will the Jack Tar of Portsmouth repudiate his lass or his glass, or will the French matelot at Nantes or Bordeaux cease his song, and refuse to join in quaffing the rich juices afforded by the vintage of the Garonne, or will the Yankee sailor of Massachusetts, or the Bucksin of 'ole Virginny,' fail less to kick at the *dispiriting measures* of the select, social, temporal teetotalers," who, he avers, would drive all sociability into "an eternal everlasting fix."

Some hundreds of natives are at the present moment manning ships sailing under the British, French, and American flags, and are regarded by unbiassed persons equal in their duties to European seamen, and as effective in ability and strength, while dieting on similar provisions. The New Zealand seaman may now be found in every part of the globe—under the frozen zones of the north and south, and the torrid latitudes east and west, steering at night and alone on deck the full-freighted ship, amid the pathless waters, joining the hilarity of his brother-seamen, and equally watchful aloft when danger may approach, and may be said to present the nearest approach to a British tar beyond any other nation of which we know.

ICELAND.

Mr. Baring Gould, in his volume, "Iceland, its Scenes and Sagas," gives one or two specimens of genuine Icelandic melody. He says that all the songs were in Icelandic, but the melodies were mostly Danish; "God Save the Queen" and "Beautiful Star" were both set to Icelandic words, and descriptive of the glories of the island. I give the Icelandic National Hymn:—

The hymn which follows is one that is frequently used by the natives. It is a genuine Icelandic melody :—

The Esquimaux have two sorts of boats or canoes, the *kia* or man's boat, and the *oomiak* or woman's boat; this latter is the more perfect vessel of the two, as it is often used for the transport of more than one person and also for the conveyance of luggage. It can scarcely be said to be a comfortable vessel though. The women paddle their own canoe, but an old man generally steers the oomiak. He is selected because of his age, and though considered sufficiently able to direct the woman's canoe, is supposed to be too old for the kia or man's boat. I believe it is no uncommon thing for this old Charon to fling a knife, harpoon, or even a seal-hook at the ladies if they should neglect their paddling. When I read this in Wood's "Natural History of Man," it struck me as evidence of a very poor spirit in the fair sex of those northern shores, to allow themselves to be so treated by

one old man amongst perhaps a crew of six or eight women in mid-ocean. An Englishman, and certainly not an old one, would never be allowed a repetition of such amiable gallantry in a boatful of his country-women. One attempt at throwing a harpoon or knife and he would have laid down his steering-gear for ever, and gone to keep company with the fishes.

BOAT-SONGS OF THE SAMOAN AND TONGA ISLANDERS.

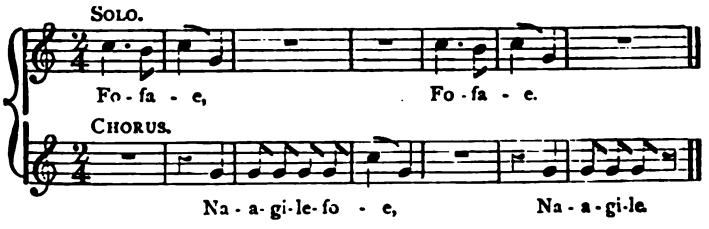
A gentleman attached to the United States Exploring Expedition wrote down the following boat-songs of the Samoan or Navigators' Islanders. He says: "The natives, owing to their communication with the Tonga or Friendly Isles, have some knowledge of Captain Cook, and a translation of the first of the boat-songs would run thus:—

'Cook tells you, Pull away!
I will do so, and so must you.'

In their trips from town to town they are generally on parties of pleasure termed *Malanga*, and are frequently to be met with singing their boat-songs."

SONGS OF THE SAMOAN ISLANDERS.

No. 1.



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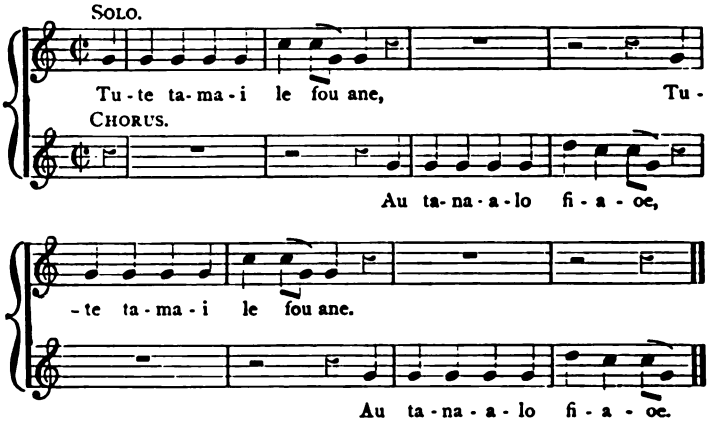
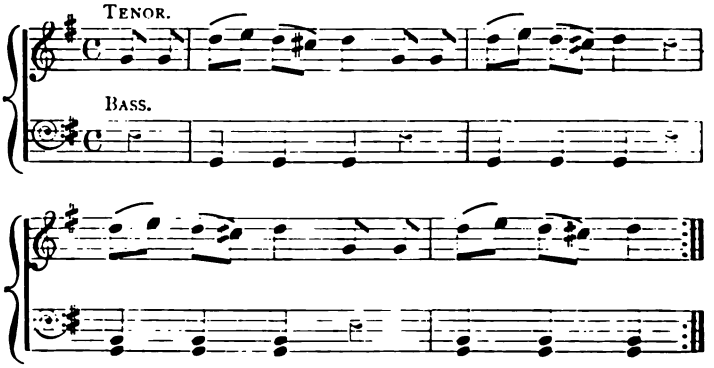
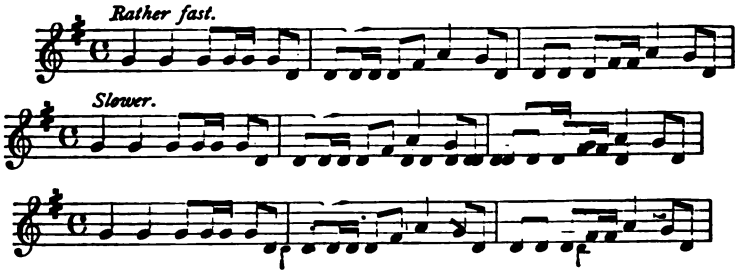
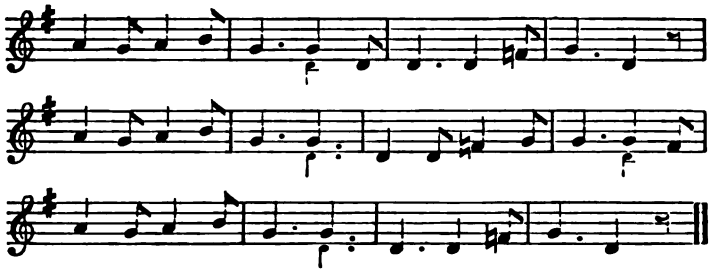

The music of the Tonga Islands bears a great resemblance to the Samoan; I have therefore included a few remarks on it. The following is a song used by the natives of Tonga-taboo, when advancing in a boat with their chief. The traveller who noted this song mentions that he wrote it exactly as he heard it, with the bass and harmony. It is to be inferred that it is native, for the Tongese never had foreign music of any kind taught them.

The Tonga Islanders possess several songs descriptive

of historical occurrences. One of these is commemorative of the principal events that happened during Captain Cook's visit, and which, excepting a little exaggeration, is tolerably correct.

The Tongese have many short songs, which they call *Tow Alo*, and sing when they are paddling their canoes, the strokes of the paddle being coincident with the cadence of the tune. They are very frequently sung on leaving Vavaoo, whilst paddling out of the inlet. The following is an example of the words and an English translation :—

TONGESE WATER-SONG.	ENGLISH VERSION.
Oiáooé ! goóa mów téno felów,	Alas ! we are entering upon our voyage,
Ca toógoo Móonga-láfa, béa mo Taláo !	By leaving Móonga-láfa and Talów !
Gooa te leóli ger nófo ; coliái ténne áloo ?	Anxious am I to stay ; who can wish to go ?
Cá tóogoo Vaváoo, móe mótoo lálo,	Departing from Vavaoo and her neighbouring isles,
Licoo o'ne, Móe Váoo-áca,	And Licoo-óne, and Váoo-áca,
Moĕ Tlálla-vy' gi Maccápápa,	The road of springs near Maccapapa,
Máttalóco, mo fánga myile,	Mataloco and the myrtle plain,
A'na a Toótaw-i, béa Mofoóe,	The cave of Tootaw-i, the beach of Mofooëe,
Iky' Séoo toó gi lu lufóanga,	No longer can I stand upon high places
Yio hifo gi he felów ta fánga,	And look downwards on the fleet of small canoes.
Toógoo he foogi héa a Tláfooloohów	We must leave the crimson gnatoo of Tlafóoloohów,
Ger vála he gnáfi-gnafi a Toofooa mo Káo.	To wear the coarser mats of Toofóa and Káoö !

Most of their song-words are in the Samoan language. The following is a specimen of the paddling-songs, which really form the principal water-music of the Tonga Islands :—

THE INDIANS OF NORTH-WEST AMERICA.

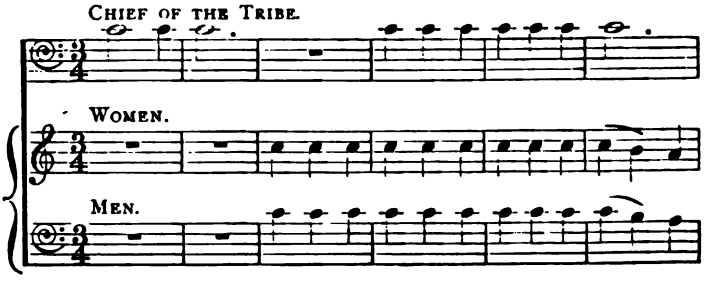
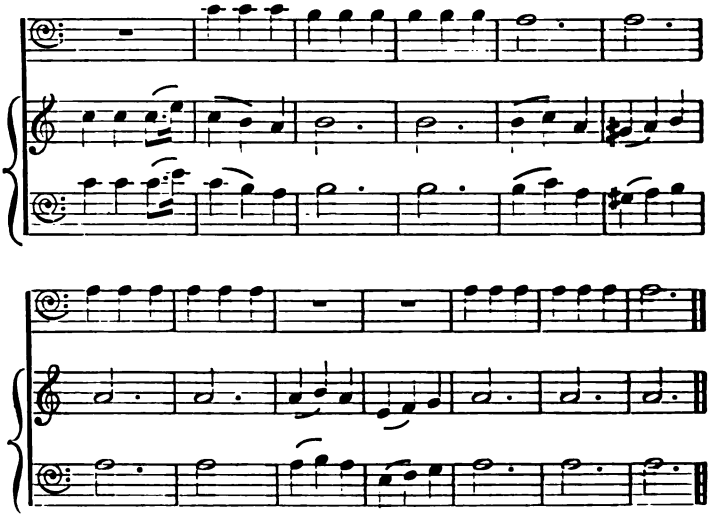
Amongst the many and varied kinds of music and song-verses that have come under my notice since I entered upon the task of collecting the "Music of the Waters," there is no specimen of notation that has struck me as being so entirely original, and, if I may use the word, so comical, as those of the Indians, as described by Max Müller in the chapter devoted to the "Popol Vuk," in the first volume of his "Chips from a German Workshop." I mean the war-songs and love-songs in the picture-writing, and which were really supposed to be perfectly intelligible to all the tribes. What should we, enlightened mortals of this nineteenth century, make of the following, for instance?—

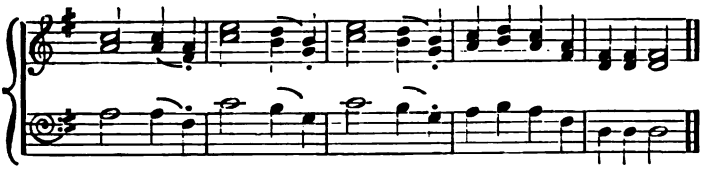
1. Figure representing a god (*monedo*) endowed with magic power.
2. Figure beating the drum and singing; lines from his mouth.
3. Figure surrounded by a secret lodge.
4. Two bodies joined with one continuous arm.
5. A woman on an island.
6. A woman asleep; lines from his ear towards her.
7. *A red heart in a circle.*

The interpretation is—

1. It is my form and person that make me great.
2. Hear the voice of my song, it is my voice.
3. I shield myself with secret coverings.
4. All your thoughts are known to me, blush!
5. I could draw you hence were you ever so far.
6. Though you were on the other hemisphere—
7. I speak to your naked heart.

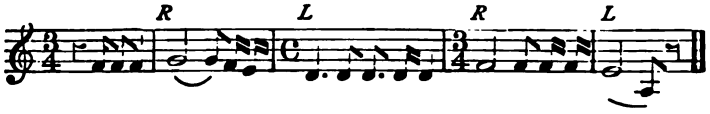
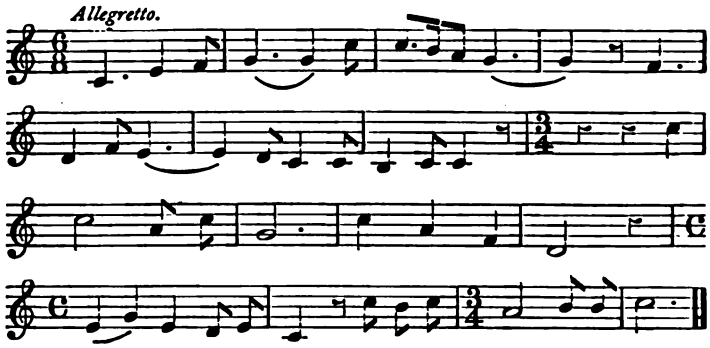
I can picture the blank amazement of the modern sailor if asked to convey his sentiments to "Kate" or "Nancy" in some such way, and Nancy's bewilderment if he succeeded in so doing; and yet I may almost say, that the foregoing is a specimen of an American-Indian sea-song, for it was chiefly of the sea and by the sea that these tribes lived. Max Müller adds, "All we can say is, that if the Indians can read this writing, they are greater adepts in the mysteries of love than the judges of the old *cours d'amour*. But it is much more likely that these war-songs and love-songs are known to the people beforehand, and that their writings are only meant to revive what exists in the memory of the reader. It is a kind of mnemonic writing, and it has been used by missionaries for similar purposes, and with considerable success."

Captain Dixon gives the notes of the following song, which he says he often heard whilst in Norfolk Sound :—

The North-American Indians have quite a notion of harmony, if one may judge by these specimens of their music. Almost all the inhabitants of that part of the world have a remarkable capacity for music. The song which follows is sung by the traders when nearing a strange crew. The chief usually approaches first, singing and crossing his arms, as a sign of friendship.

SONG OF WELCOME OF THE TRADERS.

NEGRO SONGS OF WESTERN AFRICA.

"Most negro tribes appear to possess a remarkably keen susceptibility for rhythmical regularity. This is evident from their dances with the usual accompaniment of drums and other instruments of percussion, executed with the greatest possible precision. Their songs, however, often consist of merely short melodies, which, like the recitative, do not possess a strictly defined symmetrical construction. The cause of this may be attributed to the circumstance that the negroes on many occasions are in the habit of improvising the words of their songs, and that the melodies must therefore continually undergo slight modifications demanded by the improvised poetry, which, as regards the number of the syllables, as well as the metre in general, is not always constructed precisely after the same rule, but alters according to the momentary inventions of the improvisator."[2] This "Serere" air which follows is a boat-song, and is sung by the crew while rowing. It has been noticed that the rowing is performed in strict time with the song. The letters R above the stave show the moment when the oars are raised, and the letters L denote their being lowered into the water. This air, therefore, is most strictly regular as to rhythm. Whatever may be the interior changes from triple to common measure, the time which the respective changes consume must be equal, for what can be more isochronous than the movement of the oars of a well-trained boat's-crew! Another very rhythmical air is the following Mandingo one:—

[2] Engel's "Study of National Music."

SERERE AIR.

MANDINGO AIR.

CREOLE WATER-SONGS.

Mr. George W. Cable, writing in the *Century Magazine*, April, 1886, on Creole slave-songs, devotes a page to the songs of the chase and of the boat. Of these latter he has most courteously allowed me to make use. He says "that the circumstances which produced these songs have disappeared. Travelling in Louisiana used only to be by water. Every planter had his boat and skilled crew of black oarsmen. The throb of their song measured the sweep of the oars, and as their bare or turbaned heads and shining bodies bowed forward and straightened back in ceaseless alternation, their strong voices chanted the praise of the silent, broad-hatted master, who sat in the stern. Now and then a line would be interjected in manly boast of their own brawn, and often the praise of the master softened off into tender laudations of the charms of some black or tawny *Zilié*, *Zabette*, or *Zalli*." The following are a few stanzas of one of the rowing-songs :—

"Sing, lads, our master bids us sing,
For master cry out loud and strong.
The water with the long oar strike,
Sing, lads, and let us haste along.

"'Tis for our master we will sing,
We'll sing for our young mistresses,
And sweethearts we must not forget,
Zoé, Mertente, Zabelle, Louish.

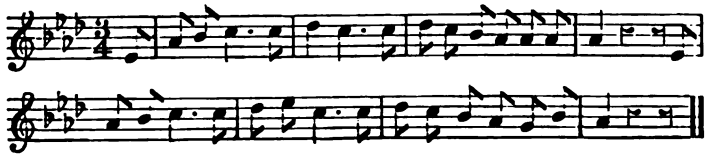
"Sing, fellows, for our own true loves,
My lottery prize! Zoé, my belle!
She's like a wild young doe, she knows
The way to jump and dance so well!

"Black diamonds are her bright, black eyes,
Her teeth are lilies white;
Sing, fellows, for my true love, and
The water with the long oar strike.

"See! see the town! hurrah! hurrah!
Master returns in pleasant mood;
He's going to treat his boys all round,
Hurrah! hurrah for master good!"

Another song quoted is of wood and water, though only the latter is mentioned. It is a "Runaway's Song of Defiance":—

"General Florido! indeed, fo' true dey can't catch me.
General Florido! indeed, fo' true dey can't catch me."

"Dey got one schooner out at sea,
Dey got one schooner out at sea.
Indeed, fo' true dey can't catch me."

SUPERSTITIONS, CUSTOMS, AND WATER-LEGENDS OF THE SEA, RIVERS, AND LAKES.

KNOWLEDGE is, of course, to superstition as light is to darkness; still some nations endowed with a lively imagination, although they are much advanced in mental development, cling to the superstitions of their forefathers, since the superstitions accord with their poetical conceptions, or are endeared to them by associations which pleasantly engage the imaginative faculties.

"Anon you shall hear a hog grunt, a calf bleat, and an ass bray,
Because it is Saint Peter's holiday."

MARLOWE'S *Faustus*.

"Bird whom I welcomed while the sailors cursed."

THEODORE WATTS' *Ode to Mother Carey's Chicken*.

SAILORS' SUPERSTITIONS.

"A COMPARATIVE investigation of the superstitions rife amongst the different sailors of the world would result in a certain conclusion that there is but little variety in them. Certain objects, certain signs, and certain persons inspire Jack with an idea of the supernatural, whether European, Asiatic, or American. The Portsmouth tar, the Normandy matelot, the German seaman, and the Italian fisherman, all share in common with the Nile boatman, the Chinese waterman, and the Yankee blue-jacket, the fears that have been handed down from their respective marine ancestors for generations. Sailors, although usually the bravest men, have from time immemorial been noted for their credulity, and every literature contains evidence of the multiplicity of their superstitions, and of the tenacity with which they cling to them. It may be questioned, however, whether as a class they are really more superstitious than landsmen, the only difference perhaps being that their isolation, consequent from their connection with the sea, gives them a distinctive character, which otherwise they would not possess. Their history, too, dating from the most remote period in the annals of the world, has naturally invested them with a peculiar interest in this and other countries. And hence we find scattered here and there many a curious account recorded by travellers of their customs and peculiarities, to give a detailed *résumé* of which would occupy a volume of considerable size. Indeed, as Reginald Scott has truly remarked in his 'Discovery of Witchcraft,' innumerable are the reports of

accidents unto such as frequent the seas as fishermen and sailors, who discourse of noises, flashes, shadows, echoes, and other visible appearances nightly seen and heard upon the surface of the water."[1]

Amongst the animals which the sailor considers as omens of good or ill-luck are cats, hares, rats, porpoises, or sea-hogs. Certain birds also come under this category, the Stormy Petrel, the great auk, the kingfisher, and the sea-gull.

The cat is the object of many an odd belief. In the neighbourhood of Scarborough, for instance, we are told how a few years ago sailors' wives were in the habit of keeping black cats to ensure the safety of their husbands at sea; black cats thus increased in value to such an extent, that few could afford the luxury of them. Many sailors object to having cats on board, and if one happens to be more frisky than usual, they have a saying that "the cat has got a gale of wind in her tail." Also a firm notion exists amongst seamen, that the throwing of a cat overboard will bring on a storm. A dead hare on board a ship is considered a sign of an approaching hurricane, and Cornish fishermen (than whom no more superstitious set of men exist) declare that a white hare seen about the quays at night indicates that there will be rough weather. The fisherman of Filey, like the Japanese sailor, hesitates to go to sea on any day when he has encountered a pig early in the morning. The blue-jackets of the "Empire of the Rising Sun," however, have an equal objection to meeting a priest previous to setting out upon a voyage. Piggie is an object of aversion to more seafaring people than the Filey fishermen and Japanese sailors; there is scarcely a book or article on the superstitions of the sea that I have read, that does not allude to his Jonah-like propensities. As to rats, we all well know of their connection with ships. Shakespeare, in the most nautical of his plays, "The Tempest," says, in speaking of the vessel in which

[1] Extract from the *Leisure Hour*.

Prospero and Miranda had been placed with a view to their destruction :—

"The very rats
Instinctively had quit it."

It is said that rats leave a ship in harbour, previous to its being lost at sea. Sometimes there is a reason for this sudden desertion, as in the case of the cunning Welsh captain whose ship was infested with them. He was lying in the Mersey, and learning that there was a vessel laden with cheese in the basin, he drew alongside of her at dusk, left all his hatches open, and when the rats were safely on board of that—to them Eldorado—cheese-laden ship, he moved off.

With regard to birds—the Stormy Petrel, as its name betokens, presages bad weather; the great auk never wanders beyond soundings, and thus taking their clue from him the sailors know that land is not far off. Of the kingfisher it used to be said, that whilst this bird was hatching her eggs, the sea remained so calm that the period became known as the halcyon days. The Scotch say of the sea-gulls :—

"Sea-gull, sea-gull, sit on the sand,
It's never good weather when you're on the land."

Bad weather may always be looked for whenever these birds leave the open sea and hover near the shore. The sea-legends and superstitions that have to do with birds are of very ancient date. Aristophanes tells us how the Greek sailors heeded their signs :—

"From birds, in sailing, men instructions take,
Now lie in port, now sail, and profit make."

The intense dread which sailors and fishermen have of the dead is a wide-spread one amongst all nations, and the horror of the Chinese sailor, when asked to carry a corpse on board, is shared by his brother blue-jackets on every sea; they say the sea cannot digest the crudity of a

dead body, it being a due debt to be interred where it lieth, and a ship cannot abide to be made a bier of.

"On certain parts of the coast in Cornwall, sailors dread walking at night near those portions of the shore where there have been many wrecks, for they firmly believe that the souls of drowned sailors haunt such localities, and further affirm that the calling of the dead has frequently been heard. Indeed at night-time, on the approach of a tempest, these callings are declared to be of common occurrence, and many a sailor positively asserts that he has heard the voices of the dead sailors 'hailing their own names.'" [1]

Friday is considered by the sailors as an unlucky day to set sail upon or begin any work. One cannot wonder at the prevalence of this idea amongst them, seeing how deeply-rooted it has become amongst all classes and nations; but we may query the wisdom of a sneeze to the left or the right side, at the moment of embarking, having any effect upon the voyage being favourable or otherwise. It is also considered very unlucky if any one accidentally numbers the sailors on board, or to ask Scotch sailors or fishermen before they start on a journey where they are bound for! And to point with the finger to a ship when at sea is most disastrous; the whole hand should be raised up to counteract the evil consequences. It is a bad sign if a water-bucket or a mop is lost, and no one must cut his hair or nails at sea, except during a storm; thus a calm voyage would return a crew whose fingers would be formidable weapons to encounter, and whose locks would be suggestive of Rip Van Winkle or Robinson Crusoe.

Whistling is thought very unlucky by sailors, as it is supposed to raise an unfavourable wind. This superstition is, I fancy, to be traced to the practice of whistling for winds, common to many nations in days gone by, which used to exist, and which I have elsewhere mentioned. A whistling woman is a *bête noire* to Jack.

[1] Extract from the *Leisure Hour*.

The moon and clouds also play an important part in a sailor's life, and the notion that the weather changes with the moon's quarters is firmly implanted in them.

"I saw the new moon late yester-e'en,
With the old moon in her arm;
And if we go to sea, master,
I fear we'll come to harm."

This used to be a favourite rhyme in the sixteenth century.

Seamen find it convenient to express many important facts in rhymes, and a few of the more prominent are here given:—

"The evening gray and morning red,
Put on your hat or you'll wet your head."

"When the wind shifts against the sun,
Trust it not, for it will run."

"When the sun sets in the clear,
An easterly wind you need not fear."

"The evening red and morning gray,
Are sure signs of a fine day;

But the evening gray and morning red
Make the sailor shake his head."

Adverting to the barometer:—

"First rise, after low,
Indicates a stronger blow."

Also—

"Long foretold, long last:
Short notice, soon past."

To which may be added:—

"In squalls,
When the rain's before the wind,
Halyards, sheets, and braces mind."

And—

"When the wind's before the rain,
Soon you may make sail again."

Also speaking generally :—

"When the glass falls low
Prepare for a blow,
When it rises high
Let all your kites fly."

"A rainbow in the morning,
Sailors take warning ;
A rainbow at night
Is the sailors' delight."

In fact there is no end to the superstitions that exist, or perhaps I should say, existed among sailors ; indeed, after searching through the works which treat of these, one almost wonders at the light-heartedness characteristic of the blue-jackets when one thinks of the burden laid upon them through them.

RELIGIOUS CEREMONIES.

The fishermen of Clovelly were formerly in the habit of inaugurating the commencement of the herring-fishing season by attending a special service at the church ; the 107th Psalm being substituted for the Psalm of the day, and the gospel of the fifth Sunday after Trinity being read on the occasion. The old Hundredth Psalm, too, was sung by all the fishermen before the general thanksgiving, and after it came that unique prayer known as the Clovelly Fishermen's Prayer, which begins "Almighty and loving Father, Thou rulest in the heaven, in the earth, in the sea, and in all deep places." The Clovelly fishermen's example is not often followed ; there are many places where, like the herring-fishers of Marken (Holland), the little flotilla sails on a Sunday evening.

Many of the fishing community are of a decidedly religious character, thus following the example of their patron saint, St. Peter. Oftentimes on a summer's evening, off the Cornish coast, one may hear the fishermen engaged in singing hymns of praise. Like the Dutch seafaring men, these Cornish men are most fervent in their devotions; the rugged, lonely, perilous lives they lead being responsible for the solemnity of their bearing. The Breton and Norman fishermen are also very God-fearing people.

The herring fishery in the Isle of Man is the staple industry of the place—the Manx sea-harvest it is called. Before the men set off for the fishing a service is held, and to the verse in the Church Litany, "That it may please Thee to give and preserve to our use the kindly fruits of the earth, so as in due time we may enjoy them," is added, "and restore and continue to us the blessings of the sea." Bishop Wilson had this supplemented in the Manx Book of Common Prayer, in 1779. Also, before shooting the nets, at a sign from the master of the boat, every man goes down upon his knees, and with his head uncovered asks that a blessing may be upon the fishing. They are a thoroughly devout people, these silent, earnest, shrewd Manx fishermen, and there is a great deal to interest one in their sayings and doings. For instance, a Manx fisherman counts 124 fish to the hundred, he adds three to every hundred (120) which he distinguishes by the name of "warp," and then he throws in a single herring which he calls "tally," thus making 124. They have some queer proverbs about herrings. They are delicate fish and very easily killed; when they are taken out of the water they give a peculiar squeak, and die—thus, "As dead as a herring" is a favourite saying, and as they are caught by the gills in the meshes of the net, with all their heads hanging in the same direction, "Every herring must hang by his own gill." Like the Zetland fishermen, the Manx have a toast, "Life to man and death to fish"—(Manx) "Bioys da dooinne as baase da eeast."

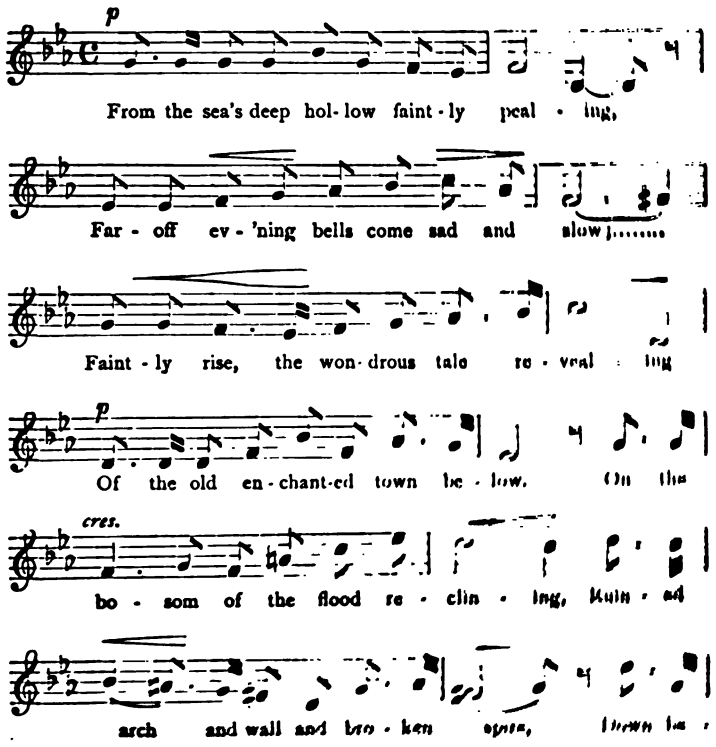
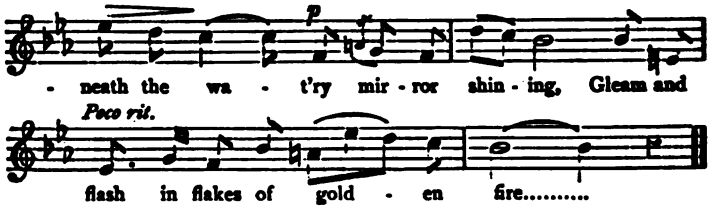
A belief in the supernatural is strongly rooted in the minds of the sea-going community; amongst necromantic agencies, bells occupy a very prominent place. Occasionally, during a hurricane, the death-bell is clearly heard borne along the angry billows; a superstition alluded to by Sir Walter Scott:—

"And the belfrie rang,
And the sea-maid sang,
The dirge of lovely Rosabelle."

Southey, in his famous ballad of the "Inchcape Bell," has immortalized one of these bell legends. Once on the sands near Blackpool, out at sea, stood the church of Kilgrimal, now completely submerged; wanderers near this spot, however, are still said from time to time to be terrified by the dismal chimes of the bells as they send forth their doleful peals over the murmuring sea. The people of Pembroke, too, hear a sunken bell ring from its watery grave when a storm is rising. It is supposed to be the great bell of St. David's, Pembrokeshire, which was carried off during the Cromwellian wars; the robbers managed to get it on board ship, but in passing through Ramsey Sound the vessel was wrecked—a direct result, the superstitious said, of profanely treating the bell. Denmark has many of these legends. There is one at Gossingen about two bells which were ordered to be cast in the town of Lubeck. These bells were brought by sea to Schleimünde; but, as ill-luck would have it, one of them fell into the sea and was lost. From that day, whenever the remaining bell is being rung, it distinctly proclaims "My companion lies in the Schleimünde."

During tempests at Malta it is usual to ring all the bells in the Roman Catholic churches for an hour, that the wind may cease and the sea be calmed. This custom also prevails in Sicily and Sardinia. There is a Cornish legend that the bells of Bottreaux church were sent by ship, but when the vessel was in sight of the town, the blasphemy

of the captain was punished by the loss of his ship. The bells are supposed to lie in the bay and announce by strange sounds the approach of a storm.

The late Henry Smart has set to music the legend of the town of "Vineta," on the Baltic—once, it is said, the greatest emporium in the north of Europe—several times destroyed and built up again, till in 1183, it was upheaved by an earthquake and swallowed by a flood. The ruins of Vineta are popularly believed to be visible on certain days, and their bells audible below the waves, between the coast of Pomerania and the island of Rugen. By the kind permission of Messrs. Novello, Ewer, and Co., I am enabled to give the air of this most beautiful song, and the words which are from the Schleswig-Holstein poetry :—

p
From the sea's deep hol-low faint-ly peal-ing,
Far-off ev-'ning bells come sad and slow.....
Faint-ly rise, the won-drous tale re-veal-ing
p
Of the old en-chant-ed town be-low. On the
cres.
bo-som of the flood re-clin-ing, Ruin-ed
arch and wall and bro-ken spire, Drawn be-

"And the boatman who at twilight hour . . .
Once that magic vision shall have seen,
Heedless how the crags may round him lour,
Ever more will haunt the charmed scene.

"From the heart's deep hollow faintly pealing,
Far I hear those bell-notes sad and slow,
Ah! a wild and wond'rous tale revealing
Of the drowned wreck of love below.
There a world in loveliness decaying,
Lingers yet in beauty ere it die;
Phantom forms across my senses playing,
Flash like golden fire-flakes from the sky.
Lights are gleaming, fairy bells are ringing,
And I long to plunge and wander free,
Where I hear the angel voices singing
In those ancient towers below the sea,
In those ancient towers below the sea."

MUSICAL SOUNDS AND FISH.

An Italian savant has discovered a new and simple method of catching fish; the bait is a musical one. The *Gazetta del Popolo* says, "As we all know, the sense of hearing is extraordinarily developed in fish; it appears that while the slightest noise scatters them in all directions, a musical note, especially that produced by the human voice, attracts them; on hearing it they stop suddenly in their course. Signor Saretti discovering this fact, embarked one morning on the Lake of Geneva with a party of friends. He possesses a very fine deep bass voice, and striking up a

national song he proved to his astonished companions the truth of his assertions. They were able by means of an aquascope to perceive the eagerness with which the piscine population gathered around the little boat. Casting over the nets they had brought, they instantly made such a catch as has rarely, if ever, been known on the lake, and they may be said indeed to have made another miraculous draught of fishes."

Fish again are charged with being voiceless, but how then about the gurnard that pipes, the diodon that grunts, and the others that drum and whistle and play on Jew's harps? The legend that they were caught in Egypt by singing to them is not without its plausibility. "Fishes, though little, have very long ears" is an old Chinese proverb; and to this day, on the Danube, men hang little bells to their nets to attract fish. In Japan the same fish are summoned to dinner by melodious gongs. In India we have seen them called up out of the muddy depths of the river at Dholpore by the ringing of a handbell; and from the abbey in Belgium, where the carp answer at once to the whistle of the monks who feed them, right away to Otaheite, where the chiefs have pet eels which they whistle to the surface, the same belief in the sympathy of fish with musical sounds will on inquiry be found prevailing. "Dull as a mullet" was a Roman proverb, yet the very men who quoted it, prided themselves on the docility, sensitiveness to sound, and personal attachment of their favourite mullets. We are inclined, therefore, to think that the finned folk have been somewhat calumniated; a grudge, it is possible, has been borne against the fish, under the idea that they escaped the deluge.

In *Chambers' Journal* (July 3rd, 1886) there appeared a very interesting article entitled "Musical Sand." The existence of musical or sonorous sand is not much known, although such sand appears to occur in localities widely distributed over the earth's surface. There is the so-called "Singing Beach" at Manchester-by-the-Sea, Massachusetts,

and a beach of sonorous sand at Eigg, and also in the Hebrides.

Specimens of sonorous sand are to be found in the island of Börnholm, Denmark; Colberg, Prussia; and Kanai, Hawaii Islands. Old Chinese chronicles mention sonorous sand as occurring in the desert of Lob-Nor. Marco Polo narrates superstitions concerning it, and the Emperor Baber refers to a locality in Afghanistan where it is found. Careful search in literature shows that allusions to this phenomenon are scattered sparingly through writings of a thousand years.

The character of the sounds obtained by friction on the beach is decidedly musical. The shrillness and lowness of note depend chiefly on the quantity of sand disturbed. By plunging both hands into the sand and bringing them together quickly, a tone is heard, the dominant note of which is B below the treble stave. By stroking the sand nearer the surface and with less force, very high notes were heard confused; they ranged from E, fourth space treble clef, to B above the stave. By rubbing firmly and briskly a double handful of the sand, several notes on a rising scale were heard. The ear received an impression something like that formed by sliding a finger up a violin-string at the same time that the bow is drawn.

Sonorous and mute sand occur in the beach closely adjoining, but they cannot be distinguished by the eye; friction alone determines the difference.

The phenomenon is well worthy of investigation, and no light seems as yet to have been thrown on its cause, nor any progress made towards the solution of the mystery of the difference between mute and musical sand.

"Now lay thine ear against this golden sand,
And thou shalt hear the music of the sea,
Those hollow tunes it plays against the land,—
Is't not a rich and wondrous melody?
I have lain hours, and fancied in its tone
I heard the languages of ages gone."

ROMANCES OF THE MERMAIDS.

"The sighs that from thy seamen pass
Might set a fleet a-sail;
And the faces that look in the mermaid's glass
Are as long as the mermaid's tail."

RICHARD GARNETT.

MORVA OR MORVETH (SEA-DAUGHTERS).

The intimate connection between the inhabitants of Brittany, of Cornwall, and of Wales, would appear to lead to the conclusion that the Breton word *Morverch*, or mermaid, had much to do with the naming of the Cornish parish of *Morva* (signifying *Locus maritimus*, a place near the sea). The church of Morva, like most of the churches on the coast of Cornwall, was built by and for fishermen, to whom the superstitions of mermen and "merry maids" had the familiarity of a creed.

Whether the mermaids belong to the Ægean Sea, or the Mediterranean, the Pacific, or the Atlantic, we may rest assured their mission is ever the same—to lure to destruction, by the marvellous beauty of their persons, and by the bewitching songs "plaintive as the waves." Mermaids are but rarely considered as benefactors. Legends and tales of them generally associate them with some catastrophe.

Mr. Robert Hunt, in his "Popular Romances of the West of England; or, the Drolls, Traditions, and Superstitions of old Cornwall," devotes a chapter to tales of the Cornish mermaids; there is one, "The Mermaid's Rock," which I quote, as it is very short, very much to the point, and certainly may be taken as a type of mermaid romance in general:—

"To the westward of the beautiful Cove of Lamorna is a rock which has through all time borne the above name. There exists the popular fancy of a lady showing herself here previous to a storm—with, of course, the inevitable comb and glass. She is said to have been heard singing

most plaintively before a wreck, and that, all along the shore, the spirits have echoed her in low moaning voices. Young men are said to have swam off to the rock, lured by the songs which they heard, *but they have never returned*" —a peculiarity of young men who endeavour to prosecute their acquaintance with mermaids further than viewing them from a safe and enchanted distance. Appended to this little story in Mr. Hunt's volume, there is a note of explanation, which says, "The undulations of the air, travelling with more rapidity than the currents, reach our shores long before the tempest by which they have been established in the centre of the Atlantic, and by producing a low moaning sound, 'the soughing of the wind,' predicates the storms."

There is a longer tale, entitled "The Mermaid's Vengeance," in the same chapter, which introduces several songs; one is sung by the heroine, evidently a very cruel mermaid, to the hero, Walter by name, whom she holds by the hair of his head :—

"Come away, come away—
O'er the waters wild.
Our earth-born child
Died this day, died this day.

Come away, come away—
The tempest loud
Weaves the shroud
For him who did betray.

Come away, come away—
Beneath the wave
Lieth the grave
Of him we slay, him we slay.

Come away, come away—
He shall not rest
In earth's own breast,
For many a day, many a day.

Come away, come away—
By billows tost
From coast to coast,
Like deserted boat
His corse shall float,
Around the bay, around the bay."

That their *coiffure* is a matter of great—we might almost say, paramount—importance to these water-fairies one cannot doubt; the faithful chronicler of their doings would as soon think of representing a soldier without his sword, or a fish without a tail, as a mermaid minus her comb and glass. Amongst the English sailors' songs, I have mentioned one known as "The Mermaid;" it is a very humorous description of the direful fate of a young sailor who fell in with one, and who was doomed to pass the rest of his days with this green-haired beauty "at the bottom of the deep blue sea."

NECKS.

The necks or water-spirits are renowned for their love and talent for music. There exist, people say, various kinds of these interesting creatures. The Swedes relate wonderful stories respecting the marvellous harp-playing of a neck called *Stromkarl*, who generally prefers the vicinity of water-mills and cascades for his abode.

The neck or nicker has become quite a stranger in England. Some Englishmen, however, take care to preserve his name, applying it to a spirit of *another element than water*, and every one knows at once whom they mean when they speak of *Old Nick*. Like the sirens and the mermaids, the female neck enchants youths with sweet music, and draws them down into the water. In the Greek mythology, Hylas, a king's son, is commemorated as having been drawn into the water by nymphs enamoured of the beautiful youth.

The Scandinavian god, Odin, the originator of magic

songs, is mentioned as the ruler of the sea, and as such he had the name of Nikarr. In the depth of the sea he played the harp with his subordinate spirits, who occasionally came up to the surface of the water to teach some favourite mortal their wonderful instrument.

It is a suggestive fact that several nations in different parts of the world possess an ancient tradition, according to which some harp-like instrument was originally derived from the water.

Another Scandinavian water-deity was *Herta*, or the Storm-compeller, according to tradition, a goddess who presided over storms.

> "What can be more sweet to see
> Than the sailor's agony?
> While around the wild waves roar,
> And lash with furious rage the shore."

The Droitwich canal (Worcestershire), in passing through Salwarpe, is said to have cut off a slice of a large, old, half-timbered structure, supposed to have been formerly a mansion-house; and in revenge for this act of mutilation, the ghost of a former occupier revisits his old haunts, affrights the domestics, and may be seen on dark nights, with deprecatory aspect, to glide down the embankment and suicidally commit himself to the waters below.

"The changes which have taken place in the sea-life cannot be wholly restricted to the transformations of the ship-building yard. There is a mighty difference, indeed, between the line-of-battle ship of fifty years ago and the armour-clad of to-day—between the Atlantic passenger clippers of which Fennimore Cooper wrote and the iron mail-steamers which have succeeded them; but there are changes in other maritime directions fully as remarkable, though, perhaps, not so deeply accentuated to the shore gaze. Where are the old customs of the ocean? Whither has fled the traditionary character of the sailor? His canvas remains; he still has his topsails, albeit halved,

to hoist, his topgallant-sails to sheet home, his royals to set; spite of steam, there are still scores of the old-fashioned windlasses for him to carol his hurricane songs over; still scores of the old-fashioned capstans to twist round, 'drunk, monotonous, and melodious;' davits at which he may cast his anchor, as did his forefathers; forecastles as clammy as the most reeking of the holes in which the Jacks of other days lay snoring, with purple faces, in clouds of cockroaches. But, for all that, it will not do to pretend that the sailor is what he was. I do not speak of the caricatures of the fictionist—the monstrous pigtailed figures with lanthorn jaws, broken teeth, wooden legs, and bloodshot eyes; the race of Hatchways, Trunnions, and Pipses, who stagger, full of drink and 'language,' in dismal procession through the pages of the sea-novelists, losing, to be sure, something of their inexpressible garnishing as they enter the truer oceanic atmosphere of the Coopers and the Marryats of the present century. I refer simply to the old sailor, to the plain man-o'-war's man and merchantman of bygone years, not to the Frankenstein in flowing breeches and hat on nine hairs, who trod the stage and procured his circulation in one, two, and three volumes, in the respectable name of Jack, prior even to the days when Sir Lancelot Greaves found the irresponsible anatomy willing to ship—

"'The broad habergeon,
Vant brace and greves and gauntlet.'

Let me be understood. The British or American mariner of to-day is as hearty, nimble, dexterous, determined a fellow as ever he was at any time during the choicest and most glorious period of his nation's history. He needs but opportunity to test him. It is in his traditions, habits, superstitions, that he differs from his predecessors. I do not think it is the iron of his latter-day calling that has entered his soul and changed him; the very distinguishable difference is owing to a natural decay of marine sentiment. He is no longer superstitious—

possibly because he is not without a tincture of education. Hard wear has attenuated his prejudices, and custom has lost its hold upon him. It would be difficult now, I should think, to find in any forecastle such a superstitious sea-dog as the old salt who, in Dana's 'Two Years before the Mast,' agreed with the black cook as to the malignant and wizard qualities of the Finns. Familiarity with the grand liquid amphitheatre into which he descends and toils for his bread may have helped to rob the modern sailor of what I must call the romantic features of the seaman's nature. In olden times the voyage was long, the art of navigation crude and halting, the wonders of the deep were many, at least, they were found so ; a man passed so long a while at sea that he was saturated with the spirit of it. Superstitions, salt as the billow from which they were wrought, begot peculiar forms of thought ; customs grew out of the strange fancies and interpretations, and that they should now be dead means simply that they flourished for centuries, and that they died very hard at last. How wide the difference is between the shipboard life of the mariners of the past and that of the present race of seamen may be collected by looking into a few of the customs which are now as extinct as the timbers of Noah's ark. In the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries it was a practice on board Italian and Spanish, and possibly Portuguese ships, for the sailors, on crossing the equator, to erect a canopy on the forecastle, under which three seamen, absurdly dressed, seated themselves. One was called the president, the others judges. They started first with trying the captain, then the officers, and finally the passengers. A sailor, dressed up as a clerk, read the indictments, after which the judges pronounced sentence of death. Careri, in his 'Voyage round the World,' explains the purpose of this tomfoolery. 'The sentence of death,' says he, 'was immediately bought off with money, chocolate, sugar, biscuit, flesh, sweetmeats, wine, and the like.' The best of it was that he who did not pay immediately, or give good security,

was laid on with a rope's end, at the least sign given by the 'President Tarpaulin.' Apparently heavier punishments than rope's-ending attended the poverty or contumacy of the convicted, for the same author tells of a passenger who was drowned on board a galleon through being keel-hauled for refusing to conform to this singular marine custom. The sport—if sport it can be called—lasted all day, and then at sundown the fines or forfeits were divided among the sailors. It is possible that out of this old sea joke rose the stupid and irritating practice of ducking men on their crossing the equator for the first time. This imbecile piece of horse-play was wonderfully popular among seamen down to quite recent days. I do not think Jack ever saw much humour himself in the mere dressing-up as Neptune, and acting Jack Pudding in the waist; what he relished was the privilege, by prescription, of lording it over the captain and officers for a few hours, and tarring and soaking people to whom, at other times, he would have to pull his forelock, with the whole length of the ship between him and their nobility. Another curious custom was to be found on board Dutch vessels. When a ship entered the 39th parallel, 'every one,' writes John Nieuhoff (1640), 'of what quality or degree soever, that has not passed there before is obliged to be baptized or redeem himself from it. He that is to be baptized has a rope tied round his middle, wherewith he is drawn up to the very top of the bowsprit, and from thence three times successively tumbled into the water. A man was at liberty to get another to take his place by paying him.' Plenty of money and other good things must have been earned by the sailors out of this custom, for one may conceive that a nervous passenger would pay handsomely to escape so formidable a ducking as the tall bowsprits of those days promised, whilst, on the other hand, a seasoned mariner would look upon such sousings as mere child's play—think no more of it than a man in a regatta now thinks of walking out upon a greasy boom to loose the pig in the sack at the end of it. The

practice, however, eventually led to such riots, broils, and bloodshed, that it was forbidden by the Dutch Government. It was long preserved, however, in the British navy as a punishment. In the *Annual Register* for 1797, there is an account of four naval officers who were soused by a mutinous crew on board his Britannic Majesty's ship *Sandwich*. The writer calls it a 'curious ceremony.' The unhappy naval officers must have thought it so!

"'They tie the unfortunate victims' feet together, and their hands together, and put their bed at their back, making it fast round them, at the same time adding an eighteen-pound ball-shot to bring them down. They afterwards make them fast to a tackle suspended from the yardarm, and hoisting them nearly up to the block, all at once let go, and drop them souse into the sea, where they remain a minute, and then are again hoisted and let down alternately, till there are scarce any signs of life remaining.' When the miserable victims are ducked enough (according to the fancy of their judges), they are triced up by the heels that the water may run out of them, and then stowed away in their hammocks. This kindness was denied to the four naval officers, who, after having hung head down for some time, were tumbled into a boat and sent ashore."[1]

The following extract is from "A Land-Lubber's Log," in the *Newcastle Weekly Chronicle*:—

BURYING THE DEAD HORSE.

Auctioneer.—"A poor old man came riding by.
Chorus.—And they say so, and they hope so.
Auctioneer.—A poor old man came riding by.
Chorus.—A poor old man,
A poor old man came riding by.
Auctioneer.—They say, old man, your horse will die.
If he dies I will tan his hide,
And if he lives I will ride him again;
I'll have his hide to make my shoes.

[1] Clarke Russell.

Auctioneer.—We'll drag him along to his burial-place,
O pull, my boys, and make a noise.
You, poor old horse, what brought you here,
After carrying turf for many a year
From Bantry Bay to Ballyack,
When you fell down and broke your back?
You died from blows and sore abuse,
And were salted down for the sailor's use.
The sailors they the meat despise,
They turned you over and (ahem'd) your eyes,
They ate the meat and picked the bones,
And gave the rest to Davy Jones;
And if you don't believe it's true,
Go look in the harness cask, and find his shoes."

"The music to this extraordinary song," says the writer, "was strange and crude, but marked by a weird, mournful melody, recalling what one has read of the *caoine* that was formerly sung by the Irish over their dead. . . . Each line was sung twice over by the auctioneer, and the crew followed in chorus with the alternate refrain." The ceremony of "Burying the Dead Horse" is now almost an obsolete one, and is rarely witnessed save on Australian-bound passenger-ships. As to its origin I cannot find any authentic information, the custom is certainly confined to the British mercantile service. "The Dead Horse" is typical of one month's pay advanced on shore, and which, after twenty-eight days, has been worked out. The horse's body is made out of a barrel, and his extremities of hay or straw, covered with canvas, the mane and tail of hemp, or still better, of manilla; the eyes consist of two ginger-beer bottles, which are sometimes filled with phosphorus. When the horse is completed, he is lashed to a box, which is covered by a rug and then drawn along, in Egyptian fashion, on a grating.

A very humorous description of this ceremony, and

another set of lines and music known as "The Dead Horse," I had sent me, in a copy of *The Parramatta Sun* (a serio-comic magazine, issued fortnightly, during the voyage of the ship *Parramatta* from London to Sydney, September 9th, 1879, to December 8th, 1879).

BURYING THE DEAD HORSE.

"On Thursday, October 2nd, lat. 7·32° N., long. 25·20° W., Mr. Richard Tangye, the well-known judge and buyer of blood stock, attended the *Parramatta* sale, and purchased the animal which was too celebrated to need mention by name. At about eight o'clock a vast multitude of those interested in the turf were assembled on the poop, anxiously waiting to catch a glimpse of the noble animal as he emerged from his stable in the fore part of the ship. His jockey having mounted him, proceeded to the main-deck amidst a crowd of the ship's crew, singing as they did a song which would have deterred anybody with less spirit than Mr. Tangye from bidding. It appeared that the horse was a victim to fate, and that his dirge was being sung :—

"Oh ! now poor horse your time is come,
And we say so, for we know so.
Oh ! many a race I know you've won :
Poor old man.

2. I have come a long, long way,
And, &c.
To be sold upon this day.
Oh, poor old man.

3. I have made Fordham's heart jump with joy,
And, &c.
For many a long time he tried a Derby to win,

4. But I was the moke to carry him in.
So I hope I shall fetch plenty of tin.

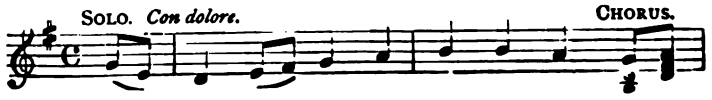
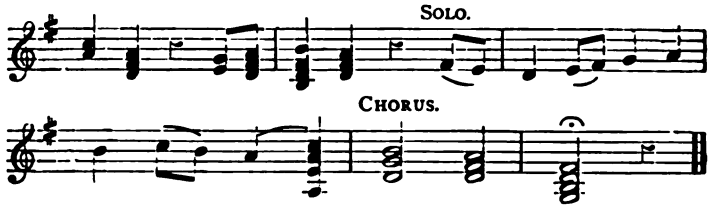
5. Oh ! gentlemen, walk up and speculate;
If I go cheap, my heart will break.

6. So now, Mr. Auctioneer, you can begin.
And, &c.

"Put up, therefore, he was before the poop, the auctioneer introducing him to the public by narrating his past and prosperous career, and quickly inducing them to make spirited bids. The bidding commenced at five shillings, and speedily ran up to six pounds ten shillings, each person being answerable for the amount of his or her bid. The horse and jockey being knocked down, the crew sang the following requiem, the melody being the same as that for the dirge:—

"Now, old horse, your time is come,
And we say so, for we know so.
Altho' many a race you have won.
Oh, poor old man.
2. You're going now to say good-bye,
And, &c.
Poor old horse you're going to die.
Oh, &c.

"The procession moving forward, the horse and jockey were attached to a rope and hauled up to the main-yardarm, and were then, amid plenty of blue fire (stay, the jockey, who happened to be alive, was spared) committed to the deep. The crew then sang:—

"Now he is dead and will die no more,
And we say so, for we know so.
It makes his ribs feel very sore,
Oh, poor old man.
He is gone and will go no more,
And we say so, &c.
So good-bye, old horse!
We say good-bye!"

"It is in the superstitions of the sea that we must search for the beginning and history of many of the customs which in modified forms lingered down to the period of a late generation of seafarers. They veined the life with elements both of humour and romance, and I do not scruple to say that much of the poetry of the profession of the sea has perished with the extinction of the simple forecastle credulities of other ages. In the beginning of European navigation, in the times of Diaz, Cabot, Columbus, De Gama, and earlier yet, the mariner was a Roman Catholic, devout, profoundly superstitious, perpetually invoking the protection of the Blessed Virgin and the saints of heaven, finding miracles in the common operations of nature, peopling the deep with wondrous monsters, glorifying its blue breast with the gleam and colour of the enchanted island, gazing awe-struck about him as he sailed along, and willing to believe anything he was told. I could give you no better illustration of this than the remark of the Jesuit, Anthony Sepp, in his account of a voyage from Spain to Paraguana: 'Towards the evening,' says he, 'we saw an entire rainbow quite across the sky, resembling our rainbows.' Resembling our rainbows! As though the worthy father supposed that rainbows in those unfamiliar seas were very different from the same radiant arches which span the showers of Italy, Spain, and Germany. They were prepared for all sorts of wonders, and their imaginations created what their eyes could not see. The lightning was not that of Europe; the thunder was the reverberation of some hellish conflicts between armies formed of fiends of satanic stature; the very rain

was unnatural, being coloured. Religion, or superstition if you will, interposed to mitigate the horrors of a perverted fancy, wrought familiar appearances into celestial expressions, and instructed poor Jack to calm his perturbed soul, to quell the tempest, to exorcise the mermaid, to smooth the waters, to disperse the horrid shadows of the electric storm with litanies, effigies of saints, and spells of many different sorts. Thus Pirard de Laval in 'Churchill's Collection of Voyages,' vol. i., p. 702, says, 'We frequently saw great whirlwinds rising at a distance, called by the seamen *dragons*, which shatter and overturn any ship that falls in their way. When these appear, the sailors have a superstitious custom of repairing to the prow, or the side that lies next the storm, and beating naked swords against one another crosswise.' This custom long prevailed. scores of similar practices may be traced to the primitive superstitions of sailors. They unquestionably colour the old marine life, and their extinction leaves the calling uncomfortably bald, I think. The stars in those aged stories seem to glow the richer for the incense floating up to them from the little altar on the forecastle, and for the tender strains of a hundred voices rising in some solemn melodious canticle :—

"'The night is calm and cloudless,
And still as still can be,
And the stars come forth to listen
To the music of the sea.
They gather, and gather, and gather,
Until they crowd the sky,
And listen in breathless silence
To the solemn litany.
It begins in rocky caverns
As a voice that chants alone
To the pedals of the organ
In monotonous undertone,
And anon from shelving beaches
And shallow sands beyond,

In snow-white robes uprising
  The ghostly choirs respond.
And sadly and unceasing
  The mournful voice sings on,
And the snow-white choirs still answer,
  "Christe eleison!"'
'The Golden Legend.'—*Longfellow.*

"The glory of the setting sun makes cloth of gold of the sails of those castellated fabrics, and they look to float over fairy seas of purple as we view them through that atmosphere of superstition, in the midst of which those young and awe-struck imaginations made their miraculous voyages to the Indies and to the mighty shores of Columbia."—*Clarke Russell.*

The legends of the water, whether of ocean, river, or lake, are so numerous that one might go on alluding to them for pages and never exhaust the subject. There is ample material for a volume in the weird tales of voices and bells sounding under the sea; but I think I have said enough to show that, apart from the sailors' songs and boatmen's chants that echo from end to end of the world of waters, there is an eternal strain of music which, day and night, and summer and winter, rises from the sea, and may fitly be termed "The Music of the Waters."

"Oh, strangely glorious and beautiful sea!
Sounding for ever mysteriously,
Why are thy billows still rolling on
With their wild and sad and musical tone?
Why is there never repose for thee?
Why slumberest thou not, oh, mighty sea?"

FINIS.

TO THE CRITICS.

"Gentle breath of yours my sails must fill,
Or else my project fails."

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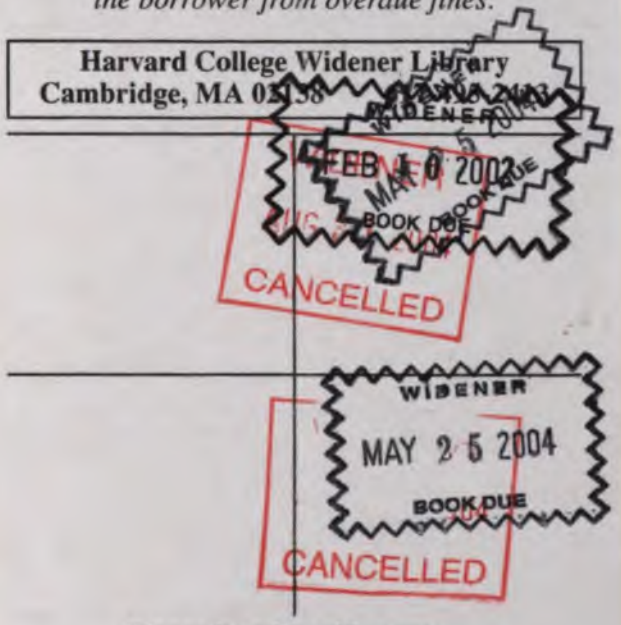

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